THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust kly
Founded A° F Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JUNE 8, 1918 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Ring W. Lardner — Harold E. Wright — Philip Curtiss — David Lawrence
Eleanor Franklin Egan — I. A. R. Wylie — Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

COOLING

Salad and Dessert in One

A Luscious, War-Time Dish

SERVE oranges, sliced, cut-up, or in segments—serve them plain, or with other fruits. These luscious dishes will help conserve the exportable foods so needed by our men abroad.

And they will bring to your table delicious flavors that everybody likes.

They will aid in economizing. For you can dispense with either salad or dessert when this fruit serves as both in one delicious dish.

You don't even need sugar to sweeten them. The fruit's own sugar is enough. Try one tonight. There is ample variety in these luscious combinations.

For Balanced Diets

Oranges aid in balancing the diet because they are rich in *vitamines*. Food experts say the average diet of bread, meat and potatoes is deficient in this respect. Now more than ever before, they are advocating the use of oranges with meals.

They are calling attention also to their valuable salts and acids which stimulate digestion; and thus give needed aid in the complete assimilation of every food's nutrition.

A juicy, fresh fruit that is so efficient appeals to both the reason and the palate. Don't go a day without it.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

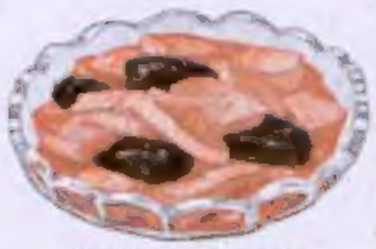
Sunkist Oranges are *fresh the year 'round*—picked ripe and shipped fresh from California daily in summer as well as winter. They are practically seedless, sweet and juicy—*uniformly good.* What is better for healthful year-'round salads and tempting flavors in desserts? *All first-class stores sell Sunkist. Order from your dealer now.*

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,000 Growers
Dept. E-20, Los Angeles, California

A Cooling Salad

Slice the oranges thin and serve with lettuce. Some add French dressing in which lemon juice takes the place of vinegar. (See Sunkist Recipe Book.)



Children Like This

Here are oranges with dates—a healthful dessert that delights the children. Just serve it to them once. See what they say.

With Celery and Apples

This too, is a luscious combination for a salad. An attractive luncheon dish.

Sunkist Coconut Delight

Slice five Sunkist Oranges. Add a little sugar if desired. Mix well, then sprinkle over top one-half can Fresh Grated Coconut which has been pressed in a sieve. Serves five persons.

Always a Treat for Men

You can always please the men folks with sliced oranges and bananas as the dessert at any evening meal. Men don't tire of it. Serve it often.

Another Dessert Suggestion

This enticing dish makes an excellent dessert, available the year 'round. Simply cut up oranges and pineapple together. Canned pineapple serves as well as fresh.

Miss Bradley's Recipes

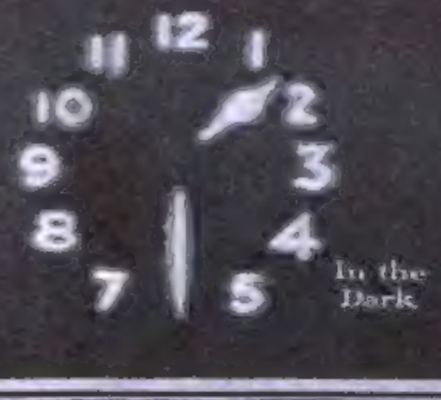
Send for our book, "Sunkist Recipes," containing more than 300 recipes tested and proved by Alice Bradley. Miss Bradley is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and she tells in this book how to serve lemons and oranges in the most attractive ways. A post card brings it to you FREE. Send for your copy now. Address Dept. E-20.

Oranges for Health

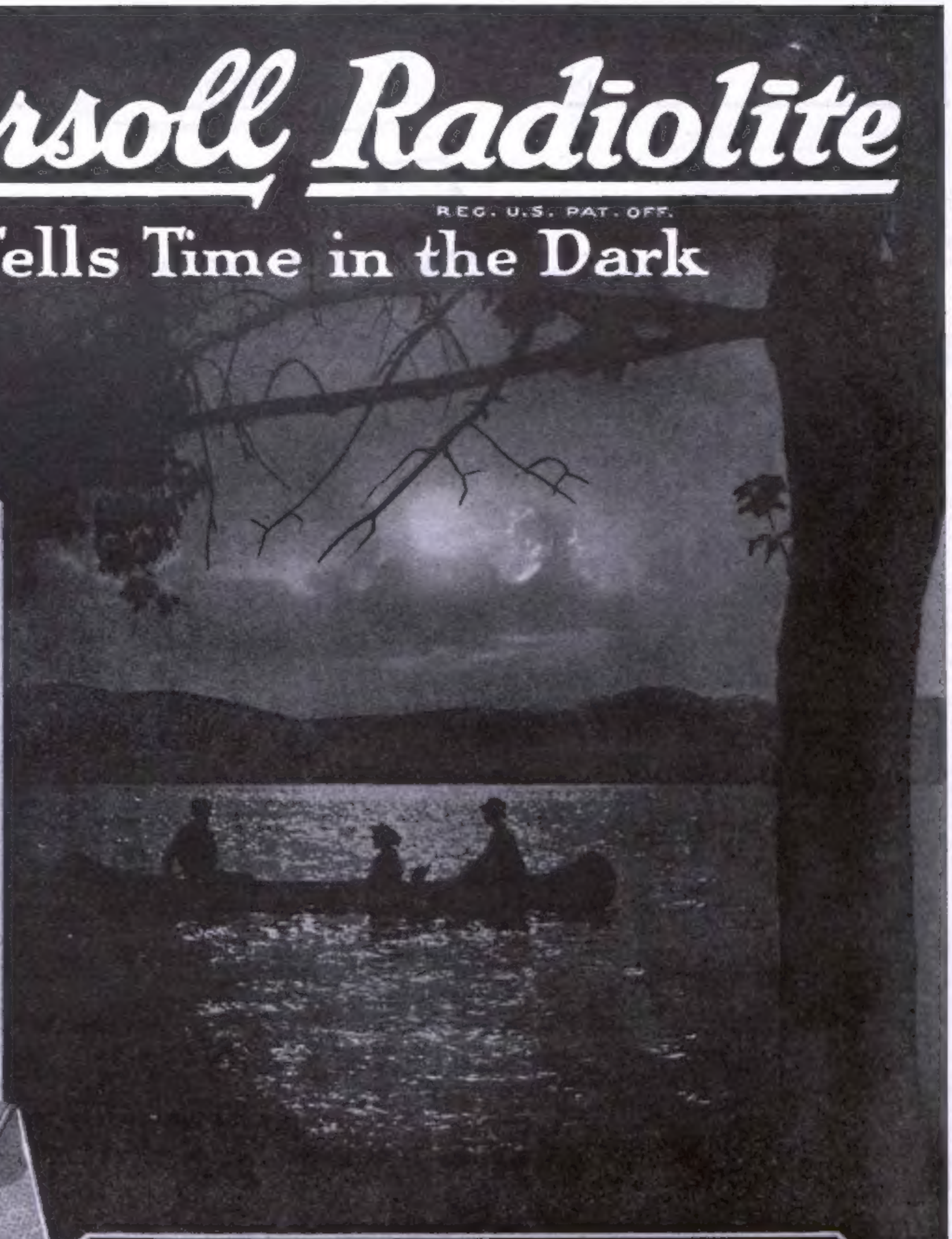
Ingersoll Radiolite

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Tells Time in the Dark



Illustrations ⅞ Actual Size



DARKNESS never blinds the Ingersoll Radiolite. It's the night and day watch. Glows the time in the pitch dark as clearly as it shows it at high noon.

On vacation or week-end trip, tramping or motoring, in pocket or on wrist, on your desk or under your pillow, the Ingersoll Radiolite will prove itself the most valuable, serviceable, companionable timepiece you ever carried.

Real radium in the substance on the hands and figures gives the Ingersoll Radiolite lasting luminosity. The millions of Ingersolls in use guarantee the reliability of the movement. Sizes and styles to meet all requirements.

"The only Radiolite is the Ingersoll Radiolite"

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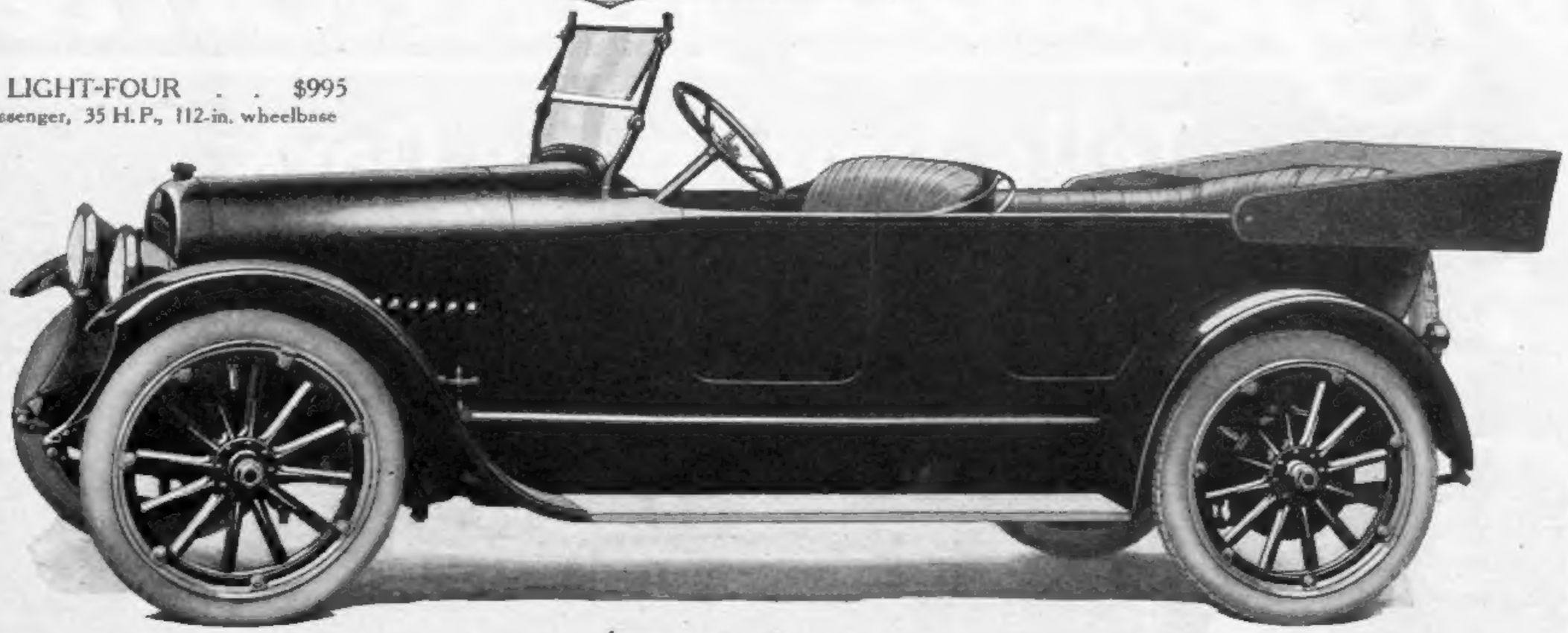
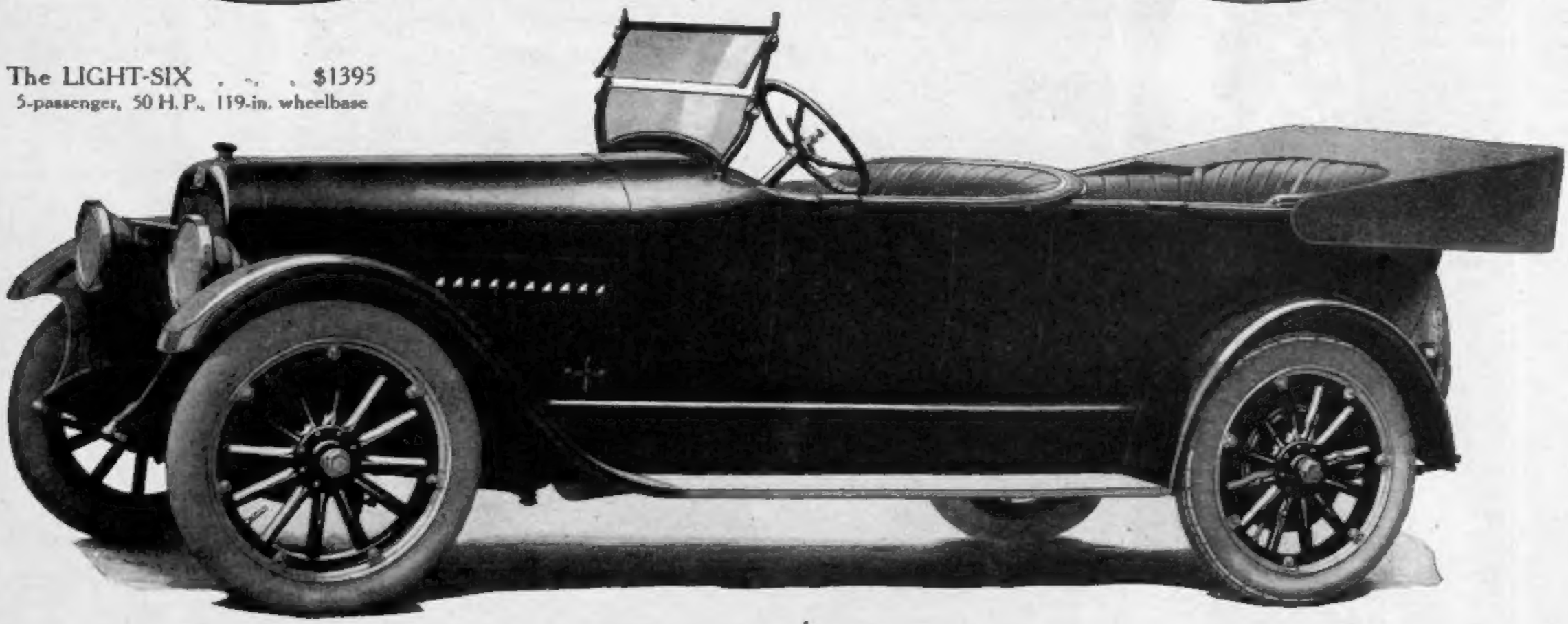
Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal

New Studebaker Cars

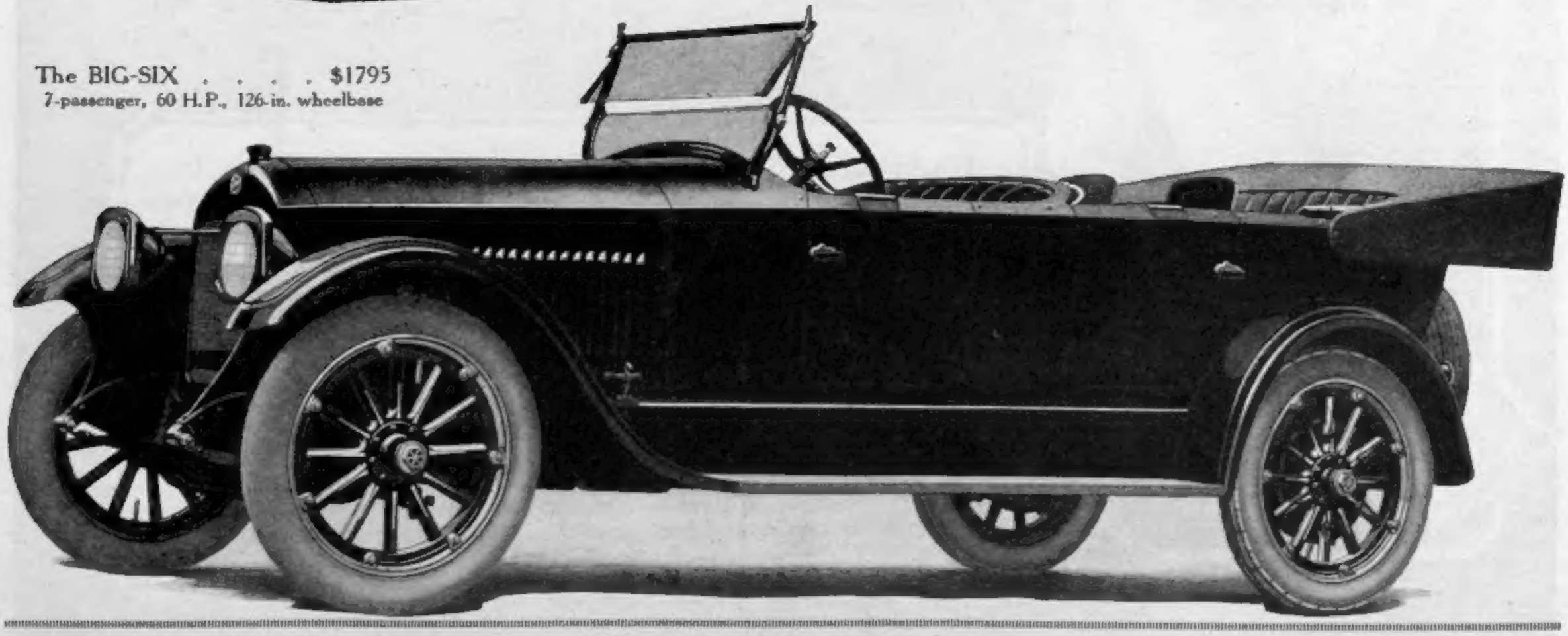
The LIGHT-FOUR . . $995
5-passenger, 35 H.P., 112-in. wheelbase



The LIGHT-SIX . . . $1395
5-passenger, 50 H.P., 119-in. wheelbase



The BIG-SIX $1795
7-passenger, 60 H.P., 126-in. wheelbase



Beautiful in Design *Thoroughly Modern* *Mechanically Right*

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1918* *Number 49*

ACES HIGH

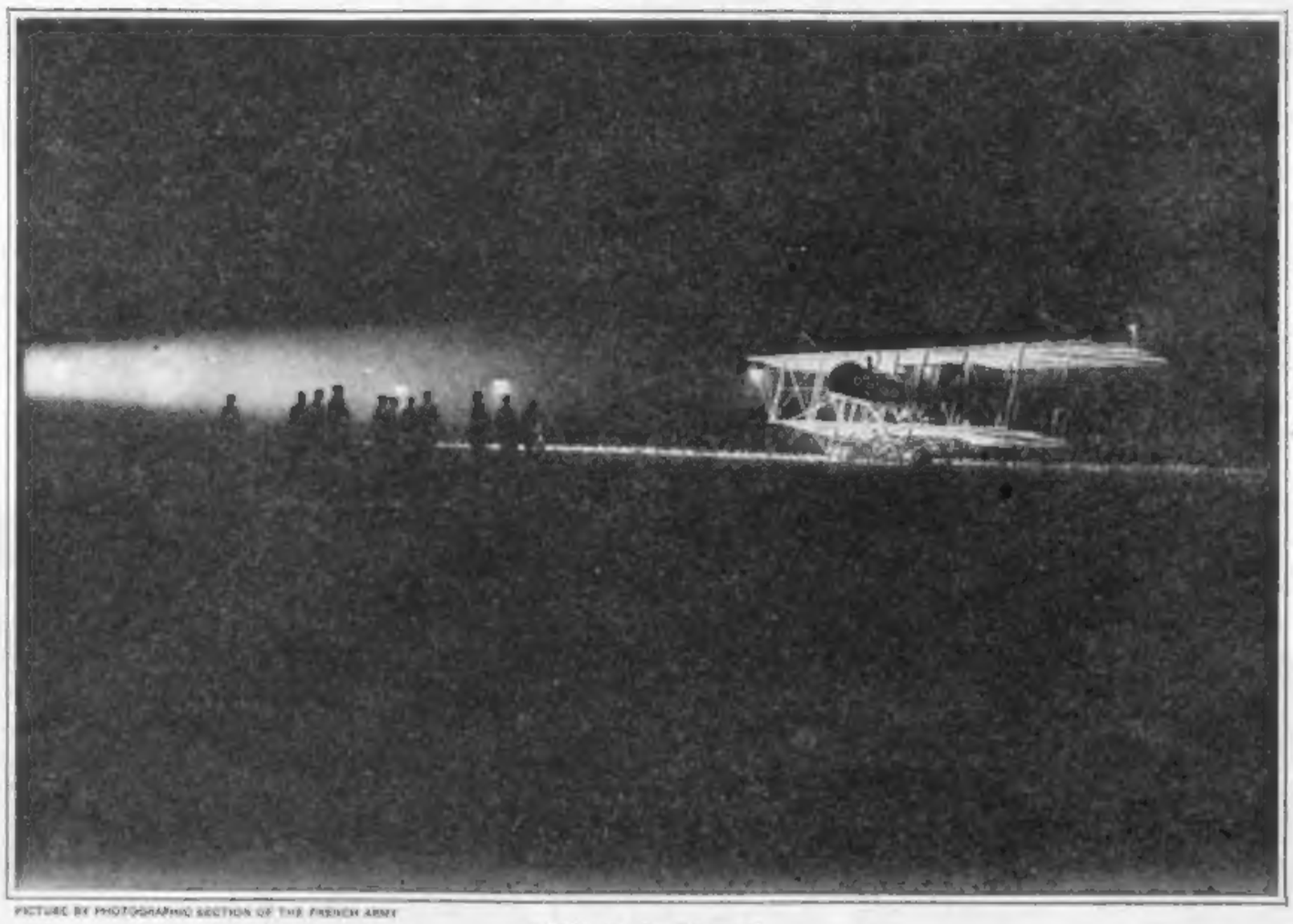
By Sergeant Pilot Harold E. Wright

OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS AND THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS

WHEN I returned from the Western Front and arrived in New York City, March 9, 1918, one of the first questions put to me by a friend was this one: "Well, having done all this air fighting, what was the biggest thrill you experienced, and where was it?"

"In Paris," I replied without slightest hesitation; "on *terra firma;* not in the air. It was when I stood on the curb of the Rue de Rivoli and watched General Pershing's first expeditionary force arrive!"

As I recall that clear, sunshiny, epochal day the incident looms larger and is more intensified in my memory. Nothing on earth or above it ever before had roused my emotions to such an extent—which is saying a great deal. It was no mere ordinary thrill; it was a superthrill. Having observed things from the French point of view for such a protracted period, the realization of American boys in olive drab over in the land of Lafayette meant so much!



PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Night at Le Bourget

Down the long street they marched, their pathway strewn with flowers by the welcoming Parisiennes. There were these real flesh-and-blood Yanks coming to help rid the world of that plague of Prussianism about which I had some first-hand knowledge and ideas. Following these men would come hundreds of thousands, even millions, more; likewise food and ammunition and guns and anæsthetics. Then in due course would come fleets and fleets of airplanes—training machines, bombing machines, reglage planes, and ultimately fast *avions de chasse,* powerful battleplanes!

For make no mistake—notwithstanding the opinions of certain United States Army officers—we airmen who have seen what these winged skirmishers of the skies can do are agreed upon one thing: Allied victory on any of the Fronts is absolutely dependent upon the Allies' mastery of the air! And furthermore, it must be an overwhelming mastery—considerably more than a mere sixty-forty per cent proposition. This is no particularly new thought; many experts have said it already. But the year 1918, with its development of some phenomenally fast aircraft, such as the latest French all-metal Morane-Monocoq parasol, a 145-mile-an-hour craft, emphasizes this more than ever.

I believe that after certain high American officers see a bit more of action on the Continent they will place more faith in the battleplane as a vitally important adjunct to the infantry and artillery, particularly as regards "open fighting," which is returning into vogue. They doubtless will see more clearly the airplane's value as a fighting machine—a tank of the air—rather than as merely a convenient means of observation of what the enemy is doing and regulation of artillery fire. Instead of comparatively small escadrilles with a handful of fighting aces, like so many star football players, we are approaching the day when we shall develop great squadrons, equipped with thousands of airplanes; and the pilots will be in charge of these just as impersonally and commonplacely as artillery cannoneers or machine gunners. They will be machine gunners with wings rather than aviators with guns, and they will swarm the Fronts in formation just sufficiently open to keep out of one another's way. They literally will have to push the Hun out of the atmosphere and then come down and coöperate with the slower bombing squadrons, raking miles and miles of enemy trenches at close range with machine guns and "sensitive one-and-a-half-inch airplane shell" fire.

And all of this was the mental motion picture I had as Black Jack Pershing's boys, many with their sea legs still on, swung past, headed by the most awe-inspiring personality I have ever seen among army officers. Indeed, as this page of world history in the making was slowly turning before my eyes I really felt that I should like to be one of those men—a private, first or second class; it would not have mattered which. For I, too, am American from away back, and proud of it; but I was wearing a French uniform. I was in danger of being arrested at any moment as I stood there; for having been refused permission to leave the Front for Paris to help receive General Pershing, I had gone without permission. Upon my return I expected to be court-martialed. But I just did not care. I was seeing what I came to see.

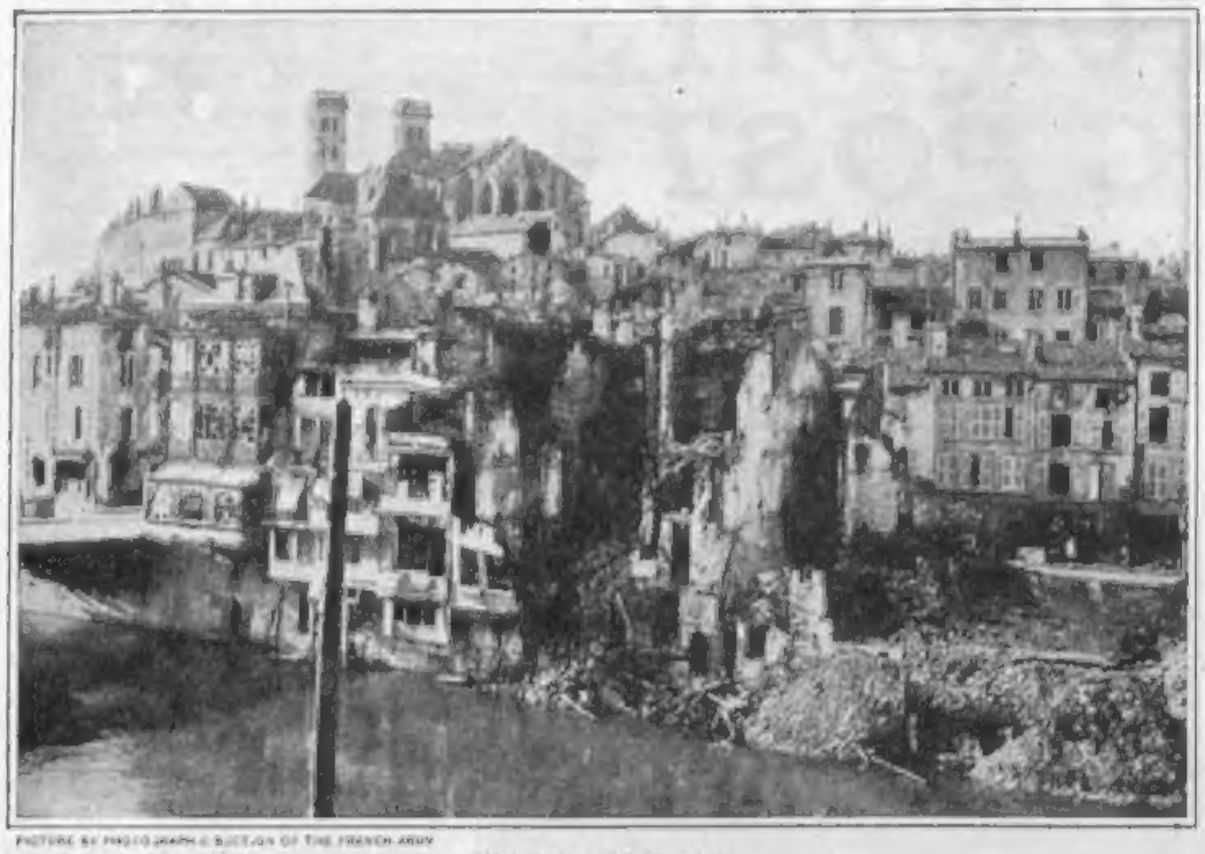
Well, that was the big thrill—and it lasted for some minutes too!

Had the inquirer asked me when and where I had the biggest scare, that would have been another matter. And let me tell you, members of the French Flying Corps and Lafayette Flying Corps—I had been in both organizations—have had plenty of opportunity for fright—such as will "turn a gay grin into cha-grin," as one of our aces used to remark. I scarcely know whether we chaps feel worse when we are falling with a plane in flames caused by incendiary boche bullets—"going cuckoo," as we call it—or, with motor quite dead, making a graceful right-side-up landing on German territory with a Hun reception committee well aware of that fact. I have been through the mill, as it were, and was fortunate enough to get away with my darned old lucky carcass each time. Nevertheless, I am a wood tapper and say this without any spirit of boasting, for I have seen better men than I can hope to be go up bravely and get shot down by the enemy in their first combat.

PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Escadrille "Spad 155"

With field glasses members of our escadrille standing down on solid ground have often looked up to the heavens and watched one of our pals engage an enemy flyer in mortal tilt, and then sometimes our man, sometimes the boche, or even both would fall. On other occasions Fritz would slip away and make for home safely without getting his wings clipped. Many times our boys have experienced close shaves up in the clouds, saving themselves from a hair-raising *vrille* or spinning nose dive; or, having gotten into a tail spin, managed to get out of it



PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

The Ruins of Verdun

again with whole wings and the ailerons still working. Other fellows just cannot help encountering hard luck. Fortune seems so annoyingly inconsistent in aviation. There was one member of our escadrille, Adjutant Georges Babo, a Frenchman who has been flying ever since 1914. He has been through about everything any birdman could wish for, and has always come out on top. Three times he has returned to our lines with a dead observer in his rear seat. How Babo has experienced so many close calls without receiving a single scratch none of us knows. He declares that he probably will lose his life on the last day of the war; or if he survives the war this tricky ace is certain that the following week he will stub his toe and fall in front of a flivver.

Ignorance at Home

OF COURSE, like other aviators who have had the good fortune to return to their homes from the battle front, I have been asked a great many questions, a majority of which were most sensible. They have revealed to me many things that ought to be better understood by Americans—things about the war and the meaning and menace behind it, all of which have been told to our hundred million citizens, but which evidently are not fully grasped by the masses. The facts have not been pounded in. The *status quo* of the war is not understood by many intelligent people so fully as their intellects warrant. I met a college graduate recently who thought that Rumania had always been a part of Russia, like the Ukraine or Siberia.

While a guest at a tea-and-little-cakes party the week I returned from the Front I happened to mention in speaking of war experiences that "the French are using a great many Spads at the Front."

One woman wanted to know what Spads were, and before I could reply her dearest chum proudly snapped out: "Why, don't you know what Spads are? They are those new gas masks the men wear in the trenches. Why don't you read the papers?"

Of course I explained that a Spad happens to be a very fast, very powerful airplane, which can attain and maintain a speed of better than 135 miles an hour; whereat they marveled, wide-eyed.

Another woman wanted to know where No Man's Land was—on the Western Front or in Russia?

Styles and modes of air fighting have changed considerably since the war began, and will continue to change. The pendulum of air supremacy doubtless will oscillate—one season the Allies dominating the air, another season the Germans; and then the Allies will do a "come-back." Just how long this pendulum of air domination will swing depends largely upon how much of a bulge the Allies can secure and maintain on the enemy through American support. It would be utter foolishness to suppose because at this writing the Allies are masters of the air situation—the spring of 1918—that within a short time the Germans will not be bosses of the air and remain bosses for a period. Wanted: Speed—and more speed! Planes and more planes!

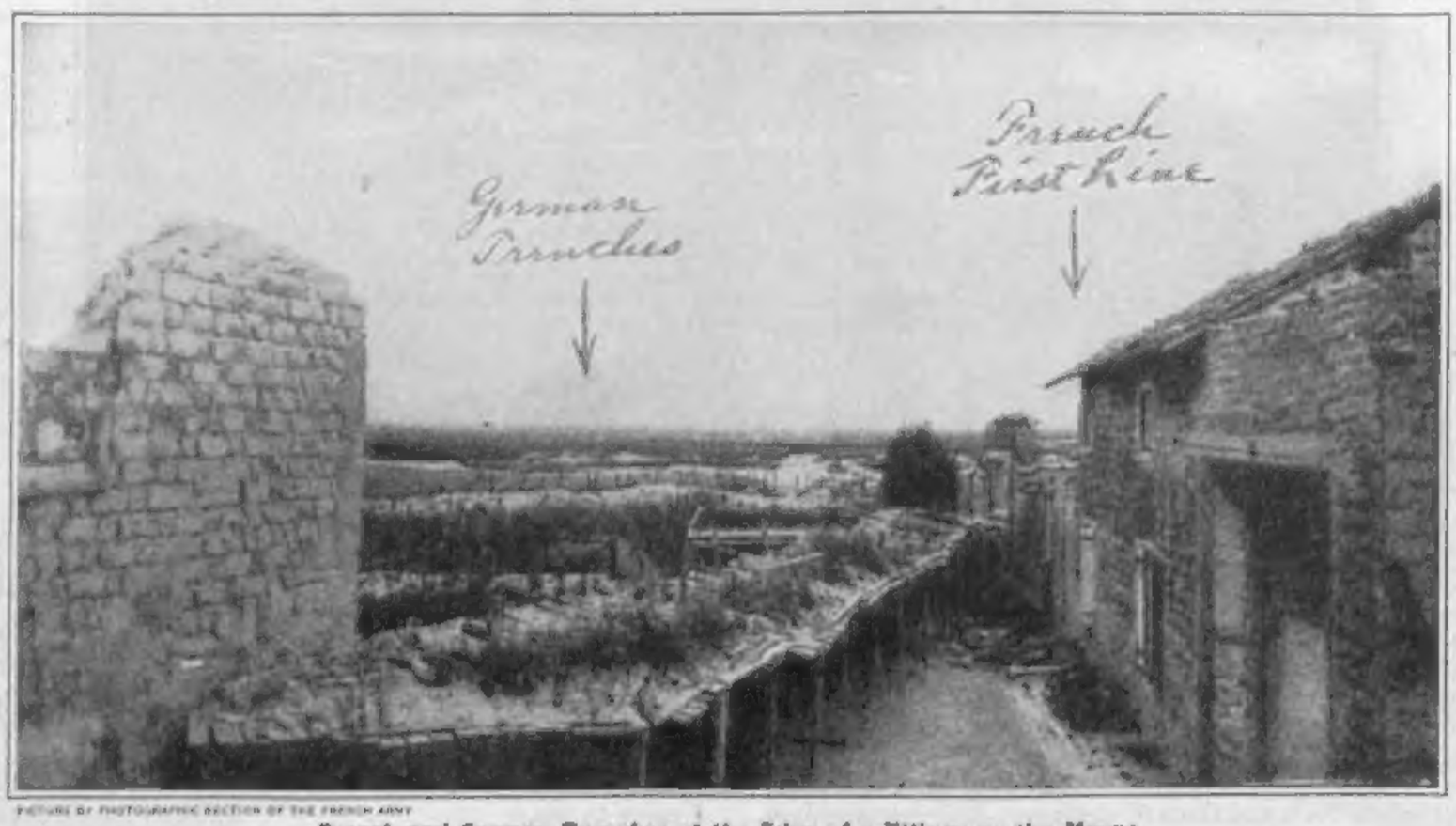
As an Australian put it when discussing this subject with me: "Blim'me, I wish to 'ell the accursedly prolific rabbits down in our Australia was airplanes! My eye, but there'd be a fleet, sir!"

Warfare from the point of view of the birdman is perhaps seen in a broader way than from the land-army officer's view. Certainly the aviator sees more of the fighting front at one time than any other and sees the *tout ensemble* rather than the "close-ups," as they say in movie parlance. And strategic operations look very different and have far greater meaning to an airplane pilot than when seen from an observation post through field glasses. Early in my flying career I was assigned to a *groupe de combats*—a fighting squadron patroling up and down the entire Western Front, from Dunkirk, that town splashed by the U-boat infested ocean, to Belfort, down at the eastern end, right at the Swiss border. I learned to recognize many of the French and Belgian towns, much as a carrier pigeon or crow would recognize them, by their roofs and street layouts or by what remained where the roofs and streets used to be. Quaint St.-Quentin; battered Craonne; Rheims, the monument to Hun vandalism and sacrilege; Verdun, the valiant; Pont-à-Mousson and Senones, so close to German soil; and then a little farther south, into that comparatively quiet sector where the fighting front is in original German territory, just as more of the Western Front will have to be in Germany before we are through—all this was in the day's work for us.

Hence, taking in a Front of that size we "sky-jazzers" had opportunity to form opinions of our own. Furthermore, the significance of many military movements is more manifest to the patrol aviator than to an officer stationed at one point. The aviator cannot help becoming something of a strategist himself. Some of the things I might mention may not be discussed here for fear of giving comfort to the enemy, as for example our highly interesting system of signaling and certain whys and wherefores.

However, if in setting down in print a few of my observations and answering some of these questions, in perhaps a more entertaining manner than mere textbook form, I can add something to what numerous skilled and more competent writers already have written; if I can convey to American readers a few ideas as to the vital importance of aviation—I shall be pleased. And if it should by any chance inspire some of the youth of the land I love who are under the draft age or more mature men above the draft maximum to join the colors and serve Uncle Sam and his Allies in the air and serve well—to die for their country if Fate so wills it—I shall feel that my first attempt at writing will have been worth while. I should like to go back there with the knowledge that if I "get mine" I shall at least have left some leaven behind me which will spread among that crop of fine virile manhood that hears the call to this year's National Army, and make such as are fitted for it eager to risk the hazards demanded of the falcons of democracy.

If some of the things mentioned herein will assist them in learning the science more readily, if some of the tips on aërial tactics will perhaps assist one American boy when the emergency comes up there—the labor of writing this will not have been in vain.



PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

French and German Trenches at the Edge of a Village on the Marne

Esprit de Corps

ASIDE from all this I am happy to have the opportunity of setting down this story as a tribute to the American boys as well as the French who were my team mates in the French Flying Corps and Lafayette Flying Corps, for they are the finest type of men to be found anywhere. Their *esprit de corps* has been wonderful, and at all times they have proved their unswerving loyalty to the Allied cause. I can say the same for the fellows I know—English, Canadian, American—in the Royal Flying Corps. And the Italians—those wizards of the Capronis—are due for plenty of praise too. When called upon they have been ready and have made good. I hope for the opportunity of telling the mothers and fathers of some of

(Continued on Page 26)

PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

A Section of Verdun Bombarded by Aëroplanes

PURLS BEFORE SWINE

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

She Kind of Smirked and Says "Well I Was Expecting to Meet a Man to and I Thought You Was Him"

CAMP GRANT, Nov. 4.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they have begin to bust up our regt. and take men away from it and the men they take will get to France before the rest of us the lucky stiffs but they don't send them right to France from here but they send them down south to the national guards camps and fill up the nationalguards with them and the national guards are going to get across the pond first because Secty. Daniels wants to save the good regts. for the finish.

Well Al they can't send me to France to soon but it looks like they wasn't a chance for a man like I to get sent with the national guards because the men we are sending down south is the riff and raff you might say who we want to get rid of them so when Secty. Daniels sends word that the national guards at such and such a place wants 7 or 800 men the officers here picks them out from amidst the kitchen policemen and the guard house.

It looks now like the real soldiers that they got here would be here maybe all winter but between you and I Al I got a scheme to beat that game. I found out today that they are going to start a officers training camp here in Jan. and if a man makes good in it they will give him a lieut. or a capt. and they won't be no riff and raff allowed in the camp only men that would make a good officer so I guess I won't have no trouble getting in the camp and once I win my lieut. or capt. bars they will probably send me straight to France to take command.

Things are going along O. K. without much news to write about. Sarah Bernhart the French comedian was in Rockford Friday and come out to give the boys a treat and for some reason another the most of the boys fell all over their self trying to get up close to her and get her to smile at them. Well Al everybody to their own taste but from what I seen of her she would be perfectly safe around me and if she is a day old she is 50 yrs. old and I will bet money on it. Any way I wouldn't trade Florrie for a dozen like she. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Nov. 7.

FRIEND AL: Here is one for you Al and its just between you and I because I wouldn't have no one else hear about it for the world. Yesterday we was all presented with some sox made out of knitting and they come in a bunch from the Red X and when I was going to bed I thought I would try mine on and see if they fit and if they didn't maybe I could trade with somebody that they did. Well Al I stuck my foot down in 1 of them and my toe run into something funny and I pulled my foot out and stuck my hand down in it and pulled out a note that was folded in side of the sock. Well of course I opened the note up and read it and I will copy down what it said. It says "Dear Soldier Boy, you may never see me but if you can spare time to write me just a few lines it will make me happier than any one in the world for I am oh so lonesome. You won't disappoint me will you Soldier Boy?" And it was signed Lone Star but down below she had wrote her name and address. Her name is Miss Lucy Chase and she lives in Texas.

Well Al I can't help from feeling sorry for her and if it wasn't for Florrie and little Al I would write her a note back and thank her for the sox though between you and I they are to small and try and say something that would cheer her up. But of course Florrie wouldn't like for me to do it and a married man shouldn't ought to be monking around like that and lead a girl on though of course if I did write to her the first thing I would tell her would be that I am married.

But what has been puzzling me is where she seen me. Maybe it was 1 of the times we played in Texas in the spring trip either that or she seen my picture somewheres. Well Al it must of been a picture without my feet in it or she would of made the sox bigger and I wish she had of because of course I don't feel like tradeing them off to nobody now that I know they was made for me by a admirer. Laying all jokes to 1 side I do feel sorry for the girl and if she had of made herself known to me a few years sooner things might of been different. Don't say nothing about this even to Bertha because I don't want it to get all over Bedford. I am not the kind that brags around about their admirers especially when its a girl.

I thought once or twice today that I would just drop her a card pretending like the sox fit me to a tea and thanking her for them and giveing her a hint that I was a married man but on second thoughts I guess its better to just let the whole affair drop right here.

They sprung a new one on us last night. Word come from the head quarters that everybody had to learn to sing and last night was the first lesson and they was about 3000 of us and the teacher was a bird named Nevin and he got up in front and started out on Keep the home fires burning and said we was to all join in. Well Al for some reason another everybody but he had the lockjaw and as far as we was concerned the fires would of all died out. Most of our gang is from Chi where they leave takeing care of the furnace to the janitor. He tried 2 or 3 other songs but we was all deaf and dumb mutes and he finely give up and says he would try some other time when the cat didn't have a hold of our tongue so on the way back to quarters everybody cut loose and sung and you could of heard us in Beloit. We got a lot of good singers right in our Co. that can hit the minors to but we are not going to bust out on no teacher's say so like we was in kindegarden or something.

Well Al I am going to break into a new game football. They are getting up a club here in camp to play against the Great Lakes navy and the Camp Custer club up in Mich. and they want all the men thats played football to come out and try for the club here. Well I never played but I told them I did and they won't know the difference when they see me because when a man is a born athalete they can play any game and especially a college Willy boy game like football. I seen one of their college games out to the university in Chi once and a man built like I could of made a sucker out of both clubs.

The capt. of the camp club here is Capt. Whiting and he played with the university in Chi and they got some other would be stars like Shiverick that played with the Ithaca club down east and Schobinger or something from Champlain college here in Ill. and a man from Princeton named Eddy something. Well I will show them something before I get through with them because an athalete has got to be born and you can't make them out of college Willy boys that stays up all night doing the foxy trot and gets stewed on chocolate and whip cream. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Nov. 10.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you read in the papers about that troop train that a gang of spys tried to wreck it and it was a train full of burglars from here that we sent down to Camp Logan to fill up the national guards and the papers made out like the people that tried to wreck it was pro German spys but if you had of seen the birds that was on the train you wouldn't believe it because they wouldn't no Germans waist their time on them because they will all kill each other any way before they get to France. One of the birds on it was Shorty Lahey that I all ready told you about him and when the national guards sees him they will just about declare war against Camp Grant.

Well Al you remember me writeing to you about that little girl down in Texas that sent me the note in the sox. Well I got to thinking it over and the more I thought about it I got to thinking that it wasn't the square thing to not pay no attention to her when she maybe wore her hands to the bone and strained her eyes so as my feet would keep warm so finely I set down and answered her back and I didn't say nothing mushy of course but just a friendly note to let her know I received the sox and I told her they was a perfect fit and I asked her where it was she ever seen me or my picture or how she come to pick me out and I didn't tell her nothing about being married because what would be the use of hurting her and they can't be no harm done because we will never meet and as soon as she writes and tells me where she seen me that will end it. But I just couldn't stand it to think of the poor kid running to the door every time the mail man come and maybe crying when they wasn't nothing for her. I guess Florrie wouldn't have no objections under the circumstances but if she did find out and start to ball me out I would tell her to take a jump in the lake because she never even mended me a pair of sox to say nothing about knit them. I also asked the girl to send me a picture of herself because it tickles them to be asked for their picture and of course as soon as I get it I will tear it up but she won't know that.

Well Al I decided to not play on the football club here after all. In the 1st. place theys 3 or 4 privates trying for the club and I don't believe in mixing up with them to

much and if Whiting and them other officers wants to all right, but that don't make it all right in my mind. And besides I figured it wasn't fair to either myself or Capt. Nash to run the risk of getting hurt in some fool game to say nothing about learning a lot of fool signals that don't mean nothing but just learning them takes up your time that you ought to spend thinking how to improve your command. And another thing the minute they started to practice I seen they didn't know the game and they will get licked every time they play and I can't stand to be with a looser. They talked about what a great kicker this Shiverick is but I watched him trying to kick goals and he missed 3 out of 10 and one of them rolled right along the ground like a baby had kicked it.

Capt. Whiting come up to me when I come out on the field and asked me my name and etc. and what position did I play and I told him center rush or tackle back it didn't make no difference. So he asked me what college I played at and I told him Harvard which was the 1st. thing that come into my head. So he says "All right we need a good tackle back so you can play there now in signal practice" so they lined up and I stood back of the center rush and they called out some numbers and throwed the ball to one of them and 3 or 4 of us bumped into each other and fell down and I got a bad kick in the head, but it wasn't bad enough to make me quit but what is the use of takeing chances. They can have their football Al if they want to waist the govt. time but I got enough to think about thinking about winning this war.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, NOV. 14.

FRIEND AL: Well this was our day out to the rifle range and I'll say Secty. Daniels better hurry up and send some teachers here that knows their business. But wait till you hear about it.

In the 1st. place it was a rotten day and a bad wind and so dark you couldn't hardly see and they ought not to of made anybody try to shoot. Well they had some targets that they said was 100 yds. from where we was to shoot from but it was more like ¼ of a mile and they said 100 yds. so we would think it was closer. Well the idear was that each guy was to shoot 10 times and if you hit the target it counted 1 pt. and if you hit the bulls eye it counted 5 pts. so if you hit the bulls eye every time you got 50 pts. but nobody in the world could do that the way they made us shoot. What do you think of them makeing a man lay on their stomach to shoot instead of standing up and I suppose if the Germans got 100 yds. from us we would all lay there like we had a stomache and let them come. Somebody said we layed that way so as to give them less mark to shoot at. How is that for fine dope? Because if you was laying on your stomach faceing them and they hit you at all they couldn't hit you nowheres only in the head and kill you where if you was standing up straight they would be more libel to hit you anywheres except in the head and maybe you would get off with a flesh wound or something.

Well 1 of the smart aleck lieuts. started out and hit the bulls eye 8 times and the target the other 2 times and that give him 42 and he swelled up like a poison pup but the way the wind was blowing you could tell it was just a accident because if he had of really shot at the target the wind would of carried his shots to hell and gone away from it but what he done was shoot with his eyes shut and the wind done the rest of it for him. So some of the other boys shot and some of them had a lot of luck and Red Sampson got 38 and finely it come my turn and I was dizzy from something I eat and besides by that time it was so dark you couldn't hardly make out where the target was and I was all cramped up laying there but at that I just missed the bulls eye the 1st. time and finely quit with 8. So afterwards Red Sampson asked me how it come I didn't have a expert rifle shooter's meddle on me trying to kid me. So I said "I never had to shoot for a liveing because I could go out and pitch baseball and make real money where a man like you every time the family wanted meat for dinner they would send you out to shoot a snake or a tom cat or something." So it was him that got kidded.

Well Al I will be shooting with the best of them as soon as I get the nack and when they get a man here to learn us that knows his business and pick out a day when the wind ain't blowing a mile a minute and pitch dark.

I haven't had no answer from that little girl down in Texas and I hope she has got over her infatuation and decided to forget me. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, NOV. 17.

FRIEND AL: Well Al what do you think I got a letter from the girlie down in Texas and the poor kid has gone crazy over me and I only wish they was some way to stop her because of course it has got to end right here and I will just have to drop her a line and tell her the truth that I am a married man and the best thing she can do is try and forget. But I am afraid it will be pretty hard for her and I only wish she hadn't never seen or heard about me.

For some reason another she won't tell me where it was she seen me or she won't send me no picture because she says I might show it to the boys and laugh over that little girl down in Texas and of course I wouldn't do nothing like that and she wouldn't think so if she knew me better. Here is what her letter says.

My Soldier Boy, so you are an officer now. Well that is just grand and I feel all the happier and prouder to hear from you. No Soldier Boy I won't tell you where I saw you. You will just have to guess. Don't you remember that day at ——? If you don't I won't tell you. And I won't send you my photo because I know what soldier boys are. You would show it to everybody in camp and you would all have a good laugh over the little f—l woman down in Texas who is fond of you. Well Boy we will probably never see each other unless you should happen to be sent to one of the camps down here. Is there any chance of that Soldier Boy? So you quit a job in the big league to fight for Uncle Sam? That was fine of you and makes me all the prouder to have your friendship. I am glad you like the hose I knitted for you. Do you want some more or can I make you a helmet or a sweater or something? Just say what you need and I will make my needles fly to furnish you with it. And write to me soon. We are so far apart that it takes your letters days and days to reach me. Au revoir for this time Big Boy.

Well Al I can't remember to save my soul where it was I and she could of met. Maybe I could if she had of put the name of the town in her letter but she just left a dash like I copied it. I been trying to think up all the girls I met in different towns while I was with the ball club and I can remember a lot of them but nobody named Chase but of course she might of give me a fake name the time we met.

Well as I say theys only the 1 thing to do and that is drop her a line and say how things stand with me and for her to forget about me. Its mighty nice of her to offer to knit me them other articles but of course I can't ask her to under the circumstances and all I can do is just to call it off or maybe it would be better to not write to her back but just leave her guess the truth only I am afraid she would think I was a bum to not acknollege her letter. I wish they was somebody to advice me what to do but I guess I can't look for no help from you along those lines eh Al? You never had them looseing their heads and makeing garments for you and etc.

I pretty near forgot to tell you that these college Willy boys got cleaned up 9 to 6 in their game with the sailors from the Great Lakes and the sailors made a monkey out of them and they wasn't a kid on the sailors club that is 20 yrs. old. I bet Capt. Whiting would of gave his right eye for a good husky tackle back when them sailors was pushing his Willys around the field.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, NOV. 22.

FRIEND AL: Well they have just sent away another train load of the boys to 1 of the national guards and if they keep it up we won't have more then 30 or 40 left to a Co. I wish I was with the boys that went but theys no chance of that because they are keeping the best men here so as we will be all together when they get ready to send us across. And it looks like I won't be able to get into the officers training camp because I heard today that they won't leave nobody in that can't talk all the languages of the ally countrys. Red Sampson heard 2 of the lieuts. talking about it and 1 of them was saying how even the college boys would have to hustle between now and Jan. because while most of them could talk French and Italian they was very few colleges where you can learn Roman and Australian and etc. so it looks like I would be bared out because while I might pick up the French and maybe 1 or 2 others I couldn't possibly master 8 or 9 languages in hardly a month you might say. I don't know what the idear is but it probably come from the same guy that makes you shoot laying on your stomach.

Speaking about a month my month without leave is pretty near up and I am figureing on going to Chi the 1st. of Dec. and see Florrie and little Al though for all as I know they both may be dead because Florrie won't never suffer from writers cramp on my acct. I have asked her 2 or 3 times to come out for Sunday and bring the kid but no its always to cold or she has got company comeing for dinner or 1 thing another.

Sometimes I pretty near wish I had a wife like Sebastian's thats so homely you can't hardly look at her but still and all you get a chance to once in a while.

Well I wrote to that poor kid down in Texas and told her I didn't want to bother her to make me a helmet or a sweater but I all ready got a helmet. I didn't have the heart to tell her about Florrie or tell her to quit writeing to me but I give her a kind of a hint that I was to busy to spend much time writeing letters and I hope she don't try and keep up a correspondents because it can't do neither of us no good and the best way would be for us to both forget it and of course that wouldn't be no trouble for me but I am afraid a girl don't forget so easy.

Well Al this ain't what you might call a happy letter but I don't know no good news to write only they have gave up our choir practice as a bad job and we don't have to worry no more about letting the fires go out.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, DEC. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I just got back from Chi and of all the tough luck a man ever had I had it.

You remember me telling you about the last time I come back from my leave and I got in late and Capt. Nash says I couldn't have no more leave for a month. Well the month was up Friday and I had it fixed so as I could go to Chi Saturday A.M. with the gang that was going to the football game between our club and Camp Custer and the only ones that was allowed to go was the ones that had boughten tickets to the game so I bought a ticket though I didn't have no intentions of waisting my time out to no Willy boy football game.

So She Says "They Went Out." Well Al I Suppose I Didn't Know They Had Went Out and I Felt Like Saying to Her "Oh I Thought They Might Maybe of Crawled in Between the Wall Paper to Take a Nap"

A Mrs. Crane and a Mrs. Somebody Else Picked on Me and Got Me in a Pocket on the Davenport and They Didn't Even Have Sence Enough to Call Me Corporal But it Was Mr. Keefe This and Mr. Keefe That

Well we got to Chi about noon and we had to march all over town and everybody stood on the sidewalks and cheered us to the ecco and I couldn't get away from the bunch till the parade was over though I don't enjoy marching and have everybody stare at you but when it was over I beat it for home. Well I hadn't said nothing to Florrie about comeing because I wanted to supprise her and I thought of course little Al and the Swede would be home and I and little Al could walk in on Florrie over to the beauty parlor and supprise her, but when I got to the flat and rung the bell they wasn't no answer and I rung and rung and finely I seen they wasn't nobody home so I went to the beauty parlor and 1 of the girls there told me that Florrie was takeing the P.M. off and wouldn't be back till Monday A.M.

So I went back to the flat and looked for the janitor to let me in and when you don't want janitors they are always snooping around at your coat tails but when you do want them they are hideing in the ash bbl. or something. So it took me about a hour to find this bird and another hour to get him to open the door up for me and of course they wasn't nobody home so the janitor says maybe I could find out where they went from the neighbors so I rung the woman across the hall's bell and she come to the door. So I said "I'm Corp. Keefe and I wanted to know if you knew where is my wife and kid." So she says "They went out." Well Al I suppose I didn't know they had went out and I felt like saying to her "Oh I thought they might maybe of crawled in between the wall paper to take a nap or I thought maybe they might of left the stopper out of the bath tub and got drained off or something." But I just asked her did she know where they went and she said she didn't.

Well I seen she didn't know nothing about them or probably nothing else so I went back in the flat and waited and waited and it come along 5 o'clock and I called up a saloon over on Indiana and asked them to fetch me over a doz. bottles of beer and I had 2 of them and then went out to a restaurant and had supper and come back and nobody home yet. Well to make a short story out of it I finished the beer up and finely went to bed and I didn't know nothing more till 9 A.M. this morning when the Swede come snooping into the room and seen me and let out a screem and beat it and I got up and dressed and went in the kitchen and she said Florrie had took little Al somewheres to stay all night with some friends and give the Swede permission to go to a ski jumpers dance out to Berwyn and Florrie would be home about 11.

Well Florrie come strutting in with the kid about 12 looking like she hadn't done nothing out of the way and when she seen me she squeeled and come romping over for a kiss. Well Al she didn't get it. I kissed little Al all right but I didn't see where she had a right to expect favors. Well she seen how things stood and begin trying to explain something about spending the P.M. down town shopping and then going to a show with some friends of hers on the north side and they left little Al in charge of the nurse at the friends and they both stayed there all night and why didn't I tell her I would be home so as she could of changed her plans and etc. So I said "Yes you are a fine wife and mother running around town with a bunch of bums and leave your kid all alone in charge of a nurse that you don't know nothing about her and for all as you know she might of cut his ears off like a Belgium." Well I was sore and I give her a good balling out and of course it wound up like usual with her busting out crying and then they wasn't nothing for me to do only say I didn't mean what I had been saying and we had dinner and maybe everything would of been O.K. only we hadn't no sooner gotten up from the table when in come ½ of the south side and their wifes to call. Well they wasn't none of them I ever seen before or ever want to see them again and they was all friends of Florrie's and 2 of the ladys was customers of hers so she didn't dare tell them to get the h—ll out of there and a Mrs. Crane and a Mrs. Somebody else picked on me and got me in a pocket on the Davenport and they didn't even have sence enough to call me Corporal but it was Mr. Keefe this and Mr. Keefe that and when did I think the war would end and wasn't the Germans awful and how many men did we have in France and when was I going and so on. And Mrs. Crane said her and all her friends was so jealous of Mrs. Keefe because her husband was a soldier so I said I had heard they was room in some of the camps for a few more husbands and Mrs. Crane said her husband had tried his hardest to get into something but he had bad teeth so I said why didn't he try and get into some good dentist office. But they wasn't no way I could get them mad enough to go home till 5 o'clock and then I and Florrie and the kid had just a hour together before I had to beat it for the train.

Well Al I won't get no more leave off till Xmas and maybe not then but what is the use any way when your wife gives you a welcome like that and all together it was a fine trip and I won't never try and take nobody by supprise after this but at that why couldn't she of stayed home where a woman belongs.

My train was jamed comeing back tonight and I don't know where they got it but everybody was oiled up and celebrating about beating Camp Custer in the football game and I'll say Camp Custer must be a home for cripples or something if thats the kind of a football club they turn out any way I bet they ain't no room to dance in the guard house tonight. Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Dec. 4.

FRIEND AL: I guess I was so full of my swell visit home when I wrote you the last time that I forgot about telling you about that little girlie down in Texas. Well Al they isn't much to tell only that I got another letter from her though I as good as told her I wished she wouldn't write me no more but she wrote any way and she says she can't forget me and theys no use asking her to and she wouldn't tell me where it was we seen each other and they was no use me asking her. It looks from her letter like she was getting in deeper every day and I don't know what will be the end of it all and if she done anything to herself on my acct. I would feel like a murder though of course a man can't help how they look or what a girl thinks about them but still and all you can't help from feeling like you was to blame.

I guess the best way to do is just not answer her letter and hope for the best and hope she won't do nothing rash.

Well Al I started out to write you a long letter but I am to wore out and I guess anybody would be after what we went through today. It was the coldest day I ever seen so they picked it out for us to go on a 19 mile hike and if you could see the roads around here you would know what that means and they can talk all they want to about how the men suffers in France but I would rather go out in the middle of Nobody's Land and start a mumblety peg game then take another of these dam hikes with the weather a million below zero and the road full of rutts as big as the grand canion.

If it hadn't been for setting a example to my command I believe I would of pretended like I was sick and when you are sick they make somebody else carry your junk and leave you ride in a wagon and thats O.K. for a private that don't care what the rest of them think of him but a corporal has got to keep going and try and keep his men going and when you got a bunch of sap heads like mine it keeps a man on the jump to tend to them. Red Sampson was so bad that I had to keep after him all the while and finely I pulled a good one on him I said "Sampson everybody in

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GASSED—By MAJOR S. J. M. AULD

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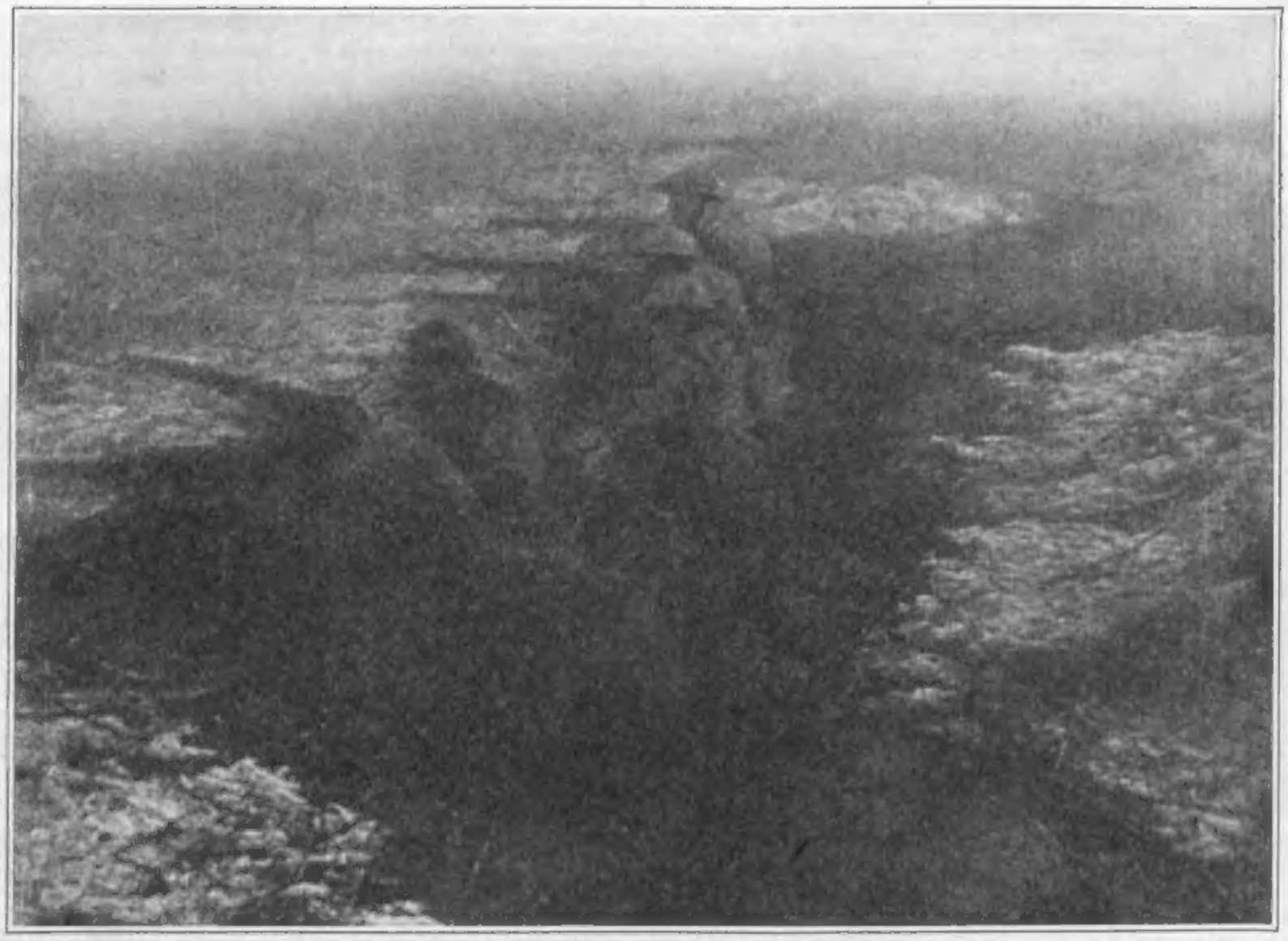

Front Line Troops Firing Into the Gas Cloud to Catch Any Patrols Which May be Advancing

THE great time for the German gas troops was undoubtedly 1916, and from April to August of that year they carried out five big cloud gas attacks on the British alone, not counting several on the French Front and a number against the Russians.

During the interval from the December attack of the previous year they had obviously been thinking hard and preparing lots of gas, for the new attacks showed several fresh features both as regards extent and tactics. Along the lines of making the gas more poisonous, using greater quantities and higher concentration and the springing of surprises, everything was done to make the gas cloud an even more deadly affair than it had been in previous shows. That our own casualties were much less than before, and that the boche in at least one case had a lot more killed by his own gas than we had, were very satisfactory results of all the labor and research as far as we were concerned.

For the same reason that the December attack had been reduced in duration to half an hour, the new clouds lasted only ten to fifteen minutes; thus once more multiplying the concentration by two or three. On top of this the amount of phosgene was increased up to at least twenty-five per cent and probably to about fifty per cent, so that in this way also the cloud became much more deadly than before. It is interesting to note that pure phosgene cannot be used, otherwise the Germans would undoubtedly have employed it. Straight phosgene does not come out of the cylinders satisfactorily—it must have a big proportion of something like chlorine mixed with it to force it out and get it into the air as quickly as may be.

All of this made the gas cloud a nasty thing to face. As it became progressively more deadly it required less and less to kill. A couple of breaths of the poisoned air became enough to kill a man; but as our protection was good enough, it meant that the most important thing for the enemy to do was to take us unawares by getting his gas over so quickly or deceiving us in some other way that we should be down and out almost before we knew it. This is where his surprise tactics came in.

The Development of Gas Tactics

THESE tactics consisted in attempting great secrecy in the preparations, in the use of smoke clouds to put us off the real track of the gas, and the putting over of a number of different waves of gas at varying intervals. The value of the last two will be more apparent from the accounts of the individual attacks, but the importance of the first-mentioned method must be emphasized a bit.

It must be remembered that the carrying in of the gas cylinders is the work of the infantry and, as we discovered ourselves when we started retaliation, is a very unpopular job owing to the difficulties of the carry. Any carelessness in allowing the cylinders to clank by bumping against each other or against any other metal objects in the trenches, or metallic sounds made by rather bored pioneers in unscrewing the domes or attacking the pipes, are going to give away the fact to the opposing side that something unusual is going on. And something unusual going on or suspected generally spells g-a-s in the trenches.

In some cases, too, the opposing trenches can be seen from observation posts—O. P.'s or O. Pips, as they are called in British Army parlance—and in such cases if the carrying is started or the installation of the cylinders is continued during the day there is a good chance of the whole show being blown on by some watchful observer with a telescope to his eye a mile or so away. All this the boche realized and made his arrangements accordingly. But in at least one case, in April, in his anxiety to get the cloud over without diminution of strength and so that we should have little time for protecting ourselves and spreading the alarm, he chose as his venue for the attack a big portion of the line where the trenches were very close together—seldom, in fact, more than fifty yards apart. Of course it is just in such circumstances that secrecy of preparation is of the greatest importance—but at the same time it is of the greatest difficulty to maintain. As a matter of fact the Germans overreached themselves by this choice of position, and little indications spotted by our watchful sentries and patrols made us pretty certain that a gas attack was impending, and our watchfulness and preparedness were correspondingly increased and a constant state of "Gas Alert" kept up.

The first two attacks of the year were made against the 16th—the Irish Division. This was the division in which Willie Redmond was a captain, and it was composed of some of the best fighting material in the world—all Nationalist Irishmen and anxious to get one over at Fritz. Whether the Irishmen were chosen as a target with the foolish idea of "putting the wind up," or whether it was out of revenge for their appearance in the British ranks after all the labor that had been expended in trying to spread sedition in Ireland, we do not know. Whatever the idea was it terminated in most abject failure, for the Irishmen came through both attacks wonderfully well and absolutely smashed up the German infantry advances which were attempted after the passage of the cloud. Both attacks were made on that part of the line near Hulluch running for about two miles south from Cité St. Elie.

The Germans opened the ball by letting our support and reserve lines have a heavy bombardment of tear shells. Almost immediately after, in the dim light of the early dawn, the first gas cloud floated over. It was very thick and had been largely mixed with smoke in the hope of leading our fellows to believe that it was terribly strong. It was not. But the cloud was so dense that even at brigade headquarters, three miles behind the front line, it was impossible to see across the road. There was enough gas in this mixed cloud to make it very dangerous and uncomfortable to unprotected men, but there were very few casualties. The alarm was quickly spread, the men remained perfectly cool, and an attempted attack by the enemy infantry to follow up the cloud was smashed up without being able to get closer than our barbed wire.

After this first wave there was a tendency among the men to regard the danger as over and to congratulate themselves on the apparent and obvious boche failure. As they were prepared to go through with anything the boche could put over, there was a natural tendency to underrate the effects of gas, seeing it had caused them no losses. It is undoubtedly true that a number of helmets were discarded entirely—some of the soldiers thought they were useless after being through an attack, and threw them away, depending entirely on their reserve helmets. These they omitted to place in the "Alert" position, pinned up on their chests ready for immediate use. In one or two cases which came to my notice officers and men went off to the latrines or to headquarters without helmets at all. This, of course, was not general, but it shows how some of our men fell for the boche ruse, which consisted of putting over a second wave two hours later on exactly the same Front.

The second cloud was a frightfully strong one, composed entirely of gas in the highest possible concentration. It was this wave which caused all our losses on April twenty-seventh, as it took a number of men completely by surprise. But even so, the Irishmen were not a bit dismayed, and when the Germans again attempted to advance—parties of their bombers in some cases appearing immediately behind the gas cloud—they were met by such a stout resistance that those who were not shot down retired in disorder to their own trenches.

The intensity of the second wave can be gathered from the fact that buttons and ammunition were quickly corroded and turned a villainous green color. In a few cases rifles stuck and Lewis guns jammed, owing to the effects of the gas on the ammunition and the breach mechanism. One good thing about the attack was that most of the rats in the trenches were killed. In some parts of the line the trench rats are an absolute plague. They eat any food or candles left lying about or kept in cardboard boxes. They swarm in the dugouts and appear in all sorts of odd corners. They disturb the little rest one does get; and I have had them run all over me, even over my face, while lying in my dugout. All attempts to clear them out were useless. But what ferrets and terriers and virus could not accomplish the boche gas did. Mister Rat cannot stand up to a strong mixture of chlorine and phosgene without a gas mask, and so in this attack, as in others we experienced, he died by hundreds; and nobody mourned him.

Kittens Survive When Rats Die

CURIOUSLY enough two kittens, which inhabited the dug-out of the commanding officer of one of the battalions of the Scottish Borderers, who were in reserve, came through alive. The kittens were badly gassed and lay breathing rapidly, suffering from spasms and with profuse salivation. Possibly their fur helped to absorb some of the gas, for five hours later the little victims were almost themselves again, though they continued to cough occasionally and drank water continually. The water they took in preference to milk.

The effects of the poison on the soldiers who were gassed were pretty much the same as has been so frequently described in the press before. In the lighter cases it was mostly severe and painful coughing and bronchitis, with occasional retching and vomiting. The severe cases had the frothing at the mouth, the painful fight for breath and the blue face with staring eyes which are typical of severe gassing with chlorine and phosgene. I was told that there were not many delayed cases—that is, men being taken seriously ill hours after the attack, though apparently unscathed before.

The casualties were really remarkably small in the circumstances, and even despite the surprise tactics were not as numerous as those of the December attack. Apart from the men who were caught without their respirators, most of the casualties were the result of some special circumstances. The helmets themselves when properly inspected and adjusted gave good protection. In connection with

the laying aside of the respirators after the first cloud a sergeant told me that when the second wave came over he had seen two soldiers trying to get into the same helmet. The humorous side of this had apparently appealed to him even in the middle of the attack.

Of course with the trenches so close together a lot of men had difficulty in getting protection in time. Parties of men in advanced saps and listening posts had the greatest difficulty, and numbers of these men were killed. One pioneer of a tunneling company came out of a mine gallery knowing nothing about what had been happening aboveground, and walked straight into the middle of the gas cloud.

A man in one of the companies of the Irish Rifles was wounded in the head by shrapnel through both his steel and gas helmets. In spite of the wound and the hole in his gas helmet he held the latter close round his mouth and nose and was not gassed at all—a clear case of presence of mind saving his life.

One thing which impressed everyone with the need for thorough gas training at home, and which should be taken to heart by all men in training at the camps or likely to go there, was the way in which reënforcements and men who had recently joined up suffered. Their casualties were out of all proportion to their numbers and were due entirely to the fact that insufficient attention was given at that time to the gas-defense training of the recruits. Many of them had never put on a helmet before, and none of them had ever smelled gas.

In one particular instance a batch of twenty men had come straight over from England and were in the gas attack the day after their arrival in the trenches. The only training they had had was a lecture from their own regimental officers, and consequently they knew little or nothing about the use of their helmets. Every one of these men was gassed. It is true that they had scrambled into their helmets somehow, and none of them died; but the fact remains that absence of training at home cost the fighting line twenty men in one company. In this company they were the only men gassed. Largely as a consequence of this, gas-defense training was taken up very seriously in the early training of recruits, and big gas schools were established at all the camps both in England and at the bases in France, so as to catch the young soldier early.

Hoist With His Own Petard

THE boche made another gas attack on the Irish Division on the same Front two days later. Once again he let off two waves—this time with an interval of only a quarter of an hour. But despite his idea of "mixing them up" he could not bring off that particular surprise again.

The second attack was one of the most interesting on record, for it was here, near Hulluch, that the gas blew back on the Germans and killed many more of them than our total gas casualties. The thing happened in this way: The first gas wave was loosed off at three-fifty A. M., opposite the celebrated Chalk Pit Wood. Fifteen minutes later a heavy cloud was discharged on the Hulluch front. But the wind was too light and variable. The cloud came over our line and then the gentle wind first dropped altogether and then gradually veered round. The gas hung in No Man's Land and over both sets of trenches for a short time, and then with increasing pace drifted back right over the German position, just where Fritz had been seen massing for an attack on the Hulluch sector. We did not see the confusion which reigned, but almost simultaneously with the arrival of his own gas our barrage came down and the German attack dispersed.

All that day our observers reported the carrying out of German casualties from the trenches on stretchers and a constant stream of ambulances coming up and then returning along the roads to the rear. We surmised that the boche had swallowed some of his own poison, but it was not until several months later, from some documents captured during the Battle of the Somme, that we were able to appreciate his disaster to the full.

The first of these documents was the diary of a soldier who had been in the neighboring trenches. It ran: ". . . We went along the trenches to find the headquarters of the ——th. It was awful. Everywhere lay dead bodies or men gasping for breath and dying from the gas. Somebody must be to blame. At first I could not go on. One almost had to step on them to get through. I asked an officer of the ——th what had happened. They were going to be relieved. . . ."

But the other documents were more explicit, as they happened to be the official report on the matter from the war office in Berlin. It appears that the Germans had eleven hundred deaths from their own gas. A most rigid inquiry was held and it was found that many of the men were not carrying respirators, either in the trenches or in the area immediately behind the line. But this did not explain the extent of the disaster, so eight hundred of the respirators collected from casualties were sent to Berlin for examination and report. Even allowing for those which might have been injured in transit, there were still thirty-three per cent of the masks so defective that their owners were certain to be gassed. To see whether this applied only to the area affected a large number of respirators were collected from up and down the whole Western Front, and it was found that even among those as many as eleven and a half per cent were similarly at fault. It would seem that there had been very poor inspection of the respirators both in manufacture and after issue to the troops. Apart from the joy of seeing the boche hoist with his own petard it was rather a relief to find that the efficient German Army was not so frightfully efficient after all.

This matter of inspection is taken very seriously in the British Army. Besides the rigorous factory inspection all respirators are inspected thoroughly every day even in the trenches, and Tommy is expected to look after his respirator just as he looks after his rifle. As an official statement issued after the April attack said: "A defective helmet frequently leads to the death of the wearer. Inspection of respirators must be frequent and thorough." A sergeant who was notorious for his thorough dealing with recruits got away with it in even better terms when addressing a squad on parade. In thundering tones he said: "If you don't look for the 'oles in your 'elmet, they'll soon be looking for a 'ole for you."

Another thing that resulted from the attacks just described, and from another similar attack shortly afterward in the salient, was the putting on the screw with regard to the carrying of respirators continuously by everyone in the trenches. A very good and well-known story on the British Army in this connection is that of a brigadier general who was proceeding to the line for his daily inspection when he discovered that he was minus a gas bag. He stopped the first orderly he saw, borrowed the man's helmet and serenely went his way with a clear conscience. Arrived in the trenches, one of the first sights that met his horrified gaze was a soldier without a gas mask. In virtuous tones he demanded the reason for its absence, and then, waving aside the halting explanation, went on loudly to assert his belief that the soldier would not know how to use a respirator even if he had one.

"Here," he said, "take mine and show me whether you can put it on in quick time."

The awe-stricken Tommy slung the satchel over his shoulder, and on the word "Gas!" from the general thrust his hand into the haversack and pulled out—a very dirty pair of army socks.

The fourth German attack of 1916 was made on June seventeenth in Flanders, near Messines; in fact, just north of the Wulverghem-Messines road. Like those of April, it was intensely strong, very short, and sent over in successive waves at intervals of about twenty minutes. There were really no fresh features about the show, but the cloud seems to have been even stronger than before. I had no personal experience of this attack, but the cloud must have been very strong, for it killed animals at "Plugstreet"—the only name we used in the British Army for Ploegsteert—three and half miles away, and was quite distinctly perceptible even at Béthune. At the "Piggeries"—the remains of a model farm in rear of Plugstreet Wood belonging to a notable French sportsman, a place well known to so many British soldiers—a calf was found dead, after the passage of the cloud, with the body very much blown out. Dead rats lay in close proximity.

The Mule and His Gas Mask

EVEN farther back than this animals were seriously affected. The army mules in the line of the gas were seized with fits of coughing and kicked violently, making them even more difficult to handle than usual. It is probably not realized that horse masks are now issued on a scale sufficient to provide protection for all horses and mules, such as those of the first-line transport and the artillery, which have to approach anywhere near the lines. The present form of these respirators is that of a big bag soaked in chemicals which fits over the animal's nostrils, leaving its mouth free so that the use of the bit is not interfered with. When not in use the horse respirator folds up very nicely and neatly into a canvas case which can be carried on the breastband of the harness or any place from which it can be quickly adjusted. Some of the animals take to these masks—"Horspirators," some wag called them quite quickly, but others are strenuous objectors; some of those hardened sinners, the mules, transforming themselves into masses of teeth and hoofs whenever an attempt is made to fix on the gas bags.

In one case where a horse and a mule in the same supply column were fitted with their masks at the same time the difference was most marked. The horse was dressed up without much trouble, though he did not like it. He whinnied and sneezed, breathed hard and perspired and looked rather pitiable, but stuck it out. The mule, on the other hand, had to be roped to get the mask on at all. Then he danced about, heels in the air and head down, and tried to rub off the objectionable appendage against the rope, and then against a tree. This did not effect its removal, and for a minute the cunning animal stood still with his ears cocked at different angles. Then suddenly he put his head to the ground and before anything could be done to prevent it put his foot on the respirator, pulled his head up smartly and left the respirator under his hoof.

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Company Commander Starting on a Tour of Inspection the Moment the Alarm Has Been Given

Sentry Putting On His Mask and Beating a Gong With His Foot at the Same Time

Jeeves and the Chump Cyril

Cyril Breezed Down Center and Toed the Mark for His Most Substantial Chunk of Entertainment

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

YOU know, the longer I live in New York, the more clearly I see that half the trouble in this bally world is caused by the light-hearted and thoughtless way in which chappies dash off letters of introduction and hand them to other chappies to deliver to chappies of the third part. It's one of those things that make you wish you were living in the Stone Age. What I mean to say is: If a fellow in those days wanted to give anyone a letter of introduction he had to spend a month or so carving it on a large sized bowlder; and the chances were that the other chappie got so sick of lugging the thing round in the hot sun that he dropped it after the first mile. But nowadays it's so easy to write letters of introduction that everybody does it without a second thought, with the result that some perfectly harmless cove like myself gets into the soup. The last time that happened to me was when the chump, Cyril Bassington-Bassington, came over with a letter from my Aunt Agatha.

This chump, Bassington-Bassington, would seem from contemporary accounts to have blown in one morning at seven-forty-five. He was given the respectful raspberry by my man, Jeeves, and told to try again about three hours later, when there would be a sporting chance of my having sprung from my bed with a glad cry to welcome another day, and all that sort of thing. Which was rather decent of Jeeves, by the way; for it so happened that there was a slight estrangement, a touch of coldness—a bit of a row, in other words—between us at the moment because of some rather priceless purple socks, which I was wearing against his wishes; and a lesser man might easily have snatched at the chance of getting back at me a bit by loosing Cyril into my bedchamber at a moment when I couldn't have stood a two-minute conversation with my dearest pal.

You know how it is. The fierce rush of modern life; the cheery supper party; the wine when it is red—and so forth. . . . Well, what I mean to say is, as far as I'm concerned, what with one thing and another, the old bean is a trifle slow at getting into its stride in the morning; and until I have had my early cup of tea and brooded on life for a bit, absolutely undisturbed, I'm not much of a lad for the merry chitchat.

So Jeeves very sportingly shot Cyril out into the crisp morning air and didn't let me know of his existence until he brought his card in with my tea.

"And what might all this be, Jeeves?" I said, giving the thing the glassy gaze.

"The gentleman called to see you earlier in the day, sir."

"Good Lord, Jeeves! You don't mean to say the day starts earlier than this?"

"He desired me to say he would return later, sir."

"I've never heard of him. Have you ever heard of him, Jeeves?"

"I am familiar with the name Bassington-Bassington, sir. There are three branches of the Bassington-Bassington family—the Shropshire Bassington-Bassingtons, the Hampshire Bassington-Bassingtons, and the Kent Bassington-Bassingtons."

"England seems pretty well stocked up with them."

"Tolerably so, sir."

"No chance of a sudden shortage, I mean—what?"

"Presumably not, sir."

"And what sort of a specimen is this one?"

"I could not say, sir, on such short acquaintance."

"Will you give me a sporting two to one, Jeeves, judging from what you have seen of him, that this chappie is not a blighter or an excrescence?"

"No, sir. I should not care to venture such odds."

"I knew it. Well, the only thing that remains to be discovered is what kind of a blighter he is."

"Time will tell, sir! The gentleman brought this letter for you, sir."

"What ho! What ho! What ho! I say, Jeeves; this is from my Aunt Agatha!"

"Indeed, sir?"

I gave the thing the rapid eye. The wassail bowl, which had flowed overnight with a fairly steady gush into the small hours, had left me rather pessimistic that morning; and the moment I saw Aunt Agatha's handwriting something seemed to tell me that Fate was about to let me have it in the lower ribs once again. It's a rummy thing.

Aunt Agatha is the one person in the world I daren't offend, and it always happens that everyone she sends to me with letters of introduction gets into trouble of some sort. And she always seems to think that I ought to have watched over them while they were in New York like a blend of nursemaid and guardian angel. Which, of course, is a bit thick. There was only one gleam of comfort.

"He isn't going to stay in New York long, Jeeves. He's headed for Washington. Going to give the chappies there the up-and-down before taking a whirl at the diplomatic service. So he ought to be leaving us eftsoon or right speedily, thank goodness! I should say a lunch and a couple of dinners would about meet the case—what?"

"I fancy that would be entirely adequate, sir."

He started to put out my things and there was an awkward sort of silence.

"Not those socks, Jeeves," I said, gulping a bit, but having a dash at the careless offhand sort of tone. "Give me the purple ones."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Jeeves coldly.

"Those jolly purple ones."

"Very good, sir."

He lugged them out of the drawer as if he were a vegetarian fishing a caterpillar out of his salad. You could see he was feeling deeply. Deuced painful and all that, this sort of thing; but a chappie has got to assert himself every now and then if he doesn't want his valet to treat him as an absolute serf. Absolutely!

I was looking for Cyril to show up again any time after breakfast, but he didn't appear; so, toward one o'clock I trickled out to the club, where I had a date to feed the Wooster face with a pal of mine of the name of Caffyn—George Caffyn, a fellow who writes plays, and what not. He was a bit late, but bobbed up finally, saying that he had been kept at a rehearsal of his new piece, Ask Dad; and we started in. We had just reached the coffee when the waiter came up and said that Jeeves wanted to see me.

Jeeves was in the waiting room. He gave the socks one pained look as I came in; then averted his eyes.

"Mr. Bassington-Bassington has just telephoned, sir."

"Why interrupt my lunch to tell me that, Jeeves? It means little or nothing in my young life."

"He was somewhat insistent that I should inform you at the earliest possible moment, sir, as he has been arrested and would be glad if you could step round and bail him out."

"Arrested!"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"He did not favor me with his confidence, sir."

"This is a bit thick, Jeeves."

"Precisely, sir."

"I suppose I had better totter round—what?"

"That might be the judicious course, sir."

So I collected Old George, who very decently volunteered to stagger along with me, and we hopped into a taxi. We sat round at the police station for a bit on a wooden bench in a sort of anteroom, and presently a policeman appeared, leading in Cyril.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" I said. "What?"

My experience is that a fellow never really looks his best just after he's come out of a cell. When I was up at Oxford I used to have a regular job bailing out a pal of mine who never failed to get pinched every boat-race night; and he always looked like something that had been dug up by the roots.

Cyril was in pretty much the same sort of shape. He had a black eye and a torn collar, and altogether was nothing to write home about—especially if one was writing to Aunt Agatha. He was a thin, tall chappie, with a lot of light hair and pale blue goggly eyes, which made him look like one of the rarer kinds of fish. He had just that expression of peeved surprise that one of those sheepshead fish in Florida has when you haul it over the side of the boat.

"I got your message," I said.

"Oh, are you Bertie Wooster?"

"Absolutely! And this is my pal, George Caffyn. Writes plays, and what not, don't you know!"

We all shook hands; and the policeman, having retrieved a piece of chewing gum from the under side of a chair, where he had parked it against a rainy day, went off into a corner and began to contemplate the infinite.

"This is a rotten country!" said Cyril.

"Oh, I don't know, you know, don't you know!" I said.

"We do our best," said George.

"Old George is an American," I explained. "Writes plays, don't you know, and what not."

"Of course I didn't invent the country," said George. "That was Columbus. But I shall be delighted to consider any improvements you may suggest and lay them before the proper authorities."

"Well, why don't the policemen in New York dress properly?"

George took a look at the chewing officer across the room.

"I don't see anything missing," he said.

"I mean to say, why don't they wear helmets, like they do in London? Why do they look like postmen? It isn't fair on a fellow! Makes it dashed confusing. I was simply standing on the pavement, looking at things, when a fellow who looked like a postman prodded me in the ribs with a club. I didn't see why I should have postmen prodding me. Why the dickens should a fellow come three thousand miles to be prodded by postmen?"

"The point is well taken," said George. "What did you do?"

"I gave him a shove, you know. I've got a frightfully hasty temper, you know. All the Bassington-Bassingtons have got frightfully hasty tempers, don't you know!"

"One of these days the clan will go hurting somebody."

"And then he biffed me in the eye and lugged me off to this beastly place."

"I'll fix it, old son," I said.

And I hauled out the bank roll and went off to open negotiations, leaving Cyril to talk to George. I don't mind admitting that I was a bit perturbed. There were furrows in the old brow and I had a kind of foreboding feeling. So long as this chump stayed in New York I was sort of responsible for him, and he didn't give me the impression of being the species of cove a reasonable chappie would care to be responsible for for more than about three minutes.

I mused with a considerable amount of tensity over Cyril that night when I got home and Jeeves had brought me the final highball. I couldn't help feeling that this visit of his to America was going to be one of those times that try men's souls, and what not. I hauled out Aunt Agatha's letter of introduction and reread it; and there was no getting away from the fact that she undoubtedly appeared

to be somewhat wrapped up in this blighter, and considered it my mission in life to shield him from harm while on the premises.

I was deuced thankful that he had taken such a liking for George Caffyn, Old George being a steady sort of cove. After I had got him out of his dungeon cell, he and Old George had gone off together, as chummy as brothers, to watch the afternoon rehearsal of Ask Dad.

There was some talk, I gathered, of their dining together. I felt pretty easy in my mind while George had his eye on him.

I had got about as far as this in my meditation when Jeeves came in with a telegram. At least, it wasn't a telegram; it was a cable—from Aunt Agatha. And this is what it said

Has Cyril Bassington Bassington called yet On no account introduce him into theatrical circles Vitally important Letter follows

I read it a couple of times.

"This is rummy, Jeeves!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Very rummy and dashed disturbing!"

"Will there be anything further to-night, sir?"

Of course, if he was going to be as bally unsympathetic as that, there was nothing to be done. My idea had been to show him the cable and ask his advice. But if he was letting those purple socks rankle to that extent the good old *noblesse oblige* of the Woosters couldn't lower itself to the extent of pleading with the man. Absolutely not! So I gave it a miss.

"Nothing more, thanks."

"Good night, sir."

"Good night."

He floated away and I sat down to think the thing over. I had been directing the best efforts of the old bean to the problem for a matter of half an hour when there was a ring at the bell.

I went to the door, and there was Cyril, looking pretty festive.

"I'll come in for a bit if I may," he said. "Got something rather priceless to tell you." He curvetted past me into the sitting room, and when I got there after shutting the front door I found him reading Aunt Agatha's cable and giggling in a rummy sort of manner. "Oughtn't to have looked at this, I suppose. Caught sight of my name and read it without thinking. I say, Wooster, old friend of my youth, this is rather funny. Do you mind if I have a drink? Thanks awfully, and all that sort of rot. Yes; it's rather funny, considering what I came to tell you. Jolly Old Caffyn has given me a small part in that musical comedy of his, Ask Dad. Only a bit, you know; but quite tolerably ripe. I'm feeling frightfully braced, don't you know!"

He drank his drink and went on. He didn't seem to notice that I wasn't jumping about the room, yapping with joy.

"You know—I've always wanted to go on the stage, you know," he said; "but my jolly old guv'nor wouldn't stick it at any price; put the old Waukeesi down with a bang and turned bright purple whenever the subject was mentioned. That's the real reason why I came over here, if you want to know. I knew there wasn't a chance of my being able to work this stage wheeze in London without somebody getting on to it and tipping off the guv'nor; so I sprang the scheme of popping over to Washington to broaden my mind. There's nobody to interfere on this side, you see; so I can go right ahead."

I tried to reason with the poor chump.

"But your guv'nor will have to know, sometime."

"That'll be right. I shall be the jolly old star by then and he won't have a leg to stand on."

"It seems to me he'll have one leg to stand on while he kicks me with the other."

"Why, where do you come in? What have you got to do with it?"

"I introduced you to George Caffyn."

"So you did, old top; so you did. I'd quite forgotten. I ought to have thanked you before. Well, so long! There's an early rehearsal of Ask Dad to-morrow morning and I must be toddling.

"Rummy the thing should be called Ask Dad, when that's just what I'm not going to do. See what I mean—what? Well, pip-pip!"

"Toodle-oo!" I said sadly, and the blighter scudded off. I dived for the phone and called up George Caffyn.

"I say, George, what's all this about Cyril Bassington-Bassington?"

"What about him?"

"He tells me you've given him a part in your show."

"Oh, yes; just a few lines."

"But I've just had fifty-seven cables from home telling me on no account to let him go on the stage!"

"I'm sorry. But Cyril is just the type I need for that part. He's simply got to be himself."

"It's pretty tough on me, George, old man. My Aunt Agatha sent this blighter over with a letter of introduction to me and she will hold me responsible."

"She'll cut you out of her will?"

"It isn't a question of money. But—of course you've never met my Aunt Agatha; so it's rather hard to explain. But she's a sort of human vampire bat, and she'll make things most fearfully unpleasant for me when I go back to England. She's the kind of woman who comes and rags you before breakfast, don't you know!"

"Well, don't go back to England, then. Stick round and become President."

"But, George, old top ——"

"Good night!"

"But, I say, George, old man!"

"You didn't get my last remark. It was Good night! You idle rich may not need any sleep, but I've got to be bright and fresh in the morning. God bless you!"

I felt as if I hadn't a friend in the world. I was so jolly well worked up that I went and banged on Jeeves' door. It wasn't a thing I'd have cared to do, as a rule; but it seemed to me that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, so to speak, and that it was up to Jeeves to rally round the young master, even if it broke up his beauty sleep.

Jeeves emerged in a brown dressing gown.

"Sir?"

"Deuced sorry to wake you up, Jeeves, and what not; but all sorts of dashed disturbing things have been happening."

"I was not asleep. It is my practice, on retiring, to read a few pages of some instructive book."

"That's good! What I mean to say is: If you've just finished exercising the old bean it's probably in midseason form for tackling problems. Jeeves, Mr. Bassington-Bassington is going on the stage!"

"Indeed, sir?"

"Ah! The thing doesn't hit you! You don't get it properly! Here's the point: All his family are most fearfully dead against his going on the stage. There's going to be no end of trouble if he isn't headed off. And, what's worse, my Aunt Agatha will blame me, you see! And you know what she is!"

"Very much so, sir."

"Well, can't you think of some way of stopping him?"

"Not, I confess, at the moment, sir."

"Well, have a stab at it."

"I will give the matter my best consideration, sir. Will there be anything further to-night?"

"I hope not! I've had all I can stand already."

"Very good, sir."

He popped off.

The part Old George had written for the chump, Cyril, took up about two pages of type script; but it might have been Hamlet, the way that poor misguided pinhead worked himself to the bone over it. I suppose if I heard him his lines once I did it a dozen times in the first couple of days. He seemed to think that my only feeling about the whole affair was one of enthusiastic admiration, and that he could rely on my support and sympathy.

What with trying to imagine how Aunt Agatha was going to take this thing, and being wakened up out of the dreamless in the small hours every other night to give my opinion of some new bit of business Cyril had invented, I became more or less the good old shadow. And all the time Jeeves was still pretty cold and distant about the purple socks. It's this sort of thing that ages a chappie, don't you know, and makes his youthful *joie de vivre* go a bit groggy at the knees.

In the middle of it Aunt Agatha's letter arrived. It took her about six pages to do justice to Cyril's father's feelings in regard to his going on the stage, and about six more to give me a kind of sketch of what she would say, think and do if I didn't keep him clear of injurious influences while he was in America.

The letter came by the afternoon mail and left me with a pretty firm conviction that it wasn't a thing I ought to keep to myself. I didn't even wait to ring the bell; I whizzed for the kitchen, bleating for Jeeves, and butted into the middle of a regular tea party of sorts. Seated at the table were a depressed-looking cove, who might have been a valet or something, and a boy in a Norfolk suit. The valet chappie was drinking a highball, and the boy was being tolerably rough with some jam and cake.

"Oh, I say, Jeeves!" I said. "Sorry to interrupt the feast of reason and flow of soul, and so forth, but ——"

At this juncture the small boy's eye hit me like a bullet and stopped me in my tracks. It was one of those cold, clammy, accusing sort of eyes—the kind that make you reach up to see if your tie is straight; and he looked at me as if I were some sort of unnecessary product Cuthbert the Cat had brought in after a ramble among the local ash cans. He was a stoutish infant, with a lot of freckles and a good deal of jam on his face.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" I said. "What?"

There didn't seem much else to say.

"You've a Face Like a Fish!" Said the Child

You Could Hear the Blood of the Bassington-Bassingtons Begin to Sizzle

The stripling stared at me in a nasty sort of way through the jam. He may have loved me at first sight; but the impression he gave me was that he didn't think a lot of me and wasn't betting much that I would improve a great deal on acquaintance. I had a kind of feeling that I was about as popular with him as a cold Welsh rabbit.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My name? Oh—Wooster, don't you know, and what not."

"My pop's richer than you are!"

That seemed to be all about me. The child, having said his say, started in on the jam again. I turned to Jeeves.

"I say, Jeeves, can you spare a moment? I want to show you something."

"Very good, sir."

We toddled into the sitting room.

"Who is your little friend, Sidney the Sunbeam, Jeeves?"

"The young gentleman, sir?"

"It's a loose way of describing him; but I know what you mean?"

"I trust I was not taking a liberty in entertaining him, sir?"

"Not a bit! If that's your idea of a large afternoon, go ahead."

"I happened to meet the young gentleman taking a walk with his father's valet, sir, whom I used to know somewhat intimately in London, and I ventured to invite them both to join me here."

"Well, never mind about him, Jeeves. Read this letter." He gave it the up-and-down.

"Very disturbing, sir!" was all he could find to say.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Time may provide a solution, sir."

"On the other hand, it mayn't—what?"

"Extremely true, sir."

We'd got as far as this when there was a ring at the door. Jeeves shimmered off; and Cyril blew in, full of good cheer and blitheringness.

"I say, Wooster, old thing," he said, "I want your advice. You know this jolly old part of mine. How ought I to dress it? What I mean is, the first act scene is laid in a hotel of sorts at about three in the afternoon. What ought I to wear, do you think?"

I wasn't feeling fit for a discussion of gents' suitings.

"You'd better consult Jeeves," I said.

"A hot and by no means unripe idea! Where is he?"

"Gone back to the kitchen, I suppose."

"I'll smite the good old bell—shall I? Yes? No?"

"Right-oh!"

Jeeves poured silently in.

"Oh, I say, Jeeves," began Cyril, "I just wanted to have a syllable or two with you. It's this way —— Hullo, who's this?"

I then perceived that the stout stripling had trickled into the room after Jeeves. He was standing near the door, looking at Cyril as if his worst fears had been realized. There was a bit of silence. The child remained there, drinking Cyril in for about half a minute; then he gave his verdict:

"Fish face!"

"Eh? What?" said Cyril.

The child, who had evidently been taught at his mother's knee to speak the truth, made his meaning a trifle clearer.

"You've a face like a fish!"

He spoke as if Cyril was more to be pitied than censured, which I'm bound to say I thought rather decent and broad-minded of him.

I don't mind admitting that whenever I looked at Cyril's face I always had a feeling that he couldn't have got that way without its being mostly his own fault. I found myself warming to this child. Absolutely, don't you know! I liked his conversation.

It seemed to take Cyril a moment or two really to grasp the thing; and then you could hear the blood of the Bassington-Bassingtons begin to sizzle.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he said. "I'm dashed if I'm not!"

"I wouldn't have a face like that," proceeded the child, with a good deal of earnestness—"not if you gave me a million dollars!" He thought for a moment; then corrected himself. "Two million dollars!" he added.

Just what occurred then I couldn't exactly say; but the next few minutes were a bit exciting. I take it that Cyril must have made a dive for the infant. Anyway, the air seemed pretty well congested with arms and legs and things. Something bumped into the Wooster waistcoat just round the third button, and I collapsed on the settee and rather lost interest in things for the moment. When I had unscrambled myself I found that Jeeves and the child had retired, and Cyril was standing in the middle of the room, snorting a bit.

"Who's that frightful little brute, Wooster?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before to-day."

"I gave him a couple of tolerably juicy buffets before he legged it. I say, Wooster, that kid said a dashed odd thing: he yelled out something about Jeeves' promising him a dollar if he called me—er—what he said."

It sounded pretty unlikely to me.

"What would Jeeves do that for?"

"It struck me as rummy too."

"Where would be the sense of it?"

"That's what I can't see."

"I mean to say it's nothing to Jeeves what sort of a face you have."

"No!" said Cyril. He spoke a little coldly, I fancied. I don't know why. "Well, I'll be popping. Toodle-oo!"

"Pip-pip!"

It must have been about a week after this rummy little episode that George Caffyn called me up and asked me if I would care to go and see a run-through of his show. Ask Dad, it seemed, was to open out of town, in Schenectady, on the following Monday, and this was to be a sort of preliminary dress rehearsal.

A preliminary dress rehearsal, Old George explained, was the same as a regular dress rehearsal, inasmuch as it was apt to look like nothing on earth and last into the small hours; but it was more exciting because they wouldn't be timing the piece, and consequently all the blighters who on these occasions let their angry passions rise would have plenty of scope for interruptions, with the result that a pleasant time would be had by all.

The thing was billed to start at eight o'clock. I rolled up at ten-fifteen, so as not to have too long to wait before they began. The dress parade was still going on. George was on the stage, talking to an absolutely round chappie with big spectacles and a practically hairless dome. I had seen George with the latter merchant once or twice at the club, and I knew he was Blumenfeld, the manager.

I waved to George, and slid into a seat at the back of the house, so as to be out of the way when the fighting started. Presently George hopped down off the stage and came and joined me; and fairly soon after that the curtain went down. The chappie at the piano whacked out a well-meant bar or two and the curtain went up again.

"'That Number's No Good. You Want Something Zippy There; Something With a Bit of Jazz to It'"

I can't quite recall what the plot of Ask Dad was about, but I do know that it seemed able to jog along all right without much help from Cyril. I was rather puzzled at first. What I mean is, through brooding on Cyril and hearing him his part and listening to his views on what ought and what ought not to be done, I suppose I had a sort of impression rooted in the old bean that he was pretty well the backbone of the show, and that the rest of the company didn't do much except go on and fill in when he happened to be off the stage.

I sat there for nearly half an hour, waiting for him to make his entrance, until I suddenly discovered he had been on from the start. He was, in fact, the rummy-looking plug-ugly who was now leaning against a potted palm a couple of feet from the O. P. side, trying to appear intelligent while the heroine sang a song about love being like something that for the moment has slipped my memory.

After the second refrain he began to dance in company with a dozen other equally weird birds, the whole platoon giving rather the impression of a bevy of car conductors from the tall grass dressed up in their Sunday clothes for a swift visit to the city.

A painful spectacle for one who could see a vision of Aunt Agatha reaching for the hatchet and old Bassington-Bassington Senior putting on his strongest pair of hobnailed boots! Absolutely!

The dance had just finished, and Cyril and his pals had shuffled off into the wings, when a voice spoke from the darkness on my right:

"Pop!"

Old Blumenfeld clapped his hands, and the hero, who had just been about to get the next line off his diaphragm, cheesed it. I peered into the shadows. Who should it be but Jeeves' little playmate with the freckles! He was now strolling down the aisle with his hands in his pockets, as if the place belonged to him. An air of respectful attention seemed to pervade the building.

"Pop," said the stripling, "that number's no good."

Old Blumenfeld beamed over his shoulder.

"Don't you like it, darling?"

"It's a louse, pop!"

"You're dead right."

"You want something zippy there; something with a bit of jazz to it."

"Quite right, my boy! I'll make a note of it. All right. Go on!"

I turned to George, who was muttering to himself in rather an overwrought way.

"I say, George, old man, who the dickens is that kid?"

Old George groaned a bit hollowly, as if things were a trifle thick.

"I didn't know he had crawled in! It's Blumenfeld's son. Now we're going to have a Hades of a time!"

"Does he always run things like this?"

"Always!"

"But why does old Blumenfeld listen to him?"

"Nobody seems to know. It may be pure fatherly love, or he may regard him as a mascot. My own idea is that he thinks the kid has exactly the amount of intelligence of the average member of a Broadway audience, and that what makes a hit with him will please the general public; while, conversely, what he doesn't like will be too rotten for anyone. The kid is a pest, a wart, and a pot of poison, and he should be strangled!"

The rehearsal went on. The hero got off his lines. There was a slight outburst of frightfulness between the stage manager and a voice named Bill that came from somewhere near the roof, the subject under discussion being where the devil Bill's "ambers" were at that particular juncture. Then things went on again until the moment arrived for Cyril's big scene.

I was still a trifle hazy about the plot; but I had got on to the fact that Cyril was some sort of an English peer who had come over to America doubtless for the best reasons. So far, he had had only two lines to say. One was "Oh, I say!" And the other was "Yes; by Jove!" But I seemed to recollect from hearing him his part that pretty soon he was due rather to spread himself.

I sat back in my seat and waited for him to bob up. He bobbed up about five minutes later. Things had got a bit stormy by that time. The voice and the stage director had had another of their love feasts—this time something to do with why Bill's "blues" weren't on the job, or something. And almost as soon as that was over there was a bit of unpleasantness because a flowerpot fell off a window ledge and nearly brained the hero.

The atmosphere was consequently more or less hotted up when Cyril, who had been hanging about at the back of the stage with a squad of his village inseparables, breezed down the center and toed the mark for his most substantial

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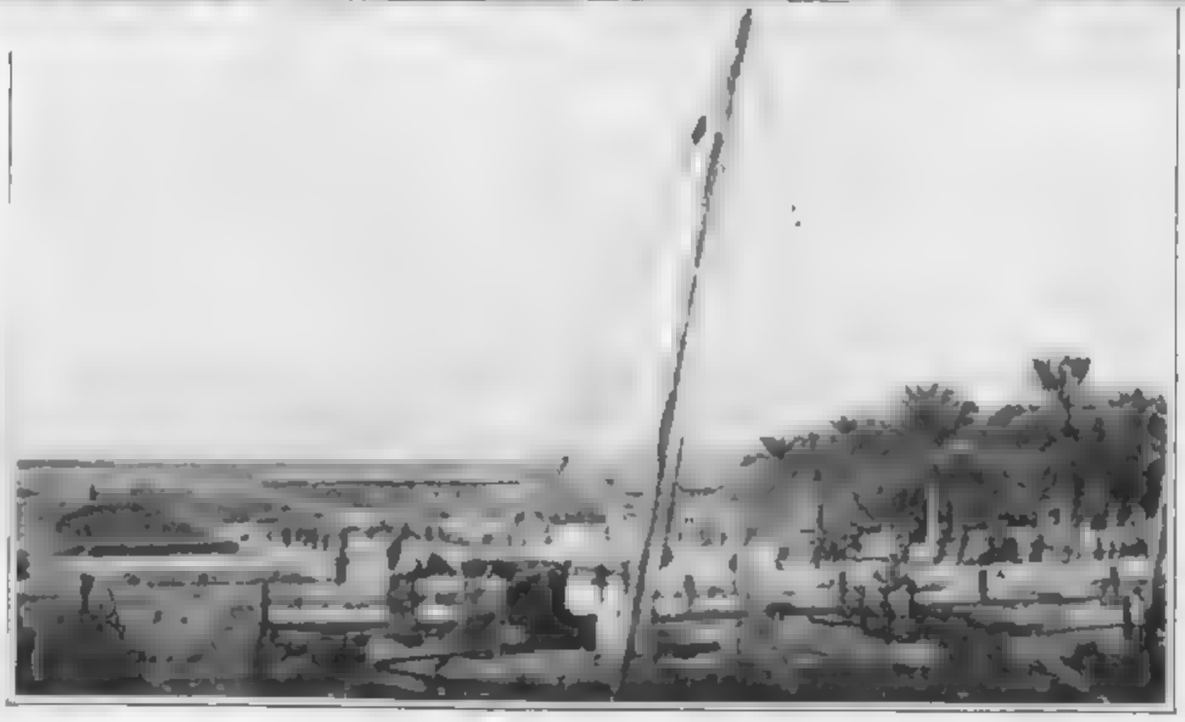
THE DESERT FRONT

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

Mule Depot Under the Palms at Basra

Irrigation Creek in a Date Grove at Low Tide



Building More Docks on the Basra River Front

ACCORDING to advice offered in a small book of instructions to British officers with regard to equipping themselves for service in Mesopotamia, "To spend a year in this delectable land you will require three outfits of clothing—one suitable for an English winter, one suitable for an English summer, and an outfit suitable for Hades!"

So perhaps the Mesopotamian war zone rather deserves the reputation it enjoys for being the most unpleasant region this side of perdition. But—and a long pause I make to let memory sweep its way through a maze of many things—it deserves also its reputation for possessing a kind of "fiendish fascination."

In Mesopotamia climate gets more attention than any other one thing, and it is the first thing to be taken into consideration in every move that is made. It is not that there are so many varieties of climate, but that the few varieties there are exaggerate themselves so outrageously.

Believe if you can that men are able to live and work and fight in a temperature that for months on end seldom drops below one hundred and ten, and that frequently climbs—and especially under canvas—to one hundred and thirty degrees. It is not possible, is it? Yet along in March the Mesopotamian sun sets in to establish such records as these, and through June, July, August and September the records are held with a pitiless persistence that tries the souls of men and often enough wrecks the bodies of the strongest.

And so it is that the Mesopotamian sun is Mesopotamian horror Number One. During the summer of 1917 five hundred and nineteen men of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force died of heat and sunstroke. Yet by 1917 almost faultless facilities for combating these twin evils had been established throughout the country. Ice is a first necessity, and there are certain hydropathic processes that reduce the fearful temperature of the body and for which special hospital equipment is required. In the beginning there were none of these things; the medical services were practically empty-handed; and the requisites were provided only with the to-be-expected promptness that we usually express with the word "eventually."

Now, however, where British troops are located there are ice plants, and there is not a hospital anywhere, from the farthest evacuation outpost behind the lines of action far up the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates to the last convalescent station on the Persian Gulf, that is not equipped with special and detached facilities for the instant care of the man who gets "knocked on the head by the sun." When this happens there is no time to rig up paraphernalia for treating the victim in an ordinary ward, so in connection with all the hospitals there is a sunstroke hut or tent—a place set aside and kept constantly in readiness for the instant emergency that sunstroke or heatstroke always presents. One wonders how many men the sun killed during the terrific campaign of 1915, before England was prepared in any way to fight in Mesopotamia.

Throughout the hot season—and the hot season always telescopes the cool season, beginning with short periods in the earliest spring and lingering far into the autumn—the British soldier has to wear the detested sun helmet and spine pad, and it is a joy to him when in the orders of the day along late in November he begins to get permission to leave them off after four o'clock in the afternoon.

The second and no-less-to-be-dreaded horror is the pest of insect life. Practically every town on the rivers is surrounded by groves of date palms, while the date plantations on the banks of the Shat-el-Arab extend to a depth of a mile or more on each side. These groves—or date gardens as they are called—being watered by irrigation are intersected by numerous small ditches and creeks, which, though they are almost dry for months at a time, contain always stagnant small pools here and there that serve as breeding places for all the varieties there are of malarial and fever-carrying mosquitoes.

But fighting mosquitoes is not such a difficult thing, is it? It has been done most successfully otherwheres and is being done in Mesopotamia. Besides, a man can at least escape them during the night by being provided with a mosquito net, as every soldier is.

The sand fly, however, is a different creature altogether, and is the worst enemy the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force has encountered. Next to Germany it is Turkey's most venomous ally and has incapacitated thousands of men. It is so small as to be all but invisible, and it mobilizes in the great deserts in armies of quintillions. There are times when every inch of air space seems to be filled with sand flies. No net was ever made that was fine enough to keep them out—it is said by those who ought to know that they can get through anything but armor plate—and when they get a chance to settle on a man they proceed to dig in and eat him up, producing a variety of torture that nothing else can equal. Then comes a slow, wasting, prostrating fever and an eventual trip on a stretcher down the Persian Gulf to a hospital somewhere in India.

The British Army in Mespot now meets the sand fly—and the mosquito—with all its exposed surfaces smeared with oily pungent lotions, which are regularly issued by the authorities as a part of necessary soldier equipment. And there is a standing jest about "that peculiar perfume" which permeates the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of massed troops. It would be overdrawing the picture perhaps to mention scorpions and centipedes and such creatures of the desert and the palm groves. They infest the land in sufficient numbers, it is true, but not in sufficient numbers seriously to interfere with an army that wears large boots. They are to be dreaded only because they are such nightmarish things.

Along in October the climate begins to improve a little, and by the beginning of November it has been known to be positively delightful in some respects. But by that time the country from one end to the other is hub deep in fine dust which blows up in blinding, stinging clouds, seeps into everything, covers one's clothes and belongings, grits in one's teeth, burns in one's eyes, grinds

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The I. G. C. and the A. Q. M. G. in Front of the Building That Was Once the German Consulate

PRINCE CHARMING, Ph. D.

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

DOWN round Times Square he would never have noticed her—there would have been too many of her—but up here in the nursemaid section of Central Park he couldn't help it. She looked so pathetically out of place. Pathetically is just the word, for familiar types, like familiar objects, always do look so hopeless and so forlorn when away from their natural habitat.

Thus the girl on the bench drew Chadwick's eye by nothing more than her strangeness in her surroundings; but having drawn it, her attitude held it. From the droop of her shoulders rather than from any view of her face he had a sudden feeling that she was struggling with tears, and with a capricious fancy it struck him as an amazing and somehow horrible discovery that a girl of that kind could ever do anything so human as cry.

Chadwick's ideas of the girls who are common round Times Square were those of most men and women who form their ideas up round Central Park. Being a New Yorker he was thoroughly used to those strange artificial creatures as part of the landscape. Unless decked out to some unbelievable measure of eccentricity he took them for granted as what they apparently tried to appear—a sort of puppet, without mind, without heart, even without blood; mere marionettes, powdered and painted and jerked round on strings which compelled them to go out every afternoon, walk across Forty-second Street to Fifth Avenue, stroll up Fifth Avenue for a block or two, and then disappear for the rest of the day.

If he had ever given his mind to it he might naturally have wondered what they did with themselves when they were not walking up Fifth Avenue; where they came from and where they went to; but he never had given his mind to such a question, any more than have most New Yorkers. That they must have a roof somewhere, a place at least to put on and take off those unbelievable clothes, would have seemed natural if he had thought about it, but Chadwick never had thought about it. If he had asked himself what was the life of those girls when they were not out promenading the avenue he would have had a vague suggestion of champagne and roof gardens.

But now here was one of those puppets giving unmistakable signs of very honest and very childish tears, quite like an ordinary flesh-and-blood human being. At first it struck Chadwick about as if while walking in the woods he had suddenly come across some little wild animal performing some weirdly human act which he had read about in a book but had never really believed to be possible. His first impulse was to stand motionless and watch the phenomenon; then realizing that even a marionette might have sensibilities he walked beyond and sat on a bench almost opposite. He had books in his hand and the soft autumn air made the action plausible; but his pretext was quite unnecessary, for the girl on the bench still sat staring motionless at the concrete walk in front of her.

The girl wore a hat of what Chadwick would have called patent leather, high boots of a sickly yellow, and a shoddy fur which was falling unheeded from off one shoulder; but now her observer could see her face. Like her figure, it was very slender and very childish; and in proof of his first suspicions two tears were rolling down her thin cheeks, upsetting badly two patches of rouge.

It was in fact that strange contrast between the bold blazonry of her attire and the utter woebegone childishness of her face and figure that held Chadwick fascinated. It reminded him of what he had once described as the most pathetic thing he had ever seen in his life—a little boy dressed as an Indian, war paint and all, weeping because he was lost in a crowd. Chadwick could never forget the poignant tragedy of that recollection: the bold chieftain starting out bravely from his own backyard, the king of the prairies in his own mind's eye, and then reduced to a sobbing infant simply because he found so many strange people round him. This child in her war paint and feathers was probably doing just the same thing.

As the girl on the bench sat looking down at the walk her arm dropped aimlessly at her side, and from the shoddy muff which she held in that hand a heavy object slipped unnoticed to the soft dirt at her feet. Chadwick saw it and started; then seeing a park policeman bearing down in the distance he crossed the path and picked it up.

"I beg your pardon," he asked, "but is this your pistol?"

The girl did not start. She was too disconsolate even for that. Without raising her eyes she looked at the shiny little revolver in Chadwick's hand, took it and slid it back into her muff.

She made no gesture either of thanks or of rebuff and Chadwick stood over her, troubled.

"You'd better not do that," he said kindly.

The girl looked up, drawn more by his tone than his words. His remark had been the kind that they use in books, but girls from round Times Square require complete statements.

"Do what?" she asked.

Chadwick mused.

"Do anything with that shiny affair. Do you mind if I sit down on this bench?"

The girl looked him over with a slow movement, which even in spite of her tears was a calm appraisal.

"The park is free," she remarked, and turned her eyes again to the walk.

It was not exactly Chadwick's idea of a welcome, but he did sit down, and as the policeman was drawing nearer he opened his book. The guard passed without a look and Chadwick closed the volume.

"You know that would be a very foolish thing to do," he insisted; and though the girl did not turn her head he saw that she was listening.

"I know," he added, "because I have often thought of it myself."

At last his chance shot had succeeded, for the girl looked at him in wide-eyed interest.

"You!" she exclaimed, taking in his well-made suit, his clean-shaven face and his air of well-being. "What for?"

Chadwick was quick to hold his advantage.

"Money, usually," he replied, guessing shrewdly the one kind of trouble that existed in her world.

The girl's eyes narrowed in suspicion and her lips twitched incredulously. She belonged to that class which believes that all persons of Chadwick's well-groomed and scholarly type have private mints at their backs. His eyes, however, returned her gaze so innocently that she seemed convinced in spite of herself, and she relaxed perceptibly. His confession had even established a faint kinship between them, for after all there are only two classes in the world—those with money and those without.

"I have a rule," explained Chadwick, taking courage from her friendlier air: "Whenever I feel tempted to shoot myself I always put it off for one day. I don't know why, but the next morning is sure to be the most beautiful blue-and-gold morning I ever saw, and then I think 'Now if I had killed myself yesterday I should never have known this.'"

At last the girl broke through her suspicious reserve.

"It doesn't always work," she said with a sudden twinkle. "I thought of it yesterday and this morning it rained cats and dogs."

Chadwick himself laughed aloud, but he had a more practical idea than that.

"I have another rule too," he continued: "Whenever I lose my nerve I immediately go and get a good dinner; and behold I find that I am the bravest man in the world! Would you like to try that?"

He said it tentatively, more than half expecting a quick rebuff, but the girl looked at him with laughing eyes.

"Something in your story interests me strangely," she said, and as her attitude was expectant he could do nothing but rise to his feet. Somewhat to his horror the girl hooked her arm in his, and thus Howard Bellamy Chadwick, Ph. D., found himself walking merrily toward Fifty-Ninth Street, arm in arm with a badly rouged girl in a patent-leather hat and sickly yellow shoes.

"And now," said Chadwick when they were seated in a restaurant which was chosen merely because it was the nearest, "tell me how it all happened."

The girl looked at him quizzically. "According to you," she replied, "if I eat enough there won't be anything to tell."

Chadwick laughed, and to his first order of a thick soup added a double porterhouse steak and all the fresh vegetables on the bill of fare.

"Will you confess now?" he suggested with less insistence, but the girl summed it up in very brief style:

"I lost my job."

"I see," said Chadwick.

He was very anxious to learn what the job had been, but strangely he found it difficult to ask this question, though he had found no difficulty at all in discussing matters of

"I Suppose You Know I am Going to Marry You, Some Day"

life and death. He thought of a dozen hints while the girl was engaged with the soup, but none seemed just to fit.

"I wonder ——" he began, hesitating.

The girl put her spoon in a plate so empty that it looked as if it had been washed.

"—— what my job was?" she asked quickly.

Chadwick flushed. Her directness was disconcerting, but even thus early the girl seemed to have assumed control of the situation.

"Where Does It Ever Get You—Playing Safe? If You Take a Chance You Can't Any More Than Lose Out, Can You?"

"Oh, I worked in burleycue," she announced.

To Chadwick "burleycue" suggested nothing unless the name of a place, and he looked his perplexity, for she explained:

"Burlesque. But this was a regular show."

With the utter childlike artlessness which Chadwick could not believe to exist under that awful hat and that awful fur she prattled on and quite unprompted told him what he would have found it hard to draw out in the course of an evening.

"Of course there's not much class to burleycue, but it's twenty a week and thirty weeks steady. Maybe I was a fool to of left it, but if you had a good voice and good looks you wouldn't want to stay in burleycue, would you?"

"Most certainly not!" agreed Chadwick. He did not smile, but the girl did not miss his intonation.

"Not that I've got a good voice and good looks," she hastened to explain; "but you know what I mean."

"Yes; I know what you mean," replied Chadwick.

The girl flushed a little. She had her sense of humor after all.

"Well, anyway, I could of been on the road to-day if I'd wanted to, but I thought I could do better. Then of course I went to the Hippodrome."

Why she said "of course" Chadwick did not understand, but he did not interrupt.

"Then there was a girl; we called ourselves sisters, but we weren't really any relation, and she said we could do an act in vawdeville. I can do imitations of Eddie Foy that they say are just as good as Elsie Janis', and so we did and we got try-outs in Newark and Bridgeport, and the Bridgeport paper said 'The Montague Sisters are as clean-cut a singing-and-dancing act as any seen at Poli's in some time.' But that didn't get us nowhere, for all you get in a try-out is expenses, and the way we figured they were going to keep trying us out until we got too old to work any more. So then the other girl went back to burleycue, but after me making a hit like that, I said 'To hell with burleycue.' Isn't that what you'd say?"

"Without the slightest doubt," agreed Chadwick.

The girl looked at him quickly.

"Say, what are you—kidding me?"

Chadwick indignantly denied any such motive, and the girl did not need much encouragement to return to her story.

"So then I got a chance to rehearse in The Mormon Maid. It was a swell show, too, and it had a swell waltz song in the second act, like this: Tum tum tee."

The girl's attempt to reproduce the seductive strains of the waltz song through the medium of tum tum tee and a waving finger were about as successful as most such attempts. She might have been humming a coon song or a Miserere for all the impression it conveyed, but it was immaterial, for the thing that fascinated Chadwick was her own utter faith in the effect of what she was doing.

"Isn't that a beauty?" she finished triumphantly.

"A marvel," agreed Chadwick with such violent emphasis that she was completely convinced.

The waltz song, however, had not been able to save the show from complete disaster; for which event, in true professional style, the girl blamed every cause except the probable one. The director had been a nut, the producer had been a crook and the leading lady a gloom. The effect left in the hearer's mind was that if the chorus had been left to itself the show would have been a landslide. The actual fact had been that with two weeks' pay for nine weeks' work the girl had found herself back in New York. The burlesque companies were all on the circuit, the Broadway shows were made up, and day after day had gone by with rent unpaid and meals growing scarcer.

"So here I am," the girl ended slowly.

"But I guess you're right," she added suddenly, "'cause I feel now as if I don't care whether it rains or freezes."

Chadwick laughed.

"I told you it would work. What's more, I'll bet that to-morrow will be the most wonderful blue-and-gold morning you ever saw."

He was not, however, quite sure enough of himself as a weather prophet, for as they stood in the street an hour later he added: "Will you—er—just to back your luck accept just enough to tide you over?"

For the first time the girl showed any hesitation. Her eyes studied, perplexed, his firm reassuring chin and his heavy faultless linen, and at last her logic proved equal to the occasion.

"I might pay you back some time," she suggested wistfully.

"No hurry about that," laughed Chadwick and slipped a twenty-dollar bill into her hand.

She took it timidly, but her confidence seemed to grow by mere repetition.

"I can pay you back in no time as soon as I get a job."

She seemed completely convinced of it now, but not until he had left her did Chadwick note that she had not asked his name or address. Yet he hardly regarded the loan as investment, and when he reached his rooms he tried to dismiss the whole affair with a laugh, perhaps even a little ashamed of his odd adventure. He lit his pipe, intending to do some work, but in spite of himself he could not resist sitting back to think it all over.

Howard Bellamy Chadwick himself was one of the most tragic things in civilization—an artist without the creative power. He might have been a novelist, a composer, a painter or even a dramatist, but, possibly because he might have been any of those, he actually was none of them. It was not that he was too superficial, but, strangely, that he was too profound. He was the kind of man who will start a story and then, because it is not so good as Kipling, will tear it up in disgust. He had a soul full of artistic instinct and a head full of artistic training, but because he was so overcome by the magnificence of all the arts he could never venture his own ability to succeed in any of them. At the end of his student days he had hesitated between writing and music. Five years later he was still hesitating, and ten years later he found himself in the position of many such men—a hanger-on at the skirts of art, reviewing the work of men with half his brains and half his knowledge. He was not a critic exactly; he was not exactly a journalist. Have you ever wondered who wrote the articles on Gothic and Mendelssohn and Machiavelli in the encyclopedias? Well, Chadwick was such a man.

Though he had never had to go without dinner he had not stretched the truth at all when he had told the girl on the bench that he had known moments of frantic despair. Those had been in the years when he had tried impotently to create. It had been a terrible period when he had been gradually stripped of that dream, and long after he had himself known the truth he had still hung hopelessly to the pretense. Now he had at least the contentment of resignation and in his limited sphere he had made himself fairly comfortable.

Ten years before there might have been a romantic note in Chadwick's encounter of that afternoon. He was perfectly honest in arguing to himself that there was none of that now, but he was equally honest in confessing that he found a distinct inspiration in thinking it over. Never in his life had he met such a primitive type. He rather decided that the attraction which he could not help feeling for the girl lay in her preposterous perfection as such a type. He tried to convince himself that a thing very nearly approaching respect was caused by her poise in such hopeless circumstances. What really had caught his admiration was a glint of something much greater, but so undeveloped that even he could have been excused for not having recognized it.

The innocence with which Chadwick regarded the affair was shown by the fact that he frankly tried to see the girl again. He had more than a charitable hope that the next morning had brought her the better fortune which he had prophesied, but he had known too many sickening next mornings in his own hopeful days to have any too much confidence. For a few days he walked up through the park on his return from the public library, but he did not see her, and gradually the incident passed into the class of unfinished stories.

Four years later Chadwick sat down to dinner one night in the Congress Hotel in Chicago. He had gone out to do some work at the Newberry Library and had found such a kindred soul in the shrewd little librarian that his mind was still ringing with their conversation. He was still smiling in recollection at a comment which the librarian had made on futurist art when a waiter laid a blank envelope before him. Chadwick opened it and found a twenty-dollar bill.

Perplexed he turned the envelope backward and forward and then called the waiter.

"A lady told me to give it to you, sir," explained the man. "That's all I know."

Even then so far in the past was the earlier incident that Chadwick could not even guess at the mystery.

"Are you sure she meant me?" he asked. "What name did she say?"

"She didn't say any, sir. She pointed you out."

Instinctively Chadwick turned to look over the room, but divining his purpose the waiter explained:

"She's gone, sir. She was over there in the corner with a party. I think she is from the Follies."

"The what?" asked Chadwick vaguely.

"The Follies," repeated the man. "The Follies, at the Illinois; the Illinois Theayter."

At last Chadwick remembered, and leaving his dinner he hastened into the lobby. The girl was standing alone near the desk and evidently she expected him, for she smiled and held out her hand.

"I thought it was you," she said; but Chadwick looked at her, amazed. She was still theatrical in her attire, but with an exquisite theatricalness.

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The Girl Hooked Her Arm in His, and Thus Howard Bellamy Chadwick, Ph. D., Found Himself Walking Merrily Toward Fifty-Ninth Street

A PRISONER OF WAR

By Private John A. Scott

SAY, boys, what's that?"

It was Private Webb who shouted, and we jumped to the parapet and gazed toward the German lines. We were in the front line of the salient at Ypres and it was four o'clock on the morning of April 24, 1915. As we gazed across No Man's Land we saw little jets of white vapor rising from the ground at the foot of the Huns' parapet. They rose higher and merged into a dense white cloud, which rolled steadily toward us. As the cloud rose it turned into a dirty yellow and soon we were enveloped in the folds of the filthiest and most destructive weapon of war ever launched against civilized troops.

We were gassed, and the Germans had commenced another attempt to hack their way to Calais. At the first whiff of the evil-smelling stuff I hastily wrapped my woolen scarf round my face, and this action saved me to a certain extent. Pretty soon we were gasping and choking; our eyes were filled with water. It seemed as if my lungs were filled up with some heavy substance, and breathing became difficult. Men were dropping everywhere, and a good many died where they fell.

Those of us who were able manned the parapet and commenced an irregular fire toward the German trenches. A cheer went up and ran down the line. Then we got the order to cease fire as the German planes were hovering over our lines ascertaining whether we were in a position to make a resistance. Soon their big guns opened up and tore our trenches to pieces. Crash! A shell caved in the parapet, burying Private Brady and me. As I extricated myself I saw Walling, Bignell and Webb get hit with fragments of shrapnel, and Private McNeil was killed. Smash! A sandbag knocked me twenty feet away, and as I got up I saw two others badly wounded.

Types of Prisoners at Zossen: A German Propaganda Photograph

The Effects of Gas

THE effect of the gas was by this time something fearful, and men were turning green and our clothes and equipment were the same color. Our left flank was being attacked by the Germans and we hastily piled up sandbags for protection. We were now reënforced by the Fifth Western Cavalry and one of their machine guns did good work. With the aid of Captain Durand's glasses I could see a German flag about five hundred yards on our left and saw some of the Third Brigade in hand-to-hand conflict with the Huns. At this time Sergeant Major Stewart of my Company—Number One—staggered into my trench with a message. He was in terrible shape from the gas.

Shortly after Captain Durand told me to tell my platoon—Number Two—to retire gradually to the trench occupied by Number One Platoon. When we got there we received the order to go back again, and I was just on the point of starting when Crash! a shell burst ten feet above my head, and I knew something was wrong.

There was. A shrapnel bullet had passed through my left lung, another through my right thigh, and I got a wallop on the mouth that made me think my head was off. I sat up and spat out my teeth then I crawled behind a dugout and Corporal Grey bound up my wounds and a stretcher bearer gave me some morphine and helped me into a dugout.

Sergeant Simpson and another man were in there, badly gassed. I felt no pain at this time and had possession of all my senses. The shells were pounding away and the dugout showed signs of caving in, when an order was given for all wounded men to leave the trench and get back to the dressing station at headquarters.

As I crawled out a fearful sight met my eyes: Men were lying round in heaps, and the distorted features of those who had succumbed to the gas were horrifying to see. Two men were blown to pieces ten feet from me. As I crawled to the communicating trench I passed Sergeant Bekin. He gave one convulsive leap on all fours, and lay still. I have heard since that he died.

Effects of the gas were everywhere to be seen; even the ground had a greenish hue. I crawled down the communicating trench and reached the open. Shells were falling like rain. I made for a line of trees which extended in the direction I wished to go, and as I tottered to the first tree the German snipers spotted me and gave me a lively reception. I flopped to the ground and commenced to crawl. A shell struck the ground on my right and I crawled into the crater it left. It was a thousand-to-one chance that no other would strike the same place.

I lay there about half an hour and then attempted to climb out. At the third go I made the grade and pulled myself along on hands and knees. I was getting weak from loss of blood and was constantly pausing to rest. I crawled across a plowed field and lost consciousness. How long I lay there I don't know. When I came to my senses I was crawling along the edge of the road through a line of trees, and some men helped me across a trench they were digging. I staggered to my feet and tottered past Major Munroe, who was standing in the doorway of the farmhouse which had been headquarters, and I collapsed beside some ammunition boxes in the yard.

Pretty soon Sergeant Bovil and another man carried me down the steps to the cellar, where some more wounded men had gathered. They laid me in a corner and told me not to worry. Soon the cellar was filled up, and Doctor Stenhouse, of the Durham Light Infantry, and Lance Corporal Fish, his orderly, assisted by Sergeant Bovil, of the Winnipegs, worked like slaves to ease the pain of the sufferers. We were told that the ambulances would be up that night to take us away, and our ears were strained listening for their approach.

We were disappointed. The shelling was too heavy. The Huns were endeavoring to stop the advance of reënforcements. Next day was Sunday, and a long dreary day it was. Sergeant Bovil made tea and gave every man a share; but for him many a man would have died. During the day I must have fainted. When I came to, someone was holding my hand and I heard a voice say "Poor old Scott; he's going fast."

Those words saved my life. I could not afford to die. I had someone depending on me, and from that minute I improved. I spoke to Captain Watson, who was in the cellar, badly gassed, and he assured me we should get out that night. From then on we lay waiting for relief. At two in the morning we were told that R. S. M. Robertson had died, and by this time two others had passed away.

How Germans Treat Wounded Prisoners

AT DAYBREAK we heard voices in a guttural tongue, and a rifle was fired through a small ventilator at the top of the cellar wall. I felt a burning sensation in my left arm and knew I was hit again. Another shot; and Doctor Stenhouse said "They've got me. Good-by, boys." He was hit in the head but recovered afterward. A third shot struck another man in the hand, and it seemed as if we were in for it. We were huddled so close together that they couldn't miss us. It was then that Sergeant Bovil displayed great bravery, dashing to the entrance and shouting "Wounded! Wounded!"

We were then told to come out, and someone helped me up the steps. Two Germans with fixed bayonets stood at the entrance and motioned me to join my comrades, who were standing some little distance away. As I approached the group a shot was fired and I saw a man fall. It was Corporal Fish. The bullet had plowed its way across his head and rendered him unconscious. He wore two conspicuous red crosses—one on each arm—and the Germans could not fail to see them. Another man was bayoneted through the leg, and things were looking black for us.

One German could speak English. "You - - ," he kept repeating, "you fight for money; you fight for money." He was foaming with rage and wanted to do us all in.

We were accused of having a machine gun and of using it under cover of the Red Cross. Our captors were very abusive and were arguing among themselves as to our fate, when a German officer came along and ordered them to take us to the rear. We were marched away and Privates Evans and Rabchinski of my own company helped me along. British shells were bursting near us, and we were hurried along.

I had not yet given up hope, and I clung to the idea that we might be rescued. I was doomed to disappointment. After what seemed to me to be hours we reached a village and were crowded into a small room to await the arrival of the doctors. The soldiers

The Soup Line at Zossen: Another Misleading German Propaganda Photograph

who were guarding us took all our badges and numerals and searched our pockets. Some coffee was brought to us and then the doctors arrived.

They hurriedly dressed our wounds and I was put on a street car and taken to Roulers. On the car I met Sergeant Major Stewart. He was very sick and had a bad shrapnel wound in his left hand. On the way we passed some of our comrades, who were marching along, escorted by a strong guard. On arrival at Roulers I was assisted from the car to the railway station. There was a string of box cars alongside and we were pushed into these. On the platform I saw a German officer strike a wounded man with the flat of his sword. He was very abusive and seemed to be under the influence of drink. We were pretty well crowded on the train. Just before starting we were given some bread and coffee and told that we were going to Germany. My heart sank. It was only then that I fully realized that I was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Toward night the engine was hooked on and we started on our long journey.

The motion of the train caused wounds to open and there was a great deal of suffering among us. One man died in my car. At one place where the train stopped they gave us cocoa and we were allowed to leave the train to visit the latrine. At another stop we got bread and coffee. The engineer seemed to take a delight in shaking us up, and many were the curses that we heaped upon him. After two nights and a day of this rough traveling we came to Cologne and were transferred to an ordinary train. Here we were more comfortable and had light and air. At every stop crowds of curious people thronged round the train to view the captured Canadians, and great interest was taken in a Kilty who was in my compartment. We passed through Essen, and through the windows could see the guns of one of Krupp's factories. At four in the afternoon we reached the city of Paderborn in Westphalia.

The Interior of a German Prison Camp. This Picture and the Ones on Page 16 are Types of the Photographs Which the German Government Sent to This Country Before We Entered the War, After They Had Been Dolled Up to Create a Favorable Impression

Here we left the train and were taken into a large shed and each given a bowl of sauerkraut soup. After we had finished we filed out and the badly wounded were kept behind. The rest got back on the train again. A number of vehicles were waiting to convey us to hospital, and I and seven more were placed in a bus and driven off. We had gone about three hundred yards when one of the front wheels came off and we were all thrown in a heap. Some malicious person had deliberately loosened one of the nuts, thus causing the accident. We were transferred to a flat cart which came up, and the crowd of women who had gathered round when we broke down argued fiercely with our driver. They were evidently telling him to go easy. Soon we turned down a narrow lane and stopped at the door of a large building.

Rough Surgery Without Anæsthetics

HERE we alighted and were ushered into a large bare-looking room. For furniture there was a long table and two benches. I lay down on the floor and awaited developments. A sentry stood at the door and by gestures intimated to us that it was a good place. It was. I can honestly say that it was the finest place I was ever in during my two and a half years of captivity. Soon two Sisters, garbed in the habiliments of nuns, came in with steaming bowls of good soup, and with nods and smiles bade us eat. We were then given a hot bath and clean clothes. Four doctors were in attendance and our wounds were dressed and we were put to bed. There were about thirty of us Canadians there, three Frenchmen and one Algerian.

The room I was in contained three beds, which were very clean and comfortable. After we had been put to bed a doctor came and gave me an injection of morphine and said in broken English "Do not worry; we will make you well." I was amazed at the good treatment. I had expected something far different. We were now in the lazaretto of the Monastery of Priester Seminar and were in good hands.

Next morning at eight o'clock we received breakfast. It consisted of brownbread-and-butter sandwiches and coffee. At ten o'clock the doctor arrived. He was a tall, dark-haired Prussian with the usual fierce pointed mustache. He was a striking-looking man and a clever doctor. I was told to stay in bed as I was coughing blood, and my diet was changed to milk. The Sisters were very kind and did all that was in their power to make me comfortable. At twelve o'clock dinner was brought round. It consisted of soup, a large portion of meat, potatoes and another vegetable, with an abundance of gravy. There was lots of it and my two comrades were satisfied. I could not touch mine and was brought some boiled rice and milk. There were two corporals of the German Medical Corps in charge of us and one of them spoke pretty fair English. He was decent enough to us, but used to blow a lot about what Germany was going to do. At half past three the patients used to get two more bread-and-butter sandwiches, and at six a meal similar to the one issued at noon was brought round. Peace and quietness reigned everywhere. We were situated amid beautiful surroundings and there was a garden for the patients to lounge in when they were convalescent.

What struck me most was the peculiar way they had of attending to my wounds. A piece of lint was placed on them and fastened in place with strips of plaster. The dressing was left on till it was rotten and putrid, and then a fresh one was put on. Once in eight or ten days was the average. Never once were my wounds washed with an antiseptic, and in order to get them dressed more frequently I used to tear the plaster off. Some of my comrades had to undergo surgical treatment, and all operations in that hospital were done without the use of an anæsthetic, the victims suffering terrible agony; but not one man was ever known to squeal, and Doctor Goldberg was forced to admire the British for their fortitude. He would slice away, then peer into the patient's face and say: "Have you pain? We are barbarians, eh?" The man would lie or sit with clenched teeth and drawn face, but would not murmur.

On June seventh I had two shrapnel bullets taken from my body. I stuffed the sheet in my mouth and the doctor went right after them. I suffered a good deal, but to give him his due he did a swift job. He gave me the bullets as "souvenirs of the Fatherland" and I felt like throwing them in his face. There were some awful wounds among the boys, but they were all treated the same way. The doctor was rough, but he knew his business and the cures he made were marvelous.

On the twentieth of June I was allowed up and was carried down to the garden, where I basked in the sunshine. I got well rapidly, but remained very weak, and on July first was discharged from hospital to make room for more prisoners that were expected. There were ten of us altogether. The rest had been discharged from the other hospitals in town and we were driven to the internment camp in a bus. The name of the prison was Sennelager and was about six kilometers from Paderborn. It was divided into three camps—Senne One, Two and Three, and the whole was surrounded by a highly charged electrified wire, which was protected on each side by an ordinary barbed-wire fence about nine feet high. Every fifty yards there was an armed sentry.

On arrival at Senne we were taken to the bureau and all our particulars taken. After that we received a prison haircut and were assigned to Senne Three. I was sent to Company Twenty. Sergeant Johnson, of the Munster Fusiliers, was in command of the English attached to the company, but a French sergeant had the supreme command of the hut. The French were always rated as superior to the British, and this caused a lot of ill feeling and frequently fights between the two nationalities. I arrived at the company at six P. M. and drew my kit. This was composed of a pair of clogs, a shirt, one pair of cotton socks, a "gammel," or metal basin, a spoon, three blankets, and a mattress filled with wood fiber. I got my first prison meal that night—a bowlful of thin maize-meal soup. It was filling but not satisfying.

Set to Work

NEXT day I was inspected by the camp doctor and he gave me eight days' excused duty. I was free to lounge about and was not required to work. Senne Three was about seven hundred yards long and two hundred and fifty in width. The ground was of a sandy nature and soaked up all moisture quickly. Huts were built on each side and the center was an open space. In my hut there were about one hundred prisoners, British, French and Algerians being mixed up together. At four-thirty A. M. coffee was brought up in a huge "dixey" by the men told off for the job, and the fatigue party fell in half an hour later. In the daytime the mattresses were rolled up and stood in rows. We had no proper beds but "kipped" on the floor. About eleven o'clock we were issued our day's bread ration, about ten ounces of coarse black bread being given to each man. At noon dinner arrived. It consisted of soup, which was mostly dirty water with some vegetables floating round in it. In addition to this we received a piece of meat about an inch square. No hot water was required to wash our bowls and spoons. We simply held them under the tap and they were soon washed clean.

In the afternoon we used to congregate at the top of the camp, where there were about five acres of shade trees. Here we discussed past events and built castles in the air.

Sennelager Camp had been built by the Imperial troops who were captured at Mons, and they had been very badly used by the Germans, being beaten, starved and compelled to work in all weathers. They had been through the mill, but at this time were a bit better off, as they were receiving parcels from home.

The Royal Army Medical Corps, which had been sent to England in exchange for the German Medical Staff, had left orders that the Canadians were to receive all parcels that arrived for them after they had gone; so every few days they were divided up and we received a little extra good. Life in camp was very monotonous, and for a long time I suffered from the pangs of hunger, then I got used to it. I was very weak and fell down twice from exhaustion.

After my eight days were up I was told off one Sunday for work. In company with about forty more I was marched out of camp to a wood and was put to work felling trees.

(Continued on Page 66

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XIV

ON THE flower-strewn hillock Herr Walther von Stolzing stood and sang.

Sweeter and richer, quickening in the exultancy of love and youth, the pure tenor poured out into the entranced stillness. Hans Sachs with happy Evechen on his arm and all the sturdy mastersingers of Nuremberg listened from their raised pavilion. And medieval Germany, gay and multicolored as a rainbow, stood about them a-dream, its banners furled in the quiet air, the deep undercurrent of the violins seeming to sing its heart's accompaniment—hushed as yet, but rising like a tide.

Away in the distance the red towers of Nuremberg looked down upon the meadow scene—charmingly sinister—an ogre castle in a fairy tale.

Huldreichster Tag
Dem ich aus Dichters
Traum erwacht.

"Ah! You Don't Like Your Own Medicine, Eh? But You Shall Drink It; We're Running No Risks Here. If You've Monkeyed With the Wells ——"

Faces shone palely, phosphorescently through the twilight—row upon row, tier upon tier, up into the deep night of the galleries, where their white glow faded and went out into blank shadow. They were masks, blurred, one like another, terrible in their simplicity.

A young soldier sat in the far corner of the second gallery. He held his face between his rough red hands and drew his breath deeply, like a released prisoner drinking in the first sun-warmed air of freedom.

Durch Sanges Sieg gewonnen
Parnass und Paradies.

And now the tide had risen to their lips. Dreamingly, unconscious of itself, the great chorus swept into the open, hushing its own strength, following the singer from afar to the last height. A wind rose and the banners fluttered out. It was as though suddenly all the joy and youth and springtime of the world were in their song.

The young soldier hid his face in his arms.

When he looked up again the crowd had fallen silent. A new voice sang to them—a new, more wonderful song. It was Hans Sachs. He stood alone on the top step of the pavilion—massive, rough-hewn as a rock, towering above them all. The glitter and gleam of color faded before his gray simplicity. Stolzing was like a pretty gilded puppet.

Habt acht! Uns drohen üble Streich!

The barytone was a man's voice calling through the song of children. Its mellowness was velvet over steel. And in the music, love and springtime gave place to something valorous and sober and splendid—a proud warning, a call to high endeavor. The lyric sweetness of the *Preislied* came again, but now it was rhythmed to the strong, disciplined swing of a marching people:

—— und wälschen Dunst mit wälschen Tand
Sie pflanzen uns in's deutsche Land.
Was deutsch und ächt wusst keiner mehr
Lebts nicht in deutscher Meister Ehr!

As though he could bear no more, the young soldier stood up; and strangely, terribly, the man beside him stood up with him; and then the whole theater.

In absolute silence they stood there to the end, their white faces gleaming through the dusk.

When the curtain fell upon the last joyous, exultant scene there was still no sound. No hand beat applause. Men turned away from one another, groping blindly.

Helmut lingered on the steps of the vestibule. The spell of silence had broken. The crowds pouring out from the *Parterre-Logen* eddied uncertainly, breaking into disjointed speech. But the deeper spell remained. They were like people moving in a dream.

An infantry lieutenant, slender and tall in his dark-blue coat, stopped for a minute under the light. He laughed, playing the indifferent, but his eyes shone and the hand resting on the sword hilt was strained bloodless. And in a flash of memory Helmut saw him toss up the yellow cap of the *Quinta* and heard him send his boyish shout to the heavens:

"Long live our dear Lord God! Long life to him!"

But Lieutenant von Prutwitz did not look at the infantry soldier, who stood stiff and expressionless as he passed. He caught his companion by the arm in an irrepressible burst of feeling:

"The luck of it! Think of it really coming in our time!"

Old Doctor Roth hobbled out on his wife's arm. Rheumatism plagued him, but he gesticulated with a youthful fire. He glared at Helmut unseeingly, his eyes two points of white-hot passion.

"Yes, I am a doctor, a man of healing, but if ever one of these treacherous English fall into my hands—well, God help me to remember my duty, for I shall be sorely tempted!"

"It doesn't matter what one does to the English," his wife said, heavily excited. "They are devils."

"They and their precious treaties! Much they care for treaties when it suits them ——"

It seemed to Helmut that all his boyhood passed him by—changed, deeply, painfully familiar. There was the *Geheimrat*, grown stouter, carrying the massive shoulders more processionally than ever, the big black mustache turned gray. He forced his passage through the crowd like a big liner through a shoal of fishing boats, the lean *Geheimrätin* struggling in the backwash. His voice boomed over the confusion:

"Kurt had his marching orders a week ago."

He jostled Helmut indifferently. Even if he had recognized the figure in the clumsy infantry uniform he would not have spoken. He had Spartan notions of honor. There could be no common soldiers in his family.

A tidy little man with spectacles seemed to spring up under the *Geheimrat's* shadow. Helmut remembered him quite well. He had a big delicatessen shop at the corner of the Karlstrasse, and Helmut and his mother had gone there every Thursday evening to buy their weekly supply of sausage.

It was his son—the first tenor at the Münchener Hoftheater—who had sung Walther von Stolzing.

"They are going to exempt him," he stammered in breathless excitement. "He wanted to volunteer, but they wouldn't let him. 'A great artist,' they said; 'we must keep our great artists a voice like that'"

Someone interrupted passionately:

"The French have dropped bombs on Nuremberg."

"Ah, if they do things like that then we must all go—to the last man!"

"The Grand Duke is going to speak to the people from the balcony."

"They don't know what they have conjured up—the treacherous devils! A whole people in arms—united from prince to peasant!"

"Germany, Germany!" The man's voice broke on a sob.

But now a fresh torrent of men and women poured down from the upper galleries and swept the eddying circles before it. The moment of doubt, of half waking, had passed. The dream had become a reality forever.

And Helmut left his place on the steps and went with them, for a sudden terror possessed him lest they should go on and leave him. And he dared not be alone.

The flood carried him swiftly and surely, and he forgot that he had been afraid. Men pressed against him on every side, shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast. He felt their hot breath on his neck and cheek, their straining muscles, the heave of their panting flanks. Their touch thrilled him. The very odor of their bodies intoxicated him. Suddenly he was not Helmut Felde any more, but a monstrous Invincible.

Against the sapphire of the feverish summer night the round full-blown lime trees in the *Schlossplatz* painted a violet shadow. Between their branches the stars flickered like candles in the wind, coming and going as a faint breeze from the forest stirred the dust-laden, shriveling leaves to an uneasy rustle. A fugitive scent of flowers hung above the stench and heat and tumult.

Long ago when he had been a schoolboy Helmut had come out here from the theater with music echoing in his heart and had wandered through this same perfumed dusk, almost happy, building up his broken dreams with youth's unconquerable hope, swearing big oaths to the same stars, feeling the foolish, exquisite tears rise as he stood beside the sleeping flowers.

He had forgotten. All that was gone. He was not the same. He was a drop in a vast ocean—a particle of an immensity. He pressed forward, yielding to its pressure, gasping, sweating, his military cap at the back of his head, his mouth open, mumbling broken incoherent sentences. He did not know where he was trying to go. But there was no need for him to know. It knew. It would carry him whither it would—to his appointed place. He had no meaning if he were not of it; if he were to be at all, he must go with it—if need be, go down with it.

It swept the half circle of the *Schlossplatz* to the central avenue. There, with the muffled boom of an Atlantic wave thundering into some cavern, it broke against a second phalanx coming from the town, and recoiled, baffled, tossing hither and thither in frantic vacillation. It had for that moment a terror of itself. It could have danced a

saturnalia of sheer panic. But as it wavered a drumbeat flashed over its black unrest, the distant pipes wailed like the first breath of a coming storm, and instantly the herd fell silent—as though its collective soul had heard the secret rallying cry for which it waited.

Helmut lifted himself on the shoulders of the man in front of him. He saw the darkness fissured by two parallel lines of fire which came on steadily, relentlessly. The flames of the torches streamed back like banners. Their scarlet glare danced wickedly on the set blank faces of the men, on the fixed bayonets that flowed past in a glittering stream. The crowd gave way before them. It was orderly now—disciplined, horribly controlled. Though it spread from wall to wall of the huge square it did not touch the flowers that slept in their dark beds. Though there were thieves and criminals in its midst it committed no excess. The will that governed it had no use for tumult not yet for destruction.

A man had come out onto the palace balcony. He was a mere dot against the light, and his voice was an empty sound to Helmut and those round him. Yet they stood motionless and hushed, like men on the threshold of a cathedral. The high priest who officiated at the altar was nothing. They did not need to hear his words. They knew that that which he held up for them to worship was a holy and a mighty thing.

The voice faded. They answered it—three times, with the thunder shocks of a mighty hammer. Then they swung round. Like a regiment on parade they formed into columns fifty deep and stormed past under the midget figure—singing. Their faces, lifted to the light, were fixed in a strange smile—in the exalted stare of pilgrims who have come at last to the heights of Pisgah, of disciples to whom their god has at last revealed himself. They were not drunken. They were terribly sober. They were not ruthless, not cruel, not pitiful. They were a volcanic force set free, a sea that has burst its dam, a thousand lava streams pouring into one channel, toward one end—a force horrific, unmoral, unaccountable. And that which stood against them must be destroyed. That was a natural law.

Yet once at the far corner of the square the crowd slackened its headlong course. It seemed for a last time to be struggling convulsively, like a thing in agony, to resume its component parts, to break away from its own solidity. But it was too late. The fusion had been complete. For a moment longer the welded mass writhed then rushed on again, going it knew not where, frenziedly resigned, singing from dry red-hot throats its high song of praise and sacrifice.

But in that brief welter and confusion Helmut had been driven under a street lamp and had seen the face of the man beside him. They had stared at each other, half recognizing, half puzzled. Then Helmut had remembered. The tawny beard had become streaked with gray; the clothes were more than ever fantastic and disorderly, the eyes pouched and red rimmed as though with much suffering. But their sudden laughter was like a light shining out in the midst of ruin and darkness. The old unquenchable humor was there, the whimsical pity, the wise kindliness.

"Why—Helmut—little Helmut!"

He made a gallant effort to hold his ground, clinging to the lamp post. But the tide caught him and tore him from his moorings. He turned, trying to wave a greeting—a warning—Helmut could not tell. But he thought suddenly of a drowning man who flings up his hand for the last time out of a whirlpool

"Juggernaut—Helmutchen—Juggernaut!"

The man must have shouted. It sounded like a whisper.

Then the tide swept them apart, and in a moment Helmut had forgotten him.

He pushed on, singing interminably.

XV

THEY were all there, all except the *Geheimrat* and his wife. They had written to say that Kurt was home for the night on farewell leave, and that, much as he would have liked to see them, he felt that in the circumstances it would be kinder and wiser to stay away.

Kurt was lieutenant in the Yellow Dragoons.

Everyone knew that *Gefreiter* Helmut Felde was "the circumstances."

But the others were there, all the poor relations—Tante Louise, the post-office official's widow; the cousins and their husbands and their children, two *Backfische* in the uniform of the St. Catherine's School, who bobbed with military precision to their elders and overate with stolid dignity.

Frau Felde wore her new tartan silk blouse, and the *Herr Amtschreiber* his frock coat with the ribbon of the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class, in the buttonhole.

Never before had the little dining room seen such a feast.

The white tablecloth was strewn with flowers—not recklessly, for every blossom had its proper space allotted to it and there was much eking out with green stuff; and in the midst were big plate loads of *Eierbrötchen* and even *Kaviarbrötchen*, and dishes of potato salad and a *Gemischte Platter* of gorgeous creamy cakes. On the side table stood a glass bowl full of fresh peaches, neatly sliced, into which the *Herr Amtschreiber* with all the solemnity of an officiating high priest had poured a whole bottle of *Hochheimer* and half a bottle of *Sekt*.

Old Anna had been engaged for the evening. They called her old Anna because she seemed to have been with them all their lives and because they could not remember her as a girl. She had always had that patient look of knowledge—she had never moved quickly and lightly. Now much childbearing and much sorrow had left her slower and heavier than ever. And even the pathos of her dark eyes had grown dim.

She kept on running in and out of the kitchen, where her first-born and idiot son mumbled over his share of the feast

And when they drank Helmut's health in their half glasses of *Bowle* she cried. The tears rolled down her sunken cheeks and she did not trouble to wipe them away. It was as though they had come too often in her life for her to notice them.

Helmut sat at the head of the table, opposite the Venetian glass. Constantly he caught glimpses of himself in its shining depths—eating, laughing, speaking; and each time he had a sense of pause, of disquiet, almost of anger. It was surely a stranger who sat there mimicking him—that blond young man with the sullen, weather-tanned face and the raw red hands sticking lumpishly out of the m.. tary cuffs.

He grew to hate the glass. It seemed to him that he had always hated it—that far back in his childhood it had done something horrible to him—something that he had forgotten.

Tante Louise nodded. She was always nodding—mostly at the wrong moment. People who did not know that she suffered from the palsy were often disconcerted by the nods and malicious winks that she threw at them. Now her wizened monkey face was twisted into a most humorous expression.

"Yes," she said, "God has made us his instrument. We are the scourge with which he will chastise these wicked nations. The English arrogance has insulted him long enough. And the French—well, one has only to read a French novel to know what they are—a decadent and frivolous people. It is a thousand pities that we were merciful to them—fifty years ago."

"Well, it won't happen again!" Herr Breithaupt, the bank cashier, declared jovially. "Helmut will see to that, eh?"

They all looked at him. For the first time he counted in their eyes. He represented the thing they worshiped and trusted, and he longed to say something that would please them—that would make them believe in him still more. He laughed. The glass of weak *Bowle* could not have intoxicated him, and yet he knew that he was drunk. His head whirled and throbbed and his blood pounded through his veins. He seemed to be growing bigger—to be swelling up with heat and a senseless anger.

"They won't get much quarter from me!" he said. "I shan't take any prisoners." He lunged with his knife, giving it a professional twist. "I'll finish my man every time—like that!"

Tante Louise winked jovially at him.

"That's right. We mustn't have any pity on them. We mustn't have to punish them a third time."

"And yet after all the French are not the worst," Herr Breithaupt remarked broad-mindedly. "They are a silly,

(Continued on Page 82)

"I Don't Know What You Mean. Of Course We're All on the Same Side. We're Germans. Those Who Aren't on Our Side are Traitors"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

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By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

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Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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After the War in Germany

FIGURES compiled by the Federal Reserve Board from official statements, where they are available, put the war debt of Germany and Austria-Hungary at thirty-nine billion dollars. In addition, they have just short of eight billion dollars of paper money outstanding, against which they hold a metallic reserve of less than seven hundred millions. The total debt mounts daily.

If peace comes this year the Central Empires will have to deal with war obligations amounting to nearly half the total estimated wealth of the nations at the beginning of the war. While liabilities have multiplied, assets have shrunk; for, to a greater extent than in any other nation, German industry was based on foreign trade, and far the greater part of the foreign trade was destroyed more than three years ago.

The war debt of England, France and Italy stood at forty-three billions when the Federal Reserve figures were compiled—about ten per cent greater than the Teuton total. Their wealth at the beginning of the war was more than twice as great. England draws upon the raw-material wealth of Canada, Australasia and South Africa. Her foreign trade, measured in money, is as large as before the war—not to mention that the wealth of the United States is now pledged to the Allies' cause.

To the rulers of Germany peace—unless they can win a dazzling stake—is a word of fear. They face a frightful reckoning. Governments have survived defeat. We do not recall a case in which a government has survived bankruptcy.

German Peace

ALL Eastern Europe is now enjoying a peace dictated by Berlin. In Moscow the German ambassador is delivering ultimatums to the friendly government to which he is accredited, demanding that it stop enlisting and drilling troops on pain of having the capital seized. In the capital of the Ukraine, German soldiers forced an entrance into the people's parliament, maltreated some members, arrested others and drove the remainder out of doors.

The German military commander has turned members of the government out of office, and the German Government has calmly justified this course on the ground that the deposed and arrested persons were unfriendly to Germany. Peasants struck against work on great estates. German generals issued edicts requiring them to cultivate the estates as formerly. It is said—probably with truth—that in Western Russia bodies of men have been kidnaped and set at work under German bayonets. All Eastern Europe is enjoying peace on the Prussian pattern. What wonder that Western Europe does not care for it!

Room for Sound Radicalism

THEY are now talking at Washington of appropriating thirty billion dollars for the coming fiscal year. We spend about two per cent of that sum yearly on our public schools.

Early in the war England began reconsidering the whole subject of public education. The British Labor Party took an active and influential part in the reconsideration. Thanks partly to its leadership, a decidedly broader and better scheme of public education is now being formulated before Parliament.

Aside from the war itself, no other question is so important as this. About half our population of school age is in average daily attendance at institutions of public instruction through a school year that averages only one hundred and fifty-nine days; and a great many of those institutions are ill fitted for their task, with underpaid teachers. That is our record.

We spend twice as much for automobiles as for public instruction, just because we care twice as much for them. But we should not. After this war the old plea that no more money is available will sound so silly that nobody will have the hardihood to repeat it.

There is a golden opportunity for genuine radicalism, for sound labor politics. Any political organization with the vision and integrity to make a revolution in public education the leading plank in its platform will be entitled to the most respectful consideration. There is room and a welcome for all the radicalism whose intellectual specific gravity is sufficient to keep its feet on the ground.

Our Worst Enemies

FARMERS produce food. Food is scarce and dear. So let us denounce farmers in a lump. Without gathering and weighing the facts in the case, without trying to study out detailed ways of improving production and lessening cost of distribution—all of which requires intelligence, patience and integrity—let us go among city wage-earners, who are often not much informed about farming, and tell them their food is dear because farmers are rapacious pirates, with no thought but to rob them of the last penny. Let us stir up hatred of farmers, clamor for laws against them, set workmen as a class against farmers as a class, and thereby capitalize the dearness of food into votes for ourselves.

Of course that would be no way to get more abundant and cheaper food. Whatever effect it had would be in the opposite direction. But it would be exactly the way of the demagogue.

There are plenty of them among us. War, with all the questionings, doubtings, and gropings toward a better social order which it naturally provokes, gives them an unusual opportunity. They are the worst enemies the people of the United States have to deal with inside their own borders, not excluding German spies.

Generally you can tell them by their violence, their appeals to hatred, their constant effort to set one part of the people against another part indiscriminately. Whoever makes a business of blackguarding a particular section of the country or a particular category of citizens is a demagogue.

Because the social mind is deeply stirred, because we are retrying many old propositions, searching for new values and relationships on a broad scale, the demagogue is much worse poison than ordinarily. Look out for him.

Railroad Policy

WE BELIEVE the old railroad status will never be restored. Unified operation by the Government will impair the old individual, competitive organization beyond repair. The people will not want the old individual, competitive system. They will want a more extensively coördinated system.

Government management, exercised by a political officer at Washington, will tend constantly and strongly to reduce the railroads to that state of efficiency and progressiveness which we have long seen exemplified in every government department. Red tape and dry rot will thrive. In close elections Congress will be ordering hundred-thousand-dollar railroad stations in ten-thousand-dollar towns and triple-tracking the branch line to Way Back Junction.

We want a railroad policy. What with the economic advantages of unification, popular suspicions of all great aggregates of private wealth, the horrors of politics and the ever-active demagogue, the railroad situation presents a problem whose successful solution demands the best brains and highest integrity in the country.

There is a suggestion in the Federal Reserve Board—which so far has been fairly free from the infection of politics—which controls in the interest of the public, yet leaves in the field under its control a wide latitude for the play of individual initiative and ability. True, there is only a suggestion, for the two fields are very different; and the Interstate Commerce Commission was not so successful in the railroad field as the Reserve Board has been in the banking field.

Probably upon some such suggestion as that the problem must be worked out.

Meantime we certainly do not want to see the country accept a notion that the only choice is between the old status intact and government ownership, with all the infection of politics, inertia and incompetence which that ordinarily implies.

Prisons and War

AT THE time of the last census one hundred and eleven thousand persons were confined in penal institutions in the United States. As population has increased, the number is doubtless larger now. A great majority of these prisoners would fight for the United States as readily as men outside.

A great majority would gain self-respect and courage and hope from the idea that they were doing something to help win the war.

Prisoners, by and large, have been one of our notable failures. We have punished them for a fault and generally turned them out in a condition where they were less competent to avoid faults than when they went in. The common effect of prison regimen has been to mark men off and shut them out from their fellow men. This war raises the gregarious instinct, the impulse to fellowship, to its greatest height.

Prisoners are entitled to take their share in the common lot and participate consciously in the fate of their country. They are entitled to feel that they are doing something to help win the war. Wherever it can possibly be managed, they should be put at work that has a tangible connection with the war.

President Wilson has approved and even urged a proposal to employ prison labor at the Atlanta Penitentiary in making cotton duck for the use of the Army. That prisoners should always be employed in useful, educational work—free from the stupid exploitation of the old lease-and-contract prison-labor scheme—goes without saying. Now especial effort should be made to put prisoners at work that directly suggests helping to win the war.

Coördinating Publicity

A COUNTRY editor writes: "I print about eighteen columns of reading matter a week. On an average I receive weekly, with a Washington postmark, about twenty-eight columns of reading matter, all with a plain notice on the top of the proof sheet, or in an accompanying mimeographed letter, that it is my patriotic duty to publish it and help win the war. I want to help win the war; but I have signed contracts to publish some advertisements in my paper and my subscribers expect some local news. Crowding it any way I know how, I could print only a little of this material.

"I don't like to cast an aspersion upon any one of the two hundred and sixty-five patriotic associations and commissions that send the material out by rejecting its plea while publishing the material from others. And who am I, to discriminate among the departments and bureaus of the Government? Seems to me I'm bound to assume that one is just as patriotic and necessary as the other.

"So, as I can't print it all, I reluctantly throw it all in the wastebasket. I hate to do it—especially when I consider what I am paying for white print paper. If they'd only send me a quarter as many pounds in the form of blank sheets they would certainly help a lot to win the war right round in this immediate locality. Glancing over this material from time to time I have found that it has a good deal to say about the vital need of coördinating things. Coördination eliminates waste and promotes efficiency. I was going to cut out a collection of paragraphs on the need of coördination, paste them on a sheet and send it round to a couple of hundred or so of my Washington contributors with a simple suggestion that they try the medicine themselves. I would cheerfully give them a couple of columns weekly if they would get together and decide on what should be printed. But on second thought it seemed they might consider the suggestion flippant or in bad taste. Merely as a matter of curiosity I should like to know what the white paper, the printing and the postage come to—and how much of the total output goes into the wastebasket."

Germany's Three-Thousand-Mile Guns

By David Lawrence

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

CERTAINLY there are such things. Skeptics need but recall the two theories by which ordnance experts—and a goodly number of bewildered persons who weren't ordnance experts—accounted at first for the long-range bombardment of Paris. Some promptly marshaled scientific formulas to prove that the shells actually were fired seventy-five miles; others cynically credited the fire to hidden guns behind the French trenches, where presumably Germans wearing the French uniform were boldly assaulting Paris from its own suburbs—this seemed plausible because of the German record of deception and camouflage.

And now simply because we have since discovered that shells can traverse the air for seventy-five miles or more, the second theory has not become any less practicable.

Rather has the incident emphasized the fact that if Germany can conceal in the midst of her enemy's country guns or bombs or anything combustible and destroy lives and property vital to the army and navy of her foes, all the purposes of a long-range gun will thus be achieved. Indeed, more—for the accuracy of the seventy-five-mile guns and damaging effect thereof are still doubtful from a military point of view.

But the accuracy and damaging effect of bombs and explosives carefully placed in the industrial machinery of the nation back of the lines are not doubtful. The plan has been tried with success.

Why Have We Shot No Spies?

LONG ago—long before the outbreak of the European War—Germany's war lords reasoned in terms of their enemy's supply system, how it could be disrupted and shattered. And Germany conceived the idea of reaching by invisible guns into the heart of the enemy's terrain—the homes of soldiers and sailors, the factories where munitions and materials of war were fashioned, the labor organizations and industrial fabric of free nations that had not, like herself, amassed thirty years' supplies for the great moment. Distance was to be conquered by new weapons. Propaganda was the ammunition to be hurled over every barrier of land and sea, with cables, telegraph, wireless, mails, newspapers and magazines as the carriers of a shrapnel of discontent and disturbance. Artillerymen—secret agents, spies and propagandists—could fire at vulnerable points, and at the psychological minute could wreak destruction by blowing up factories and plants, and by hiding bombs on transports carrying troops; and could weaken by subtle attacks of propaganda the morale of the people whose money and fighting men constitute the main sinews of war. In short, Germany is now engaged in creating all the havoc that ever could be expected from guns placed three thousand miles away. For more than a year we have been under fire in America by long-range guns. What have we done to locate these hidden artillerymen? If we discovered them on the field of battle in the immediate zone of operations abroad, we should kill them on the spot—without benefit of clergy or jury. Ancient law so decrees. Why can't we do the same thing in America—under modern conditions as much a field of operation for the enemy as the battle zone itself? What are the obstacles and why is it that at present writing we haven't executed a single spy? How many potential spies have we put out of the way of doing harm? What is our defense against these invisible foes?

Two Kinds of Germans as They Left Germany Years Ago

To answer that paragraph of questions one proceeds to the Department of Justice in Washington—the legal branch of the Government, charged with the enforcement of all Federal law—and not merely pries, with the permission of officials, into the records of the tens of thousands of suspects investigated but reads proceedings in the trials of those indicted and examines particularly some of the decisions of a few technically inclined judges whose idea of proof is the attested discovery in a German's vest pocket of a card engraved with the German seal and the words "The bearer is a bona fide German spy."

One gets a line, moreover, on the vast organization mobilized under the direction of Attorney-General Thomas Watt Gregory to corral spies and propagandists, and finds that more Americans, men and women, have been fighting spies in the last twelve months in this country than have been on the battle line in France for us in the same period. More than two hundred and fifty thousand citizen sentries, people from every walk of life, have been sleuthing for the Government of the United States, and with some very effective results.

Figures are not very helpful in estimating enemy activity—any more than they describe accurately the strength of our defense. For instance, under the most conservative estimate there are in this country to-day four million persons who do not owe allegiance to the United States and who come from countries now at war with us. Besides all these we have naturalized Americans who seem to have forgotten what an oath of allegiance really means. All in all, we have many millions of persons of whose presence in our midst we must be wary.

The Home Defence

BUT capacity for mischief is not measured by the number of naturalized or unnaturalized sympathizers with the enemy. So widely scattered are they and so effectively have our communities been organized that by the aid of the two hundred and fifty thousand citizen sentries aforementioned, whose identity is even unknown to their next-door neighbors, the vigilance has been fairly well kept up. Prosecution of those caught is quite another matter.

It is no secret that at the outbreak of the war we had no secret service to speak of. Not that the men engaged in investigating trouble makers were not the very best group for its size in the world, but comparatively speaking it was a mere handful. Its expansion is truly indicative of what America can do when once it gets interested in even so distasteful but necessary a business as espionage.

Think of the many government agents and inspectors, employees of Uncle Sam, who were in contact with the public every day before the war but who never were instructed to gather information for the Department of Justice. Everybody now works for that department—in the sense that data are promptly turned over to the Division of Investigation there for study and prosecution.

To visualize the civilian army engaged in home defense one need only note the different agencies at work. There are the internal-revenue inspectors; the Weather Bureau's men; and the Forestry Service, who account for the mountain regions; the field post-office inspectors; the pure-food

One is Going Back This Way

The Other is Going Back This Way

and meat inspectors; the border guards, customs agents and immigration officers; the Treasury Department's Secret Service; the army and navy intelligence; the marshals and deputy marshals and direct representatives of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice.

All these men are employees of Uncle Sam, but there is a vast body of men—two hundred thousand or more—who are not on the government pay roll but who constitute a volunteer organization the like of which has never been known in the world. It is the American Protective League, developed throughout every city and town in the country by A. M. Briggs, Charles Daniel Frey and Victor Eltinge. It owes its origin to Mr. Briggs, who, among millions of other American citizens wondering a year ago last April how best to help America win the war, conceived the idea of an auxiliary to the Department of Justice.

Hardly any publicity has been given to that organization—and it does not need any—especially as to who the individuals identified with the organization are. Let it suffice to say here that the personnel has been carefully selected from among loyal Americans and that the state and county chiefs are men well respected in their communities and are persons of influence. The headquarters of the American Protective League are in Washington, where Attorney-General Gregory and his assistants in the Department of Justice work in constant and whole-hearted coöperation with the volunteer sleuths.

In fact the two hundred thousand citizen sentries are in the nature of scouts. They do not have the power of arrest and they rarely have need for their credentials. They are gatherers of information and investigators, pure and simple. They locate the enemy artillerymen and transmit their data to the several branch offices of the Department of Justice. And they have thousands of suspected men and women under observation.

Some idea of their value can be obtained when one stops to consider how necessary it is for the Department of Justice to investigate all the complaints that come to it, no matter how trivial. Many of these are nothing more than the results of irresponsible gossip. A man may talk in sympathy with Germany to his friends and otherwise behave as every law-abiding citizen does. The Government couldn't afford to put a trained detective on that man's trail. The experienced workers are needed to trail the experienced spies and enemy agents. But an American Protective League agent, according to the present scheme of organization, may live in the same block with the suspect. He would be able to tell whether the German is harmful or harmless—and to tell in a short time and without cost to the Government. Again, supposing a man of wealth, of German descent and sympathies, were suspected. He frequents an exclusive club where he may perhaps meet agents of lesser importance. The ordinary detective would be spotted in an instant in such an atmosphere. Your banker or successful business man wouldn't be noticed.

Protection of the Innocent

ENEMY aliens might as well realize that a tremendous number of eyes are on them, and that of the thousands of cases handled by the Department of Justice many were originally discovered by agents of the American Protective League.

Particularly has this organization been valuable in taking off the shoulders of the Department of Justice the burden of locating draft dodgers. The office of the American Protective League in one large city during the past year investigated between fifteen and twenty thousand draft cases and 24,780 cases of alien-enemy activity. The membership of that city's organization was less than six thousand men. To its credit that same organization has more than one hundred internments and many prosecutions that are now being carried on by the Department of Justice.

Besides the volunteers, however, the Government has thousands of other scouts. The special agents employed by the railroads have been organized under government control. All the chiefs of police and sheriffs were mobilized within the first month of the war and instructed how to transmit information to United States marshals and the nearest offices of the Department of Justice, and the city and county prosecuting attorneys were promptly put in touch with the United States attorneys.

Over all these agencies sits A. Bruce Bielaski, chief of the Division of Investigations in the Department of Justice. He has special agents of his own enlisted from all classes of men and from every occupation and profession. He has doctors and lawyers, preachers and accountants, dentists and veterinarians, and every conceivable kind of expert. Mr. Bielaski is one of those indefatigable persons who are at their desks from sunup to midnight. There seems to be a daylight-saving competition on between him and Colonel Van Deman, of the Military Intelligence Bureau. Captain Edward MacAuley, of the Naval Intelligence Bureau, completes the trio and they work in close harmony. They think and dream about spies and propagandists all day and all night long and keep hundreds of thousands of men on the jump watching for the hidden arms of the enemy.

For it must not be forgotten that the Department of Justice is as busy protecting itself from wrong-doing to the innocent as it is in protecting the nation against the guilty. Spy lies are numerous. Spy tales are woven of the most fantastic fiction. A case in point was that of Walter Sporrman, who was arrested near a naval station and described in flaring headlines as a master spy. Nay more, it was published that he came over on the submarine Deutschland, that in his trunk was a German officer's uniform, that he had letters from Count von Bernstorff acknowledging the receipt of funds, and that he had gone from cantonment to cantonment and was caught in the act of trying to blow up a powder magazine.

Careful investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Sporrman was a plumber who had been in the United States for nearly eleven years, that the uniform in an old trunk in his house was the same one he wore when he served the regular period of training as a boy in the German Army; that it hadn't been worn since then, and looked it; that the letter from Count von Bernstorff was a lithographed acknowledgment of a fifty-cent contribution to a Red Cross fund to which Germans in the United States contributed shortly after the outbreak of the war. As for the moving about from cantonment to cantonment, it was found that Sporrman was tempted by higher wages each time and that he had gotten a permit on each occasion, and when he was arrested he was striking a match to light a pipe. He was under the impression that his permit enabled him to go from one cantonment to another, so actually he violated the rules. He was therefore interned, but a signed statement from the Secretary of the Navy and the Attorney-General was issued absolving him from any connection with the German Government and from any acts of espionage.

The Department's Preventive Work

BUT though some of the spies have proved fanciful, some real spies have been nabbed. Through the intelligence systems of other countries as well as through our own agents in foreign countries we have been aware of the approach of some enemy spies even before they landed. In one case, curiously enough, the United States Government had two investigators in a certain neutral country—each working independently of the other. Both reported the facts concerning the spy en route to America and shadowed him to our shores, each without the knowledge of the other. That made assurance doubly sure.

Some of the spies have been caught with documents which when decoded have proved to be instructions to agents in this country. Undoubtedly when the Government has exhausted its efforts to get all the information it can out of these individuals they will be publicly tried.

But spies are really not the most serious menace. All sorts of propagandists have been picked up. An Austrian was arrested while making a house-to-house canvass of negroes in New York City and Northern New Jersey. Propagandists have been at work among the Jews, attempting to align them against the Government on the ground of anti-Semitism. Propagandists have tried to interfere with food conservation and have spread lies about the Red Cross. Disaffection has been deliberately spread among our farmers. Many of these cases are now being tried or will be soon.

And though detection is important—in fact vital—so is prevention. We want to catch all the spies and propagandists who already have done us harm; but we want to put out of business and in safe-keeping those who may yet do us damage. The Department of Justice considers that in the last year its chief work has been of the second kind. Indeed, if the Germans now in our internment camps, or even the fifty or more who had been under surveillance for months before we declared a state of war with Germany and who were promptly clapped into jail under a statute of ancient origin on the very night of our war declaration, had been permitted to go about freely for as little time as a month our officials at the Department of Justice think that an uprising of some of the Germans in America, as boasted about by Herr von Jagow in his famous conversation with Ambassador Gerard, might have materialized.

None of these men—some fifty or more—could be executed. They didn't do anything, under the law, which warranted that punishment. They didn't in fact have the chance. They were interned within a few hours after America and Germany officially became belligerents. Since that raid, more than twenty times as many have been interned. But in that original group were Germany's best artillerymen—her bomb plotters and master spies, her chief propagandists and second-story workers. Not that she hasn't tried to export some more to America since the war began; not that she hasn't a great many here to-day; but speaking relatively her system is not what she had hoped it would be; and by our effective measures of prevention it never will be so long as we are at war.

Prevention, then, is the great goal of our civilian management of the spy problem—for as yet President Wilson doesn't consider it a job solely for the military. But prevention depends to some extent on how one deals with those already caught. Give a thousand motorists caught speeding through congested streets a fine of fifty cents and you don't eliminate accidents to children playing on the thoroughfares of your city. Put some of them in jail or take their licenses away and there is less speeding and more careful driving. Punishment is vitally related to prevention, and on what the Government does to the spies and propagandists it has caught or will catch depends our safety against the series of fires, explosions and acts of disorganization which Germany's agents most want to carry on in order to paralyze American industry, transportation and morale.

Some critics say the Department of Justice has not dealt severely enough with offenders; others say this is something for military management entirely. That is a matter of opinion. But in forming a judgment it is best to keep in mind certain fundamental facts: The Department of Justice can't deal severely or leniently with anybody so far as punishment is concerned—any more than the detective or policeman who arrests the thief can fix the fine or term of imprisonment. Federal judges and Federal juries alone can fix the guilt or innocence of an offender, and the United States attorney who prosecutes the case may froth at the mouth because he believes an offender who is given a light sentence ought to be punished heavily—but he is powerless.

And to go a step further, a Federal judge and jury may themselves wish they could see the German before them hanged, but if there is no law to fix such a punishment they, too, are powerless. For instance, Herr von Rintelen, famous bomb plotter, who conspired to put aboard American ships bombs that were to explode at a certain time after sailing, was tried and convicted of the crime. He got only eighteen months in the Federal penitentiary. The eighteen months' penalty was fixed in an old law covering attempts to interfere with interstate commerce. The Department of Justice prosecuted Von Rintelen under that statute and got a conviction. And a howl of complaint rose. But the Congress of the United States paid no attention to the howl and for nearly a year there was no better law than that to reach such an offender.

The New Sabotage Law

WITHIN the last month or two what is known as the Sabotage Bill has been passed to deal with such crimes. Of course the states of the Union could have prosecuted those who were destroying property and conspiring to destroy life or property, but the simple fact is that the states didn't do it—they lacked either the machinery or the inclination to deal with something which they preferred to leave to the Federal Government. Indeed one Western Senator in the recent debate on the subject cried out that it was the business of the states to attend to this. Well, the upshot of the whole thing was a new law, specific and severe; and the Department of Justice is pretty well satisfied with what it has gotten from Congress. It took nearly a year of constant pleading by the department to get enough law to punish offenders, and now that they have it the work of detection and prevention can proceed with a vengeance.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that Congress deliberately ignored this vital phase of home defense. But there are two sides to this business of lawmaking. If all the people who enforce a law, if all the people who sit on the juries and on the bench were thoroughly loyal and fair there would be no harm in writing into the statute books the vaguest kind of language. But America prides herself on her sense of justice. And rather than let too many innocent suffer for the acts of the few guilty it has been our peacetime disposition to make no law that would inconvenience the majority—the innocent. Somewhat the reverse is the situation in time of war. In order to get at the dangerous few, many innocent must be inconvenienced. For the acts of disloyal Germans many loyal Germans are now being embarrassed. But all the more reason why the loyal German should assist in stamping out the disloyal—in self-defense.

Congress has hesitated to give the Department of Justice, therefore, any law that might be stretched to cover political criticism or utterances entirely justifiable in motive and purpose. But through that same hesitation the true offenders have been permitted to do a greater damage. It has been from the start a case of relying on the Department of Justice to prosecute those whose connections can be proved to be German, whose motives are German, whose intent and effect are to help the cause of Germany, and a case of relying on the Federal courts to impose the penalties commensurate with the seriousness of the crimes. And that is still the status of the matter, notwithstanding the recent hullabaloo.

Experience is our only teacher, and from day to day we are learning more and more about spies and propagandists. We are interning suspects faster because we are learning to recognize more rapidly their respective capacities for mischief. As a matter of fact, propaganda is an invention of this war. No laws have ever been written before that

(Continued on Page 24)

"I belong to the U. S. A.
'Tis here I take my stand
For health and vim in work or play—
For strength in heart and hand."

A national Institution

Where is the American who doesn't know about Campbell's Soups?

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We combine in this tempting soup more than a dozen delicious vegetables beside fragrant herbs and strength-giving cereals—all blended with a rich, nutritious stock made from selected beef.

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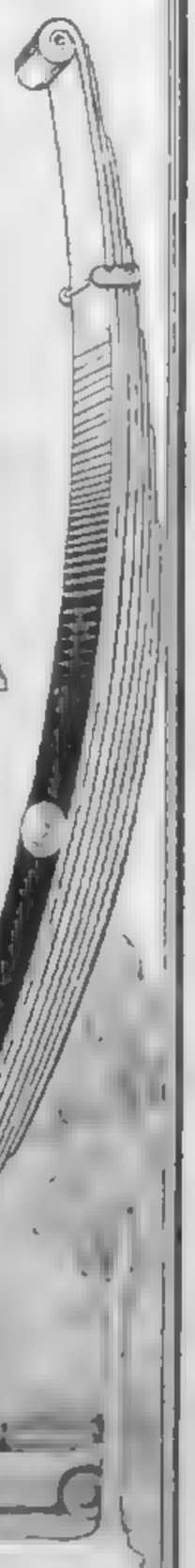

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Jenkins Vulcan Spring Co.
Richmond
Indiana

(Continued from Page 22)

could reach it, and to try to frame laws that would reach the propagandists and yet not affect the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech is one of the hardest nuts our lawyers have ever had to crack. The fact is that to date no one has been able to write a bill specific enough to catch every class of offender and yet not afford the more skillful of them loopholes of escape.

When the war came over us our Department of Justice promptly asked Congress for new law to deal with the question. Congress moves slowly, so the Department of Justice, through its hundreds of prosecuting attorneys, did what it could under existing law to reach the disloyal. Ancient statutes had to be stretched to corral the propagandists. For nearly a whole year there was no Federal law to punish severely persons attempting to destroy or conspiring to destroy government property. Foreign-language newspapers could suppress all news favorable to the United States and the Entente cause and give exaggerated prominence to German advances, and in the first cases the only laws under which prosecutions could be attempted were those punishing interference with interstate commerce, while in the second the treason statutes were tried out.

It doesn't take a profound knowledge of the law to understand what were the difficulties of the Government in dealing with the spy question. First of all there has been a controversy for many years as to whether anybody but an American citizen could be guilty of treason, since of course anyone who doesn't owe allegiance to the United States is not legally obligated to our country or its interests. But the Department of Justice tried out a new theory, which is that anybody who lives in the United States for any length of time acquires a kind of allegiance by the mere fact of prolonged residence. To speak as well as to write or to do anything damaging against the interest of the state that gives him hospitality and enables him to make his living and does not even discriminate against him, it was reasoned, was treason in every sense of the word, though it might not have been so defined in the law. But the first of the Federal courts didn't sustain that.

Ancient Statutes

The treason statutes, as a matter of fact, were drawn in the fifteenth century, when no condition such as industrialism existed, and the only kind of treason thought of was an uprising with an armed force in rebellion against the state. But the present war has proved that far more damage can be done by propaganda than by violence. Choking the industrial machinery of the most resourceful of all the belligerents, America, would be worth a great deal more than the wiping out of a division of American troops. Splitting public sentiment and interfering with the whole-hearted support of the war both by financial means and with men and money would be worth more than even the destruction of a few munition plants by bombs. Treason statutes originated under a different type of government, the monarchical kind, when rebellion against the state could be personal and tangible and obvious. Nowadays we have a government by the people. Public opinion is sovereign to-day, and rebellion against public opinion, poisoning it and dissipating it, is as much a species of treason as revolt against the monarchs of old.

But even in the cases of those few American citizens of German descent tried for treason the Federal judges insisted that the Government here had to prove that a tangible effort had been made to aid the enemy; in fact, had to prove just how the enemy had benefited. The Department of Justice couldn't get convictions with such interpretations of the law—unless, perchance, Germany issued testimonials describing just what aid and comfort she had received from her efficient agents and champions in the United States.

Of course there is no appeal for the Government in criminal cases, so these could not be carried to higher courts. And the only thing to do was to try out other cases in other courts and at the same time ask Congress for more law. That decision insisting that the Government had to prove that the enemy had been aided was a body blow to the treason statutes.

But the Department of Justice was fairly successful in getting long terms of imprisonment by prosecutions under the espionage law of June, 1917, which had in it two clauses that were far from satisfactory in reaching propagandists but which not a few Federal judges recognized. One of these clauses punished by twenty or thirty years' imprisonment anyone who attempted to cause insubordination in the military or naval establishment, and another prescribed an equally severe punishment for those who willfully obstructed the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States. About two hundred and fifty convictions were obtained. But gradually the Federal judges in some parts of the country grew very technical. In one case, in Montana, a German sympathizer delivered a seditious harangue to the effect that he hoped Germany would whip the United States, that Germany had a right to sink American ships without warning and that he would flee rather than go to war. He was tried and acquitted. The Federal judge charged the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty because, as he argued, it was not proved that in the case of any particular individual recruiting and enlistment had actually been obstructed. At once the Department of Justice asked Congress to put the words "attempt to obstruct" in the law, and this revived the whole subject of dealing with the propagandists, a situation made acute by the lynching of Robert Prager in Illinois.

Puzzling Codes

Congress finally broadened the statutes, and once more the Government is going forth to get severe punishments for offenders. Some impatient citizens decided that it was time to abandon the procedure in civil courts altogether and give the military authorities power to handle the disloyal without jury trials. President Wilson objected—said it would be unconstitutional, which it would be unless he declared the whole country under martial law; and he can't do that unless we are engaged in civil war or are being invaded. So it is still up to the civil courts, and if the Department of Justice can't get convictions with the law it has been given it probably will have to go to Capitol Hill and ask Congress to give it even more power.

As a matter of fact, on no side were we more unprepared at the beginning of this war than on the law side. Though we had the opportunity during the first two years of the European War to see the machinations of the German in neutral countries, we had no statutes to deal with bomb plotters.

Labor conspiracies such as Germany fomented to paralyze the munitions industry could not be reached except under the Sherman Anti-trust Law—conspiracy in restraint of trade. Congress has been so jealous of the inalienable rights of citizens as to be loath to enact any law abridging the rights of the individual.

Have the Germans many spies in the United States? Presumably they have. And how do they communicate with the home government? There are several ways. Secret codes of a plain-language character are most difficult to detect, and our authorities have had more than a suspicion of this sort of thing with the cables in the past year. The wireless is growing more and more valuable to Germany. German messages are received in this hemisphere every day. Instructions to German agents could be sent that way. Information to Germany is not being sent by wireless so far as anyone has been able as yet to ascertain. But communication by mail with invisible ink is pestering us just as much as it did England and France at the beginning. Vessels flying neutral flags still touch our ports and make voyages to and from countries contiguous to Germany. How can the smuggling of letters to and from such big liners by stewards and firemen be prevented? There are a thousand and one places in the engine room and the hold of a ship where a letter can be hidden, and it would take an enormous force of men to search every ship and to keep watch on every member of the crews as they come ashore.

But little by little even this means of communication is going to be rendered valueless if the organization in America against spies becomes as effective as planned.

Why have no spies been shot? In the first place, to be absolutely accurate, the Government doesn't execute spies unless they are caught in or about military camps or reservations and spies don't hover around such places as a rule. Persons convicted of aiding the enemy would be hanged by Federal law. But none has been hanged. There are a few who may be, but the Government is at present writing attempting to elicit from them information that may be of value in running down other spies.

But the real spies—the organizers—were put in jail the night war was declared and before they had the opportunity to commit any crimes or give information to the enemy. Had the Government waited a week, any one of these men might have laid himself open to the extreme penalty. As it is they are interned. The Government preferred to take no chances on the organization of a spy system.

So far as system is concerned it is a matter of dispute whether or not the Germans have a sabotage organization. Such acts as have occurred are thought to have been the operations of individual Germans. Cablegrams decoded since the outbreak of the war prove that, though Germany was trying to mobilize the anarchists in America for her purpose, Count von Bernstorff was sent away before he got the chance to get the organization in anything like working order.

Herr von Jagow estimated during a conversation with Ambassador Gerard that there were one hundred thousand German reservists in America. And the Ambassador calmly referred to the one hundred thousand lamp-posts that were ready to receive them. Those reservists are of no military value to Germany perhaps, because they cannot get to the trenches, but they are unquestionably assisting in the spread of propaganda. They are perhaps unorganized, but groups of them undoubtedly consider they are helping the Fatherland just as much by embarrassing America in every conceivable way as by shouldering rifles at the Front.

Most of the enemy agents, to be sure, do not need instructions from home and are not required to recount their exploits. They do not need to be told where to drop a bomb or how to wreck a plant. They work secretly and in isolated units, and prey upon labor constantly.

Watching the I. W. W.

Labor troubles have interfered with production of certain weapons of war. The personnel in aëroplane factories has been disturbed in mysterious ways. The I. W. W. has become suddenly more active than before. The Government hasn't been able to prove any connection between the I. W. W. and Germany, but isn't it puzzling that an organization of laboring men which before the war had no funds, had difficulties galore in collecting dues, now has plenty of money available? Also, we have socialists and socialist newspapers and magazines which have no connection with Germany and never did have, but isn't it odd that an unprecedented number of socialist organs and organizations with plenty of funds have recently sprung up like mushrooms overnight? Doesn't it look suspicious? The Department of Justice thinks so and is keeping a close watch on the whole business.

Distinction should be made between the man who is a socialist as a matter of honor and conviction and the foreign-sympathizer socialist.

Down in Southern Ohio, Minnesota, the Dakotas and other parts of the West many cases of enemy activity among the true socialists have been discovered.

The chief trend of the German propaganda at first was an emphasis on the doctrine that this is a capitalists' war. German agents tried to enlist socialist aid in spreading that theory, but with little success. This propaganda reached its height last October, but has been slumping off ever since. President Wilson's reply to the Pope cut the ground from under the feet of the thinking socialist who had been disposed to become a victim of the German propaganda when it first shot out the absurd notion that Wall Street and not the heinousness of the German Government forced us into this war. The President's utterances have converted many of the thoughtful socialists. Of course many socialists will not be reached by utterances from any quarter.

Another influence that has defeated the German propaganda has been the operation of the selective-service act. From nearly every family in many communities someone was taken for war. People wouldn't listen to the fantastic ideas spread by the Germans and began to be intolerant of anything that savored even remotely of pro-German argument.

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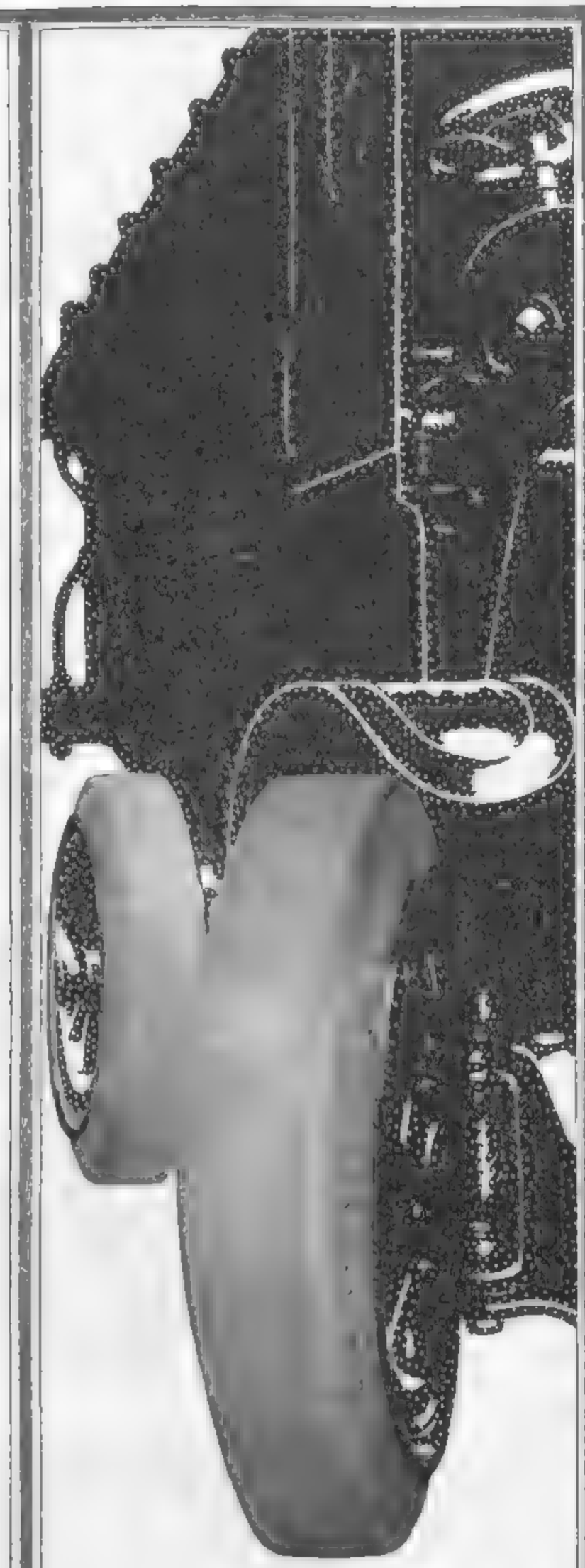

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(Concluded from Page 24)

But the most dangerous kind of propaganda that has lately set in is what is known as religious pacifism. It is not confined to any one section, but has already shown great intensity in the Northwest. The United States learned a good deal about this kind of propaganda from our allies, who warned us as early as a year ago to be on the lookout for it. And sure enough it has made its appearance after twelve months of war. It is an attempt to appeal to the emotions and tender feelings of people, particularly those who have lost sons in the war. Efforts are made to stir deep religious feeling against war itself, and even the most loyal ministers are sometimes victimized without being conscious of the subtle campaign of the enemy.

The Germans used this sort of propaganda effectively in Italy and to some extent in France. German aviators, for instance, dropped the anti-war sermons of an American pastor over the Italian lines. They have done the same over the British lines quite recently. The American clergyman had made his argument before we entered the war, but the Germans have been making assiduous use of it ever since, translating it into different languages and giving it as the present expression of one of America's foremost clergymen.

The Germans hope to accomplish two things by this form of propaganda: They want to rouse a sentimental prejudice against war and cause the people to relax their efforts on the ground that war-making is irreligious; and they seek to bring about controversies of a religious character, hoping that the authorities will engage in religious persecution and stir up still further trouble. The Government therefore must be especially careful to avoid the pitfalls. Though anxious to stamp out anti-war propaganda, it must be careful not to interfere with the freedom of religious worship. Delicate problems, indeed. But that is the very subtlety of the propaganda. Anything that could be easily stopped would be ineffective for German purposes.

Just where to draw the line has already caused many sleepless nights at Washington, and the Department of Justice examines carefully every case of this sort before it permits local district attorneys to begin prosecutions. Attorney-General Gregory has placed in charge of all prosecutions, in fact, a special assistant attorney-general—John Lord O'Brian, who is a prominent Western New York Republican but also one of the best district attorneys the department ever had. So a leading Republican coöperates with a Democratic Attorney-General in harmonious application to propaganda puzzles. Between them they have drafted most of the legislation that Congress has given the executive branch of the Government in the last year dealing with the enemy alien.

And just when they have written a measure that they thought covered the cases brought out by their experience with propagandists and plotters, some group or faction of loyal Americans has usually risen to decry imaginary attempts to interfere with legitimate criticism. Apprehension that somebody might abuse the power bestowed has been chiefly responsible for the weakness of our laws relating to espionage. Mr. Gregory's political coalition ought to be of itself sufficient evidence of the nonpartisan object that is sought—the crushing of the enemy agent—but nevertheless the congressional tendency has been to amend and amend and take the teeth out of every bill that is all-inclusive in its phraseology.

As I write this, for instance, no law has yet been passed—though it will be in a few days—controlling the departures from and entries into the United States of persons other than those who are alien enemies. But Congress for some strange reason has not been willing to pass a law prohibiting the use of invisible ink. Such a proviso was eliminated from the draft of the original espionage act. Let me illustrate by actual occurrence just what the absence of such laws has meant in one case: Turkish subjects are not alien enemies, because we are not at war with Turkey. One of them came across the Mexican border with a properly signed passport. He was searched, and on him was found what he described as a recipe for beef tea. He claimed it necessary to his diet. Experts found that it was really a prescription for invisible ink. The Turk was held for several weeks by the military authorities; and our officials tried to discover some law by which to hold him. They finally had to let him go on promise that he would report regularly to the authorities.

What was the aforementioned individual—a citizen of a country aligned with Germany—doing with a recipe for invisible ink? Circumstantially it was suspicious. Had the law that the Department of Justice asked for many months ago been granted there would have been lodged in the Federal Government power to deal with cases of this sort.

As casualties to American forces continue, feeling against persons even remotely connected with the enemy is bound to become intensified. America's policy thus far has been to prosecute under the civil law. President Wilson has expressed the opinion that all the law necessary has now been or is in process of being granted and that a resort to military tribunals except for cases rising inside the army and navy would be both un-American and unconstitutional. So the public must depend upon the Department of Justice—and the head of that institution has just given this assurance:

"My department will promptly, aggressively and thoroughly investigate the cause of every hostile act or utterance which is brought to its attention, and will, so far as the law permits, continue relentlessly to prosecute those shown to be responsible therefor."

That is the promise of the Attorney-General, but he needs mostly the intelligent coöperation of loyal Americans. Every man can be watchful in his own factory, office and neighborhood. Every woman can help in destroying the effects of German propaganda, especially in communities susceptible of being misled.

And though it would be extremely valuable to give the Government a clew that might result in the capture of a spy, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will never come in contact with any spies. Ninety-nine persons out of the same hundred, however, will find no difficulty in encountering German propaganda. By persistent refutation of it, careful pursuit of rumors and the originators thereof, a work not so spectacular perhaps as catching spies but equally effective in sustaining the national interest will be accomplished by the American people.

Germany by her propaganda has endeavored to impregnate us with the belief that her efficiency is invincible. She has tried by every weapon of death and destruction, deceit and treachery, to bend the spirit as well as the strength of her unconquerable foes. Americans never dreamed that Germany could make war on our own soil. But the three-thousand-mile guns have been bombarding our people from the beginning of the European War. Even our neutrality was not respected. America's answer abroad has been resistance. It can be no less defiant or intense at home.

ACES HIGH

(Continued from Page 4)

these boys how brave they were—some who died bravely and others who still live and fight bravely.

When we men are flying so far overseas we often think of home and mother and those who are dear to us. We have sometimes discussed among ourselves the subject of mother's worrying about us. No one seems to know what to do to keep a mater from being miserable while we are at the Front. I "camouflaged" my mother into thinking that I was going over as a mechanic. I told her my work would be far, far from the battle line for I had driven racing cars and she knew that I possessed a knowledge of motors. I wrote her nice letters telling how pretty France was, and mother never would have known that I was flying had not a newspaper reporter gone to her home to interview her at the time I brought down my first boche plane.

If we of the flying corps could have access to the ears of mothers of men now in the aviation service we might manage to impress them with the valuable and vitally important work their sons are doing or training for. Much as it may pain a woman to see her offspring go into the aërial service, no good mother ought to try to prevent

(Continued on Page 29)

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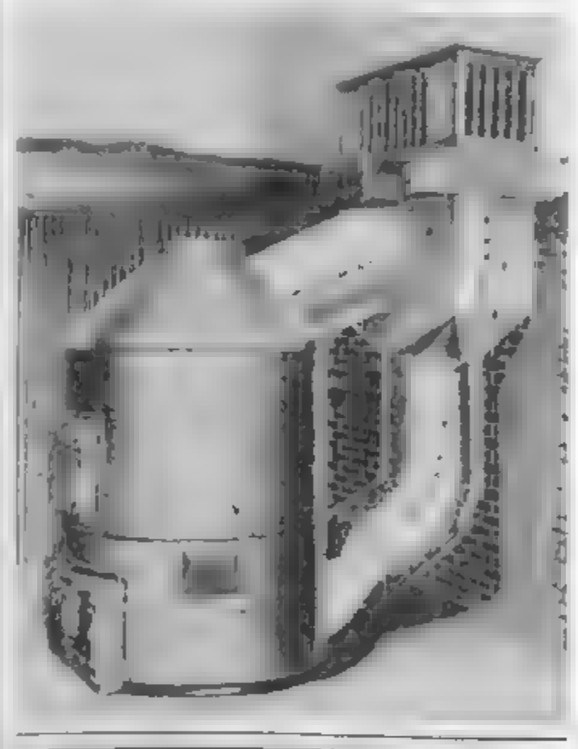

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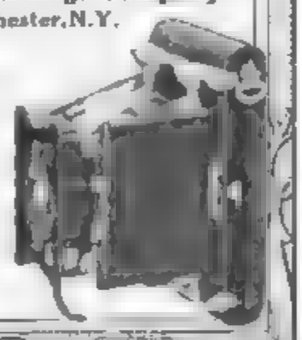

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The Gothic—
Fits the ankle and hugs the heel
Look for name in shoe.

(Continued from Page 26)

it if the boy is fitted for the work. Before we are through we shall need all the flying men of ability we can get. If American women could see some of the things that I have seen the Hun do to the women of France and Belgium, if they could see the little babies wantonly slaughtered and maimed and blinded, just for boche amusement and for purposes of impressing the subjugated natives with Prussian frightfulness, they would gladly give their sons in any capacity for the cause of freedom.

Conversely, no boy, no matter how great the patriotism that inspires him, should take up aviation unless he feels, with a clear conscience, that he is equipped for it by Nature. A boy should not be carried away by the glamour of the aviation uniform and what the girls will say about his being a "dashing young aviator." The unfit youth who is patriotic and yet lacks nerve at the crucial instant when the big wallop is needed not only does himself and his mother an injustice but cheats his country. Instruction costs oceans of money.

Airplanes are worth from ten thousand dollars up, and every one of them destroyed, in practice or otherwise, means that much more advantage for Germany and that much more to be raised by Uncle Sam in Liberty Loans.

For example, let the boy who is in the infantry, artillery, cavalry or some branch of the navy, as well as the recruit, think over this question before requesting a transfer to the aviation service.

In the movies Dashing Jack Martini becomes a flying fellow. One day, while out cloud clipping, he sights a boche plane. The cocktail kid glares in fiendish glee and the close-up shows him peppering away at the Gotha or Albatross with a deadly machine-gun fire that tears its wings. A close-up of the boche who is trying to run away shows him returning the fire. Dashing Jack—the most dashing thing about him being a dash of absinthe he had in Paris—laughs the boche to scorn and ridicules the poor aim characteristic—in the films—of the German. Suddenly, however, Dashing Jack decides to do a stunt, drops his machine gun and whips out a forty-four revolver, aims and neatly pots the boche aviator, first shot, the fact that he is sailing about 125 miles an hour making not the slightest difference to Dashing Jack. Down goes the boche machine flip-flop. Jack, merely scratched by a bullet that bumped off his skull, lands safely and is sent to Blighty. There he falls in love with the pretty Red Cross nurse who is an heiress. They marry and live happily for eight weeks after.

Just Supposing

Great stuff! Fine! But what about when the cursed Hun happens to shoot you down? For, you know, sometimes a Hun does get an allied airplane.

Now listen to this, which is fact and not the wild dream of a scenario writer who has been swallowing headache powder:

A bright summer day, with a powerful sun shining upon the Champagne country in France. Underfoot the soil is dry and parched and the air unbearably hot and filled with very unpleasant odors emanating from pock-marked No Man's Land and first-line trenches. Above, however, it is considerably colder and there are no odors. An air fighter of the French Flying Corps—an American hailing from the great metropolis—on patrol, is wishing that the sudden change of level was not so ding-busted chilling. He is wishing that practical pocket stoves could be made a part of his equipment; also that some patriot would invent a nose warmer, for he is not quite sure whether his nose is merely numb or altogether frozen. He wishes that someone would perfect a heating arrangement for machine-gun barrels, for the intense cold of high altitude often makes the barrel contract so that the bullet shell will not eject. As a result a jammed machine gun.

Assume that you are this man and flying a fast Spad biplane all alone there in the heavens above the German trenches, between Soissons and Rheims, observing among other things the ruined but staunch and wonderful cathedral in the distance. It is easily recognizable, for, in spite of the years of bombardment, those phenomenally strong and formidable spires still stand defiantly before the Hun's mortars. They are chipped and scarred, but stoicly bear the incessant rain of bursting shells. Here and there are fleecy white clouds, or "bumps" as we call them, for they cause an airplane to give a slight jar or quiver as it cuts through the puff of vapor.

While ruminating over the fate of the cathedral, or the whole damnable mess of the Kaiser's, or perhaps mindful of the funerals of two of your pals shot down that week, how do you think you would feel if suddenly you were greeted by bursting high-explosive shells from a hidden anti-aircraft battery?

You would be decidedly surprised, just like the pilot of whom I am speaking. Then blam-m-m! The battleplane kicked her tail up, lurched and shook from wing tip to wing tip, as the most deafening roar the pilot had heard for weeks rent the air. A high-explosive shell had just missed him, or rather he thought it had. The vibration seemed to numb him. His clothing suddenly felt loose and his back chilly. He removed a glove as he righted his plane and swung in a wide arc trying to avoid the shells. He put his hand behind him and felt that his fur-lined combination suit and sweater and clothing beneath it were ripped to shreds. Something warm and sticky was trickling down his back. Then he realized that he had been hit by a piece of shell coming up through the floor of the fuselage.

A Very Tight Squeeze

Yes, with his fingers he could feel his own vertebræ projecting through the torn flesh of his back. The pilot simply pinched his nostrils, closed his mouth and blew "apples" in his cheeks, to relieve his ears of the painful atmospheric pressure at that altitude, for he was about to dive to a lower level.

Close? Yes, but he had eight more lives left! He dodged between more bursting, nerve-racking Archies and headed for the French lines.

But suppose immediately after cheating Death in this fashion you, like this flyer, were to look up toward the sun and behold coming toward you three fierce enemy Albatross single-seater chasse machines? Yes, Germany's fastest hornets, easily recognizable at long range by the distinctive shining casserole or conoidal cap protecting the front of the fuselage and revolving with the propeller—and coming like time? And not only that, but preceding them by a thousand yards or so great long threads of smoke—tails of tracer bullets—could be seen, indicating that at least one of the Albatrosses had opened fire already! The peculiar German characteristic musical ruh-rat-tat-tat-tat—ruh-rat-tat-tat-tat—metallic notes playing a tune of hate—might be too far distant to be heard above the roar of motor and rushing wind, but the smoke tails showed that the enemy, nevertheless, was doing business at long range—quite a spectacle!

All these things greeted me on the bright morning of August 14, 1917, right in sight of that historic city of the Champagne sector. I have a special reason for citing this as an example, even though at times I have encountered more than three boche machines at once with the odds against me considerably worse.

The tear in my back did not seem to bother me. I believe I forgot it entirely. With those three planes so close and the Archies snarling all round me there was no time for any counsel of strategy with myself. It was either a case of diving into that hellrain of battery shells and trying to turn back, or forging ahead to meet the Albatross onslaught.

To keep my eyes on the trio I had to look directly into the sun. No eyeshade of any sort was possible, and though it pained my eyes of course to squint at the ball of fire, I do not believe I noticed any pain, so keen was I not to let the Fritzes get out of my sight. Ordinarily it would have blinded me or anyone else to a degree that would make vision impossible, but concentration in a life-and-death emergency overcomes natural obstacles. Mind does conquer matter.

Evidently they had spotted me first, for they started to spread out, fanshape, two men on the same level with me and one higher. I knew it was useless to climb. Ordinarily it is best to climb in order to get away, because our Spads are faster than Albatrosses; but I saw that the man on top had the better position, so I flew straight for the two lower planes. They kept firing. They had probably counted upon scaring me off with their shots and their odds. In this they were out of luck, for I had not the slightest thought of turning back. Or they may have been wasting their ammunition in this fashion in hopes of hitting me with a mere chance bullet.

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I was now out of the ground battery's range and started edging over to the right so as to be nearer our lines, meanwhile opening fire. I intended to swerve to the right so as to make it easy for me to dive and avoid the other pair. I figured that if I was quick enough, and the enemy nearest me should dive after me, his gun would be off at a tangent and he could not score a hit. Plink-plunk! Some of their shots began to puncture my planes and came very close to hitting me. I started to zigzag in a waltz by moving my control stick from side to side—a graceful, waving movement which had to be done carefully, for I was averaging at least 135 miles an hour

Just as I began zigzagging there came a splintering crash and a musical snap which shook my left wing. Looking down I saw that the spruce spar forming the front frame of the lower plane had been shattered by a tracer bullet. The severing of the tension of the steel wire that extended to the upper plane had caused the lower wing to buckle up on that side. Immediately I dove to take the terrific wind pressure off the injured wing—cutting down through space, plane edges perpendicular to the ground.

The numskulls could have potted me before this, or then and there, if they had not all been hogs trying to get their snouts in the trough. If instead of coming for me all at once and whizzing past, their guns all blazing away, two had laid back to cover and then gone for me in rotation, as I dove under their left-flank man, they might easily have set me on fire. But, no! Each pilot was afraid the other would take the credit of getting me, and all shot at once. Pretty sloppy headwork!

As I plunged down, worrying about the broken plane, I looked above to ascertain if any of them were diving for me, and I was just in time to see two of them get into each other's way and nearly collide. I kept on diving. Now it was practically a case of the boches' getting me or H. Wright getting himself. My machine was hard to control, and presently I tried to straighten out again to check my speed.

Cr-rack! There was another terrific strain on that left wing. The wind pressure upon leveling out was too great. The boche had licked me after all! "For the cleaners!" I gasped—that inelegant phrase we use—as I set my jaws and once more plunged into a nose dive with full power on. My only chance for life was to fall faster than those three boches would dare to dive. I must drop swiftly enough to slip between their bullets. Probably all three were firing at me. I don't know what my speed was. It was simply the force of gravity added to better than 130 miles an hour, and it was fast riding!

When the Spad Snapped in Two

And the dread of hitting the ground in that final stop! Any second the entire plane would leave the heavy motor. I was falling too fast to distinguish anything below me, but I still managed to keep from getting into a *vrille*—a dangerous spinning nose dive, the whole plane turning like a corkscrew as it falls. My eardrums seemed to be cracking, affected by the sudden change in atmospheric pressure. Then I saw there was no hope. I never should be able to straighten out at this speed.

My whole life, from babyhood to maturity, flashed into my mind and out. I lived it all over again—falling on my head when I was a child; the time I swallowed the shoe buttons; fighting in school; the day I stole and ate three whole pounds of candy; Sunday-school picnics; scores of incidents, some I was proud of, some of which I was ashamed. It was amazing, all that I thought of in that brief period, and all so vivid too. You see I had at least two full minutes falling from out that dizzy height before my altimeter told me that it was time to try to straighten out. To try to straighten out! That puts it accurately.

I was not more than two hundred feet from the ground when I manipulated the stick, oh, so gently, taking the last desperate whack at the Grim Reaper, even though I knew I was headed for eternity! The plane did start to level out. For a second I thought it would, and then as the wind pressure caught that tail and fuselage there was a grinding crunch—I felt it bend and snap in two!

My memory was perfectly clear up to that point, in spite of the terrific fall from such a high altitude to a lower one. There came a blur before my eyes as I heard the old Spad break, and then—no more.

I do not recall striking the ground; I did not feel any shock or sudden jolt. What I expected and dreaded most I never felt.

When I awoke I was in some sort of wagon banging over a rough road; dragged off to a boche prison camp, I presumed; and I was being roughly driven. I knew I was a mess. I thought I had been through a stone crusher.

"For God's sake, go slow!" I yelled out. Instantly the truck came to a stop. I heard someone jump from the driver's seat.

"Wha-what's that you said?" a fellow asked, nervous and frightened as he stuck his head in the rear door. It was not a boche wagon, but an American ambulance I was riding in, and the American driver had believed me to be a French soldier and dead long ago. I was on my way to be buried with the ceremony accorded a pilot. He was startled by the combination of my coming back to life and speaking the English language. And, in spite of my condition, the humor of the situation amused me and momentarily distracted my attention from my wounds. Then, threatening him with violence if he drove fast again, I lapsed into a state of coma.

A Corpse Comes to Life

Sometimes it happens that way in real life. It required weeks for my partial recovery—five broken ribs, shattered collar bone, a gash along my back from neck to hips, a dent in my forehead, a broken ulna and various sorts of engine and magneto trouble. They say it took half an hour to dig me out of the hole I made in the ground when I landed, and they picked enough splinters out of me to build a baby Nieuport. I was good for two and a half months at the Juilly hospital. I was a perfect wreck. No used-car dealer would have given thirty cents for me.

If the prospective flyer believes he can grimly face that sort of thing without a quiver or batting of an eyelash, then perhaps he will do for sky-jazzing and the ensuing pages will doubtless give him some interesting and useful information.

At the time I first joined the Foreign Legion, in 1916, I spoke no French other than what remained of the trifle I had studied in college. I could ask, in what I considered good French, for someone to pass the butter, and could also say a few sentences, such as "The new green coat of my brother-in-law was spoiled by the violent rain which fell a week ago last Thursday," and so on; but this does not help a stranger in Paris to any extent.

One of the first things that got me into a mess of trouble was trying to converse with a French officer in his native tongue. He inquired regarding my motive in joining the Foreign Legion. In some way I had confused the meaning of the verbs *vaincre*, to vanquish, and *craindre*, to fear; and when I replied I meant to say that I wanted to help the French conquer the Germans. It seems that what I actually said was to the effect that I wanted to help the French people to fear the boches! Imagine the cold, sardonic glare which that officer gave me as he ordered me to follow him to be investigated!

How near I came to being thrown into the Seine as a traitor and spreader of sedition I do not know, but aided by an interpreter, who spoke real French as well as good English, I managed to clear myself. However, I am glad the incident did not happen later, for one of the letters of introduction I carried, and which I calmly displayed, was from a New York newspaper man praising me somewhat, and addressed to Bolo Pasha. My friend who so kindly gave me that letter is a loyal American, with two sons in the United States Army, and did not know so much about the late Bolo as he does now. As a matter of fact he had never even met Bolo, and it was merely a bluffing letter.

Every flying man is asked many times how he came to take up aviation. My own case was a peculiar one. I felt I had a good and adequate reason, but shall not dwell on the details for fear it would sound more like poorly constructed romance than just a plain tale of fact. In writing fiction, I assume one can fix his little romance to suit his taste and weave into it plot and counterplot to suit his fancy, whereas cold hard facts and truth are unpliable and refuse stubbornly to accommodate themselves to storybook requirements. To put it briefly, I had quarreled one day with

Continued on Page 33

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(Continued from Page 30)

a young woman who lived somewhere in Greater New York. I was very fond of her and had good reasons to believe she reciprocated. That is about the long and the short of it.

Feeling blue and gloomy next day I called upon Judge Clarence Davis. I intimated to him that I was sick of life generally; tired of driving racing cars and riding in them; and wound up by asking if he could get me some exciting job that would keep my mind off my worries. Our conversation ran something like this:

"Why don't you try to get a post as a missionary or something down to the South Sea Isles?" from the judge.

"I wouldn't care to be cooked *en casserole* by the mayor of the town," I replied, teasing back.

"How did you make out at that last meet you rode in over in New Jersey?"

"Oh, Ira and I went through the fence, and a rail scratched my head but didn't hurt me seriously."

"Congratulations on your marvelous escape; I didn't know that solid ivory was so tough"—which was an undignified speech for a judge to make.

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked in more serious vein.

"Twenty-three years."

"Ever tried flying?"

I shook my head.

"Would you like to go over and fly for France?"

"Would I? I should say so! But, how could I learn to fly? The French wouldn't teach me, would they?"

That was the first time the thought of actually going to the war front ever entered my head.

"Well, if you are really serious in what you say," continued the judge, "I might be able to fix it for you."

Possibly my face at that moment radiated a pleased expectancy, for without waiting for my answer the judge turned to the telephone and called up a former commandant in the French Army, who referred me to Captain Juliet, also of the French Army.

Captain Juliet sent me to Mr. McIlhone, New York representative of the Lafayette Flying Corps. I was accepted for the mission, received letters of recommendation, and sailed for France on five and a half hours' notice. I understood that I was to receive a first-class passage and one hundred dollars toward my expenses from the Lafayette Flying Corps' representative, but merely received a letter of recommendation instead and paid my own passage. The United States was, of course, neutral at that time and I had no passport—merely a *sauf-conduit* from the French Embassy. Subsequently that caused trouble too.

Last Farewells

I passed the Statue of Liberty intent upon seeing some thrilling air fighting, but I was fired chiefly by a spirit of adventure. To be sure I had a warm spot in my heart for France, but it was not my love for that country alone that was calling me to face the hazards of aerial warfare. No! It was the lure of sky fighting and aviation that made me go, much in the same manner that a primary-school boy would jump at the chance to turn pirate. Besides, I was chagrined and disgusted with life in Brooklyn, for I had quarreled with a perfectly nice girl!

That was how I felt when I left America, but it required only a few months to bring about a change. When I reached France and began to use my eyes and ears it soon came home to me that my little crusade was going to be something more than a mere adventure after all. I saw a light, and began to fight for noble, bleeding France, for I knew first-hand the justice of her cause—a cause that was also the cause of the Allies and of America.

I do not know how soon after that time the American people began to think seriously about discarding so-called neutrality and entering the war on the side of humanity, but I do know that I had not been flying long before I felt certain that America could not stay out long. This was the sentiment of all of us Americans at the Front, for we could figure out no other solution.

Anyway, I was not anticipating this as I sailed, and quite naturally I called upon the young woman who was the unwitting cause of my seriously taking up this idea of flying. I told her what I was about to do—to sail within two hours. We patched up our little squabble, and she gave me her promise to write. That promise gave me some comfort and courage, for I felt that I should be very lonely over there.

My mother, reassured that I should be simply a mechanic working in an airplane plant far back of the lines, concerned herself for the most part with the danger from the ruthless submarines. With the customary maternal advice and admonishment as to taking care not to get my feet wet, not to eat too rich food or too much French pastry that might upset my stomach, I bade her adieu.

My trip across the briny was an uneventful one, our chief occupation on the voyage being an endeavor to sight a submarine. Every time one of us espied a bit of floating wreckage a shout would go up and there would be more or less excitement. One day one of the boys gave the alarm that he had spotted a periscope, and a submarine yell started, but the supposed deadly submarine proved to be nothing more than a dead horse. The keen eye of my fellow voyager evidently had detected one of the hoofs sticking up through the crest of a wave!

Medical Examinations

It took fourteen days to reach Bordeaux. This port is on the beautiful Garonne River, and the trip of fifty miles upstream was a delight, a contrast to the two weeks that had gone before. Once again we saw green turf, bushes and trees. Indeed, at any time after two days out from New York even Barren Island in midsummer, when it does its name proud, would have looked charming and restful to us! At eleven-twenty o'clock the night we landed I found myself in Paris, the city with all lights out. The name of the hotel where I desired to stay had slipped my memory, so I placed myself in the care of a cabdriver, who took me to what must have been the most disreputable-looking hotel in Paris. I was prepared for almost anything on this trip, but when I saw that hotel I weakened. We started out again and finally found the right place.

I had caught cold in my eyes, and when I went next morning to visit Doctor Groh, representative of the French Flying Corps, for a physical examination, he advised me to wait and come back next day. The following day my eyes were no better, so Doctor Groh passed me along to the French Army doctors. Here the examination was something of a farce. As I could not read an eye chart ten feet away and knew I had had heart trouble since my early childhood I dreaded the ordeal. I had visions of being rejected forthwith and sent back to New York, or possibly clapped into jail for attempting to impose upon the French Government.

My fears were soon dispelled. A doctor pressed a wet towel to my bare back, jammed his ear against it and listened; then did the same with a towel pressed to my chest, while my heart thumped louder and faster than ever before, it seemed to me. When asked if I could read the chart I said "Yes!" so they did not bother to have me do so, and according to the official report I passed "with flying colors."

Immediately following the medical examination I was shipped down to Avord, a little flag station on an obscure line. It was eleven o'clock at night and pitch dark when I arrived. I could make out nothing but stone walls and darkened buildings. There was no sign of life about the place and I did not have the remotest idea where the flying field might be. Seeing what appeared to be a barn, and feeling dreadfully tired, I decided to get in and lie down in the hay, if there was any, to await daylight.

When I neared the barn I found it bore a hotel sign. I pounded on the door, but got no response. I pictured an angry, excited hotel proprietor about to rage at me for my intrusion at that late hour, and was preparing an explanation in what French I knew. A window opened and I started off with a few phrases, or what were meant for phrases, when to my surprise a voice called back "Oh, are you an American?" Hearing English spoken in decidedly American fashion made my surprise give way to delight when the fellow came down and admitted me. He was, I knew, my friend for life. He fetched out a bottle of French beer and made me some sandwiches, and after we had talked for a while we retired for a few hours' sleep.

In the morning I reported at headquarters and was instructed to get my equipment from the quartermaster.

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As I walked into the room I saw at once that the fellows were going to ride me for all I was worth.

"Ah! Here comes another dashing young American over to save France!" eloquently announced one of the fellows, with a mixture of intense dramatic effect and sarcasm.

"Sure, that is what I came for, but I see I am too late; you got here ahead of me," I retorted.

Then the fellow's flow of language seemed to suffer a sudden drought. He had nothing more to say. The others ha-ha'd at him, and I saw that I was initiated.

Later I learned that the announcement of a "dashing young American over to save France" was the formula sprung on all newcomers from the United States.

"Ah, these wild men getting their wings stuck on give to a *mécanicien* the dog's life," declared little René, one of the French mechanics at Avord. René had lived in America some years before the war—Chicago, I believe it was. He spoke fair, slangy English. "Some of these dudes round here, they have the big idea that they are wonderful flyers—just because their mammas used to cuddle them and tell them they were little 'angels.' Ah, m'sieur, their mothers told it to the neighbors also—'the darling, exqueesite little angels.' But I have the numbers of these angels, m'sieur, just as the neighbors had them too. Have you a cigarette?"

He was peeved at the moment at something inconsequential—faulty spark plugs, perhaps. Anyway to relieve his feelings he spoke sarcastically about things generally.

I had just arrived for my first visit to this flying field, and I gave him a cigarette and let him rave. It did not take me long, however, to discover that René was right about the work being hard for the mechanicians. But the same could be said for all of the students. There was no end of things both practical and theoretical to be learned in connection with the study of aërial navigation. Likewise, it soon became apparent that some of the fledglings at Avord certainly were "wild men," as René had classed them.

At Avord the recruit is first started in on the French system, which differs decidedly from the English and American systems. The pupil does all of his flying practice alone. He is instructed what to do, mounts his machine and does it—if he can. If it is found that he cannot learn quickly in this solo style on the various types of Blériot monoplane used in preliminary training he is transferred to another class, where he is taught to fly in the Caudron machine. This machine is a dual-control affair, and the instructor accompanies the pupil in his flights at all times.

How to Pique and Pancake

I started to learn on a single-seated Blériot monoplane—a "penguin," so named because its wings are cut so short it cannot rise from the ground. The power plant is a three-cylinder Anzani radial motor. The object is to familiarize the pupil with handling the rudder and elevating planes, all of which are located at the tail of the fuselage. He is required to go up and down the field distances of half a mile or so, steering a straight course, with the tail off the ground and the fuselage horizontal, which is the normal flying position for a regular airplane.

The control is by a post or stick, which rises vertically from the floor and is surmounted by a cloche, or wheel, similar to an automobile steering wheel, but not tilted. The cloche is at right angles to the post and parallel with the floor of the fuselage. It is rigid and does not turn as the automobile wheel does. Practice in throttling down so as to stop within a correct distance is given aplenty, for right at the start it had been impressed upon us that stopping and landing an airplane are the difficult parts of straight flying.

To raise the tail of the penguin off the ground the pupil grips the wheel and pushes the stick forward. This forward action tilts the horizontal elevating plane at a downward angle so that the extreme tip points toward the ground. Pulling the post back has the reverse effect and brings the tail down again.

As soon as the pupil becomes proficient in handling the Blériot penguin he is next put on the Rolleur type. This machine is equipped with a six-cylinder Anzani motor, has normal-size wings and can leave the ground. The pupil now must learn to keep the machine on the ground, and it is really a peculiar sensation one first receives when trying to keep a machine down when it wants to rise. On one occasion the instructor, Lieutenant Moses, a Brazilian, who could speak about fifteen languages, said to Buckley: "See here, *mon ami*, you must stay down more. Don't keep rising that way!" To which Buckley replied: "You can't keep a good man down!"

The third stage is the décollé, a Blériot of practically the same type as the Rolleur. In this we learned to leave the ground for a certain distance in the air, and then to pancake. By pancaking is meant dropping down flat, as the phrase would imply. The trick is to land on the two wheels of the running gear and not to touch either wing or tail to the ground in so doing.

The fourth machine is a Piquet. With this we leave the ground, ascend to a height of fifty feet or so, fly horizontally in a straight line, and then pick a spot upon which it is desired to land. We look straight ahead, and as soon as the spot becomes hidden by the hood of the machine the pupil pushes forward on the control and begins to pique. By piquing is meant coming down at an angle in a straight line. This is where good eyesight and judgment are big factors. When the machine comes within one meter of the ground the control is pulled back so as to make the elevating plane on the tail point upward, and then running along for some feet the airplane is gradually landed.

The Fair French System

A forty-five-horse-power *tour de piste*—field touring plane—is used at the fifth stage of the flying game. This is another Blériot and is used for touring round the small field, one hundred feet off the ground, the objects being to fly and to land properly. All the machines up to this stage have been Blériot monoplanes with no ailerons at the wing tips. Instead a device for warping the wings is used.

The pupil feels considerable triumph when he reaches this stage of the game successfully, for it means that he will probably be able to develop into a flyer. The sixth machine upon which he is mounted is a fifty-horse-power Blériot with a seven-cylinder rotative Gnome engine. It is known as a *tour de pièce*. With this we were taught to fly at higher elevations, and the fact that it is a heavier machine made it much harder to land.

With this machine also we were taught spiraling. At first we were shown how to shut off the motor partially so as to come down and learn *à gauche*—turn to the left; also the *à droit*—turn to the right. Upon mastering this we were taught the complete spiral in either direction. Corkscrewing down in this fashion, of course, is used to reach a lower altitude quickly without leaving one location.

Then comes the final of the primary training—flying for one's brevet. This is cross-country flying and includes two petty voyages of about twenty-five miles each; then a longer triangular flight is required—upon which two stops have to be made—in order to teach the pupil how to use a map and how to pick routes. The legs to the triangle are each eighty kilometers long. The course is covered on two different days, in forward and reverse directions. Then comes the altitude test, when the student must stay up ten thousand feet for an hour minimum

Having accomplished all this successfully the pupil is passed and receives his brevet as a licensed pilot—a *pilote aviateur*. Naturally the graduate from this school feels very much the same as the sweet girl graduate does on Commencement Day. Anyway, it seems considerably more of a triumph than success in ordinary school education.

As for those of the boys who fail to keep up to the required pitch in order to make good in the first stages, none is discarded outright. The French are very fair in this respect. If, upon being transferred to the Caudron biplane class, the student could not make sufficient progress, even with an instructor, he was put upon a Farman; and if a Farman proved too much for him he was offered a chance to make good on a Voisin plane. Failing in this he would be hopeless as a flyer. Of course, the men who had to learn on any of these types would never be turned into chasse pilots, or fighting aviators. However, they might make very

(Continued on Page 37)

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United States Tires are <u>Good</u> Tires

'Royal Cord' one of the five

(Continued from Page 34)

successful bomb droppers or photographers, or be of value for reconnaissance work.

Last of all, at Avord we had a sort of post-graduate course, known as "Perfection-A" training. This was with an eighteen-meter Nieuport biplane, the fastest we had yet ridden. A few days of cross-country work and our course at this school was completed. We were then ready to be shipped off to the Pau school.

It is very comical to watch those in the penguin class. They fly up and down and in opposite directions, and sometimes seem almost to magnetize each other so that a collision is all but unavoidable. Then by the barest chance these fledglings keep from hitting and draw apart again, with their machines only three or four feet distant. There is a big hedge round the field at Avord, and sometimes these penguins go right through the hedge out onto the road. One day I watched a fellow who suddenly lost his head and forgot to shut off his motor. He went spinning right out through the bushes and down the highway for a joy ride.

They smash into the hangars, through the hedge, telescope other machines, dodging each other all over the *champs*. Going down and off the field is called a *cheval de bois*—wooden horse. The penguin machines with their clipped wings have elevating planes and rudders, the same as the machines that fly, but the motor is smaller and far less powerful.

The main field at Avord is two miles long and a mile wide. There are two or three fields in addition to the main one, and it is necessary to take camions or tractors to reach these. It is the biggest school in the world, and some say the worst, as far as accommodations go. The barracks are enormous—six rooms in a building, each holding from twenty-one to two dozen occupants.

About five Americans were in the penguin class with me. There were then six or seven hundred pupils in the entire school—including thirty Americans, a few South Americans, a Chinaman, two Japanese, and later many Russians. It was perfectly astounding to hear Lieutenant Moses speak to one student in Russian, then turn round and converse with a Jap in his own tongue. A moment later he would be speaking French or English.

After I had been there some time an American youngster was sent down from Paris by Doctor Groh, and he blandly informed us when he arrived that he had "come to take charge of the Americans." He had come to boss the Lafayette Flying Corps! Perhaps it was his manner or the way he said it, but springing it on us as he did was a *faux pas*. This being the case, as soon as he had his bed and blankets nicely moved in and had gone for a walk we threw his bed and bedding out. Some of the fellows had been in the school for three months and had objections to being bossed by a newcomer, particularly one who seemed lacking in tact and elementary principles of introducing oneself to strangers. We nicknamed him "Cutey."

Having Fun With Peewee

Down in one corner of the room there had been a very sick American boy who had been taken to the hospital. When a lot of Frenchmen smelled the disinfectant they asked me what the matter was, and I told them that Adams had been taken down with smallpox and diphtheria, and therefore the fumigation. You should have seen those Frenchmen clear out with their beds and belongings! So we told Cutey that if he wanted to stay he could move his bed into that fumigated corner, and that was what he had to do! He was about thirty years old, and turned out later to be a very likable fellow and a good friend of mine. He was a nonflyer, and to see the way he saluted the officers was something to laugh at. He had a way of shoving the flat of his hand forward.

There was a little Canadian there whom we nicknamed "Peewee" on account of his size. Peewee frequently came in noisily, and made a terrible racket. If he happened to be quiet someone would yell at him, "Hey, Peewee, shut up! For the love of Pete stop that noise! Keep quiet!" That would start him off on a display of verbal pyrotechnics. I slept in the corner, and he would always pick on me whether I had said a word or not. Once he threatened to beat me. There was not very much chance of his doing this, for I remember one day I hung him out of the window by his feet and held him there.

The camp was different from those of the American Army in that we could get all the wine we wanted. The French believe in plenty of wine for aviators; in fact, they say that "the three A's go together—alcohol, air and aviation."

Edward Loughran, another good old scout, who was killed in action, loved to enlist our coöperation in punishing Peewee. Ed was the one who invented the idea of scolding him for making so much noise when Peewee was silent or tolerably quiet. Peewee happened to remark one day that he would like to remove his bed to some other part of the building. He was tired of the same old location.

So Loughran took him at his word. The beds of course were not real beds. They were just hard, rough planks laid across two wooden horses and not even fastened together. Loughran got me to assist in the job of removing Peewee to a better place that night while Peewee snored. Each of us took one end of the bed and started out into the pitch-dark hall. Unexpectedly Ed stumbled, and I was startled, so that we both forgot all about Peewee, and down he went flat on the floor, boards and all!

The crash was enough to kill most people and it awakened everyone in the building—everyone except Peewee! He slept through it and stayed right where we had deposited him until morning.

Chuck Kerwood's Luck

Chuck Kerwood, of Philadelphia, had the biggest feet I ever saw. He was a tall, lanky fellow and full of crazy tricks. His habit of starting comedy by tripping over his own feet and then looking to see what was the matter was really funny. He would tease the life out of the French instructors—their lives weren't their own when he was round. He was formerly a newspaper man, and after various vicissitudes really learned to fly. When I left France he was pilot on a Bréguet bombing machine at the Front.

Chuck once broke up two machines in fifteen minutes, which was faster than they could be built. He told us he thought the factory ought to pay him a commission, because he helped them to sell new machines to the French Government so fast.

The funniest thing I ever saw Kerwood do was at Plessis-Belleville. He was flying one day and forgot to hold back and level out. Down he came with the nose of his plane stuck in the ground. He left the wreck standing there all day. The entire machine was shattered beyond repair. I walked across the field to see what had happened, and when he saw me he yelled out: "Oh, look! This is my monument!"

Somehow or other he never was reported, though; and whenever he got into any trouble always managed to wriggle his way out of it. I believe he is still doing his share over there, and if the boches ever capture him he will put up some job on them so that he can outwit them and slip back to our lines across No Man's Land.

Red Scanlon was a "card." He had been in the Foreign Legion since the beginning of the war. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and we often thought that was the reason for the peculiar accident that befell him. He was flying a Nieuport over a bakeshop one day when all of a sudden he dove right through the red-tile roof and stopped with the tail of the machine sticking out almost perpendicular with the roof. It was only a one-story building and we found the front end of the machine inside with its nose buried in the flour. We expected to pick Red up in pieces, but there he was, all whitened, climbing out of the cockpit. We accused him of "going after the dough."

Next day he went out, got up above the clouds, went into a *vrille*, and when he came out of it and started to straighten out his wheels were almost touching the ground.

Charley Trinkard was another boy who was well liked by everybody. He has since been killed. This boy had been in the Foreign Legion since the beginning of hostilities. Kerwood and he were very friendly, but I was always teasing him. I would say to him: "Why, you were never in the legion. You're not a soldier." That would get Charley highly indignant, and Kerwood would always side with him. He would egg him on by telling him: "Go ahead, I wouldn't stand for that. You are a soldier!"

Of course there was never any malice one way or the other, and we always teased him

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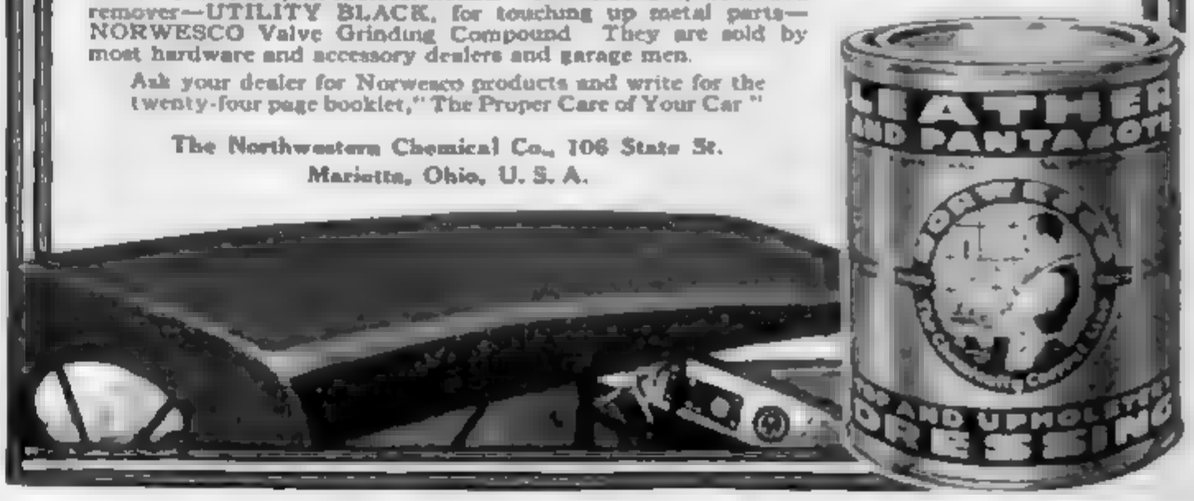

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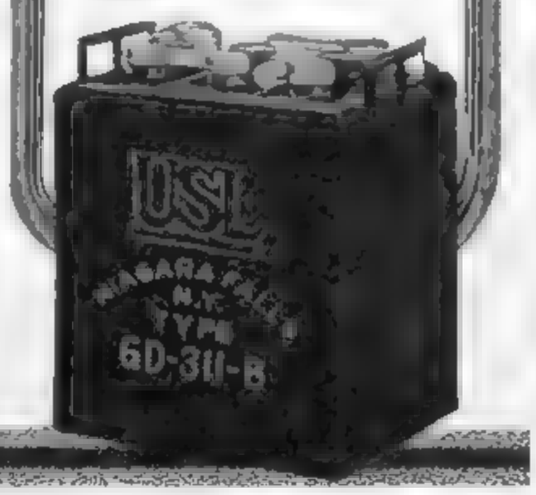

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in a spirit of fun. Trinkard was killed in some town where the Foreign Legion was encamped. He was showing his comrades one of the new tricks he could do, and went off into a wind slip, sliding off sideways at a sharp angle. He was killed instantly, and his old comrades buried him.

There was an instructor at Avord named Terrier, who had been one of the leading actors with the Opéra Comique and with some grand opera company in Petrograd, who was an interesting personality. He was a wonderful man and I understand had been a very fine actor. He liked the Americans and the Americans liked him. Like all Frenchmen he was very fiery. He would flare up in a temper, sputter round and rave, and then forget all about it the next minute. One day he told me: "If I say anything to you don't mind it. In five minutes I am all right again."

Some of the instructors are fine teachers; others though they may fly well are not good at pounding aviation into pupils, and these fellows are not very popular.

Of course the school would not have been complete without its million-dollar kid. Certainly he caused us no end of amusement and cut the gloom off some of our lonely nights. He was an American who had never seen America, wherefore we felt he was "more to be pitied than censored," as someone of the crowd remarked. His name was Peter Wilson, son of P. K. Wilson, and the last I heard of him he was in Marseilles. Having a French mother and an American father who lived abroad accounts for his never having seen the United States.

A strange yet commendable thing about Pete was that he had never learned to swear. Our escadrille, composed of the wildest Indians that ever sailed on an American passport, as well as gay Frenchmen, and adventure seekers and fighting men from other countries, was continually pervaded by an atmosphere of rough house and kidding and repartee well punctuated with cuss words. When the boys found out that Wilson could not understand what we were saying to him we simply had to educate him. He was forever getting into a fuss, and when someone would cuss him out he would ask one of his roommates to translate the joyous phrases for him.

Mild Discipline

Upon learning the precise meaning Wilson, who was always game, would proceed to start a "jam" and presently he would be chasing a couple of us all over the room. The beds, being raised only ten inches off the ground, made very inviting hurdles, and immediately we would be jumping from bed to bed, with Wilson after us. Whether the beds were occupied or not made but little difference, and as we would trample over the occupants they would strenuously object and probably get up and join in the mêlée. Boots, sabots, boxes, soap—all sorts of things—would go flying across the room; the jolliest sort of free fight.

Sometimes the French sergeant at arms would enter and politely request that the Americans "kindly be a little quieter"; but if a Frenchman was a principal in the fracas the sergeant would drag him off to the guardhouse.

Often we Americans used to get arrested for some form of devilment or other, but instead of being put into the guardhouse we were told that we were under arrest and to proceed with our work that day and report to the commandant at night. We would always go down and, when our names were called, report "present." Then we would slip out and go back to our barracks. I never knew of an American spending a single night in the guardhouse.

In the Blériot division there was an officer whom we dubbed "Lieutenant Evil Eye." Any time we happened to be loafing he was certain to spot us. He could always find us, and he would invariably scold. We were all supposed to do guard duty on certain nights. While I was in school I never did one night's guard duty. I would either get out of it by giving a mechanic two or three francs to do it for me or forget about it altogether. Usually I obtained a mechanic to take my place.

Four o'clock was the quaint morning hour at which they used to root us out of our hard board beds at Avord. Ordinarily it did not seem difficult to get up at this hour, but on rainy days it was anything but pleasant to go out and stand round in a drizzling downpour awaiting a turn at taking our lesson, for instruction went on, rain or shine. The boches do not stop fighting on a rainy day; therefore the making of aviators must not cease.

Then in connection with this early rising it must be remembered that they never gave us any breakfast. Not a bit! Two meals a day in the French Army. The first we had to eat each morn was at eleven-thirty—luncheon—after having worked all morning on an empty stomach in outdoor air that was made to produce appetites. Those of you who breakfast in bed, just pause to give this a moment's thought.

It was terrifically hard at first to get used to this sustenance arrangement; and to make matters worse the food was poor. The mess rooms, the tables, the tools to eat with and the tin plates were usually dirty and greasy. When the mess gong sounded there was always a grand scramble to get in and secure a place.

In view of the early rising hour, before long it was noticed that a large proportion of the students reported sick on stormy days. The rousing gong would go off and we would rise and peer out of the window. If wet weather greeted us, back under the blankets we would crawl, and when the orderly came to the door of our barrack room calling out "*Malades?*" some of us would give him our names to report us unfit for work. That meant that we might remain in bed until nine o'clock.

Cure for Stomach Ache

Stomach ache was one of the favorite indispositions, and as a rule the doctor would give us castor-oil pills. Upon leaving his office and starting down the road we used to throw these at each other. The doctor had such a huge supply that wasting a few pills would not matter. Of course we never swallowed them. The beauty of this little ruse was that often by nine o'clock the rain would have ceased.

The surgeon remarked one day that he could not understand why so many men were affected by the approach of damp days, and one morning after reporting *malade* I went to him and said "Stomach."

"*Eh bien, c'est facile!* We cure that ver' queekly, m'sieur." He smiled and introduced me to a large bottle containing some whitish crystals. He took a tall glass of water, tossed in about a tablespoonful of the crystals, stirred it and said: "*Buvez*, m'sieur—drink! *A votre santé!*"

My swallowing half of the glass did not satisfy him. With a peculiar twinkle in his eye he watched me and bawled at me until I had taken all of it. Then instead of permitting me to depart and possibly tip off the other boys he made me wait in an adjoining room. I at least had the amusement of knowing the others were getting what I received, for he gave the same prescription for headache, toothache, stomach ache, insomnia and anything else that might be affecting them.

It was a long while before I reported *malade* again.

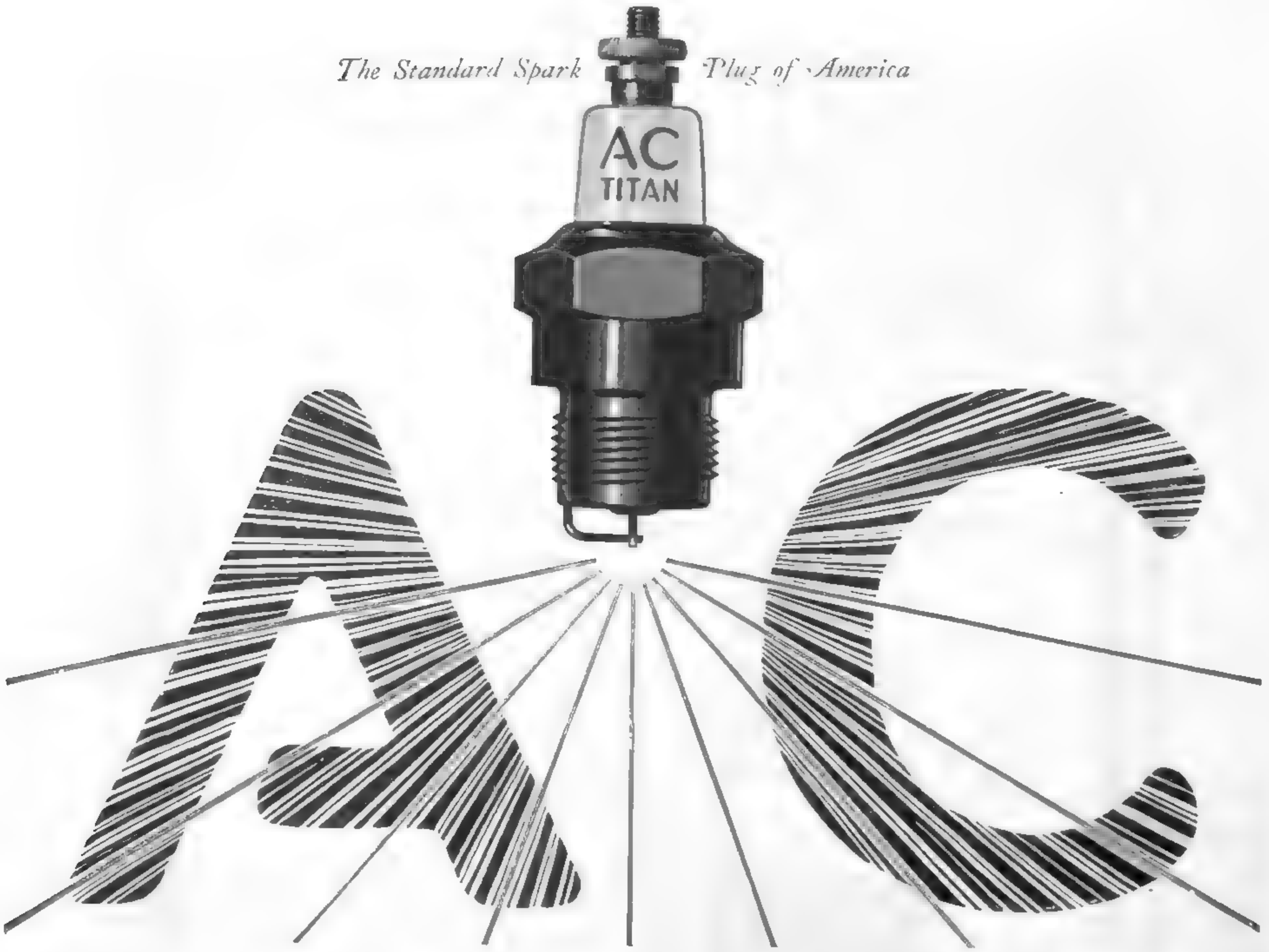
We were roused nightly by the most diabolical rats I ever saw. They were as big as good-size kittens and had the longest tails of any rodents in the world. Frequently they would bite us while we were asleep, and the mystery of it all was that none of us died through being bitten in the neck and having an artery severed, for they often tried to gnaw our necks. Seeing them play tag all over the beds was nothing out of the ordinary. Sometimes we could catch them and sling the beasts against the wall, but it had to be done quickly before they buckled and sank their teeth into our fingers. Hitting the wall invariably killed them.

I was breveted there and became a pilot. A pilot's pay was one franc twenty-five centimes a day; a day, not a minute; scarcely a Rockefeller job. Subsequently I became a corporal, at two francs forty-two centimes, and was called a *pilote aviateur*. When I returned to America, in March, 1918, the United States Government sent me income-tax blanks. One of these referred to something called "excess profits"—whatever they are.

It is when one becomes a *pilote aviateur* that he gets the idea he knows how to fly. He receives the silver wings for his collar. He is permitted to wear only one wing while a student, which is to signify that with one wing he cannot fly. After being breveted he receives the silver-and-gold insignia of a pilot—a wreath with two wings and a star above.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Sergeant Wright. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Standard Spark Plug of America



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They base their choice on exhaustive scientific tests made by their chief engineers in their laboratories.

Glance through the list of 93 manufacturers shown below. There you will recognize the name of practically every fine car made. Each one is plant-equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

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Yet more builders of fine cars chose AC than all others combined.

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Crane Simplex
Daniels
Davis
Deere Tractors
Delco-Light
Diamond T Trucks
Dodge Brothers
Dorris
Dort
Duesenbert Motors
Federal Trucks
Ford & Son Tractors
F W-D Trucks
Gabriel Trucks
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Lexington-Howard
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Locomobile
Marmon
Maytag
McFarlan
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Monroe
Moreland Trucks
Murray
Nash
National
Netco Trucks
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Oneida Trucks
Packard
Paige
Paterson
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
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Reo
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Samson Tractors
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Signal Trucks
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PURLS BEFORE SWINE

(Continued from Page 7)

the whole regt. is out of step but you." So the rest of them give him the laugh but he can't take a joke no matter how good it is so he says "I haven't heard that one since they fought with spears." So I said "You get in step and show a little life or I'll spear you."

Well its all over now any way and I don't suppose they will send us out again till theys a big blizzard or something and then they will march us to Canada or somewheres for a little work out.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP GRANT, Dec. 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I got some big news for you. The govt. have changed their plans all around and decided after this to send the best men from the national army to fill up the national guards and that means theys a big bunch of us leaveing soon for Camp Logan down in Texas and the officers say we musent spill nothing about it that is when we are going because if the pro German spys ever found out that our bunch was going down there they would spread the rails and turn switches on us and probably put torpedos on the track or something. So all as I can say is that you won't hear from me here no more and I can't tell you what units we will be in because we haven't got no official notice yet and all as I know is what some of the boys heard that we would be in Col. House's regt. I thought when I 1st. heard the news that it meant we would be starting for France pretty quick and of course I didn't stop to think that they have closed up navigations for the winter.

Well Al I am glad we are going somewheres for the winter where it isn't so dam cold and of course I don't like to be so far away from home but maybe Florrie can get away and come down there and join me for a while and I am going to have a few hours off any way to say good bye to little Al and she and I wish I could see you and Bertha before I go especially you but theys no chance so good bye and good luck to you and I will write when I can.

I just happened to think Al that Camp Logan is in Texas and thats where that little girl lives but you can bet I won't leave her know where I am because in the 1st. place she would probably be just crazy enough to want to see me or something and besides I wrote her a farewell note yesterday and asked her wouldn't she send me her picture because I thought that would make her feel a little happier to think I wanted her picture even if we don't keep on writeing letters and I don't care if she sends it or not and any way if she sent it up here I will probably be gone before that time.

Well Al I will be kind of sorry to leave Camp Grant where all and all we have had a pretty good time and I guess Gen. Martin and them will be sorry to see our bunch duck out and they will have a fine bunch left when we go but I am glad we won't freeze to death this winter and besides that they tell me the national guards is shy of officers and maybe I may not stay a corporal long after I get there but will get something bigger though a corporal can't be sneezed at.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP LOGAN, Dec. 14.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal here we are in sunny Texas and its been pretty cold so far but nothing like it was up at Camp Grant and of course it don't never get as cold here as up there on acct. of this being further south.

Well nothing happened to us on the way down though of course it would of been good night nurse if it had of got out what road we come on and when we left and even at that we seen some bad eggs at several different stations that looked like Germans that might of tried to pull something if they had a chance but we watched them like a hawk and they was scared to make a false move.

Well Al what do you think they have made Shorty Lahey a sargent down here only thank god he isn't in my Co. or I would be up in front of the court's marshall for murder. But him being a sargent shows they must of been pretty hard up and you can bet they was tickled to death to see our bunch roll in. Well Al if he can get a sargent I will be a gen. in a month. He says to me yesterday he says "Well old sport I wish they had of put you in my Co. and you would do the rest of your drilling with a dish towel." So I said "Yes I would."

Well after thinking it over a while I decided I better write to the little girl and tell her where I was at because I asked her in my farewell note for her to send me her picture of herself and if she sent it up to Camp Grant maybe 1 of them rummys might get a hold of it and open it up and then write back to the girl and kid her about it and I figured maybe if I let her know I was down here that maybe she hadn't sent the picture up there yet. But I didn't give her no encouragement to write to me here and all I said was that if she ever happened to be in Houston and I happened to be in town on leave maybe we might run into each other but I just said that jokeingly because her town is about a 100 miles from here and what would she be doing a 100 miles from home and besides even if I seen her on the st. I doubt if I would know her though I generally almost always remember faces though I can't always remember their names. But if she seen me and spoke to me I would pretend like I didn't hear her and duck because it would only make it tougher for her to talk to me because I would have to tell her the truth. But I guess its all over between us now and any way I hope so.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP LOGAN, Dec. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I am up against a funny proposition now and it isn't so dam funny at that. Here is a letter I received this A.M. from that girlie. I will copy it down.

"Soldier Boy, so we are going to meet at last. Yes we are, that is if you want it to happen. My aunt in Houston has been wanting me to come there for months, but not till now have I really wanted to. You know why I do now, don't you Soldier Boy? You say it is easier for you to get off Sundays. All right. Will you meet me in the lobby of the Rice Hotel a week from today at one in the afternoon. I will let you take me to dinner and we can talk things over. We have a lot to say to each other, haven't we Soldier Boy? Write me at once and say you will meet me. I can hardly wait to get your reply and if you disappoint me I will do something to make you sorry. But you won't will you? I am just finishing your sweater and will bring it to you."

Well Al when the letter come I had a notion to write to her back and tell her to not come but in her letter she said she would do something to make me sorry and I am afraid of what she would do and if she done something rash I would feel like it was my fault and besides if she has got a sweater pretty near made for me it would be kind of mean to of made her do all that work for nothing and besides a man needs a sweater a lot of times even down here and I was going to buy one because I didn't have no idear she was makeing one for me. So I figure the best way to do is to tell her I will meet her and I will take her somewheres to dinner and while we are at dinner I can tell her the truth about me being married and it will be much better to tell her to her face then write it in a letter because it would sound pretty hard in black and white but the only thing is we have got to find some quite spot so as if she makes a seen or something they won't be no crowd around to pop their eyes out at us. But I hope she is a game bird and will take it O.K. and I'm sorry now I didn't tell her in the 1st. place and I wish she wasn't comeing and I sometimes wish I was a little scrimp or ugly so as a girl wouldn't look at me twice and between you and I Al it isn't all a bed of roses to be like I am.

I will write and tell you how I come out but I am to exited to write any more now and I wish they was some way I could get out of it all without leaveing no scars.

Your pal, JACK.

HOUSTON, TEX., Dec. 24.

FRIEND AL: I bet you will pop your eyes out when you read this letter and read what I got to tell you. I will begin at the beginning and tell you what come off so as you will know what come off.

Saturday I pretty near made up my mind that it would be better for me to not see Miss Chase so when I asked for leave for yesterday I hoped they wouldn't give

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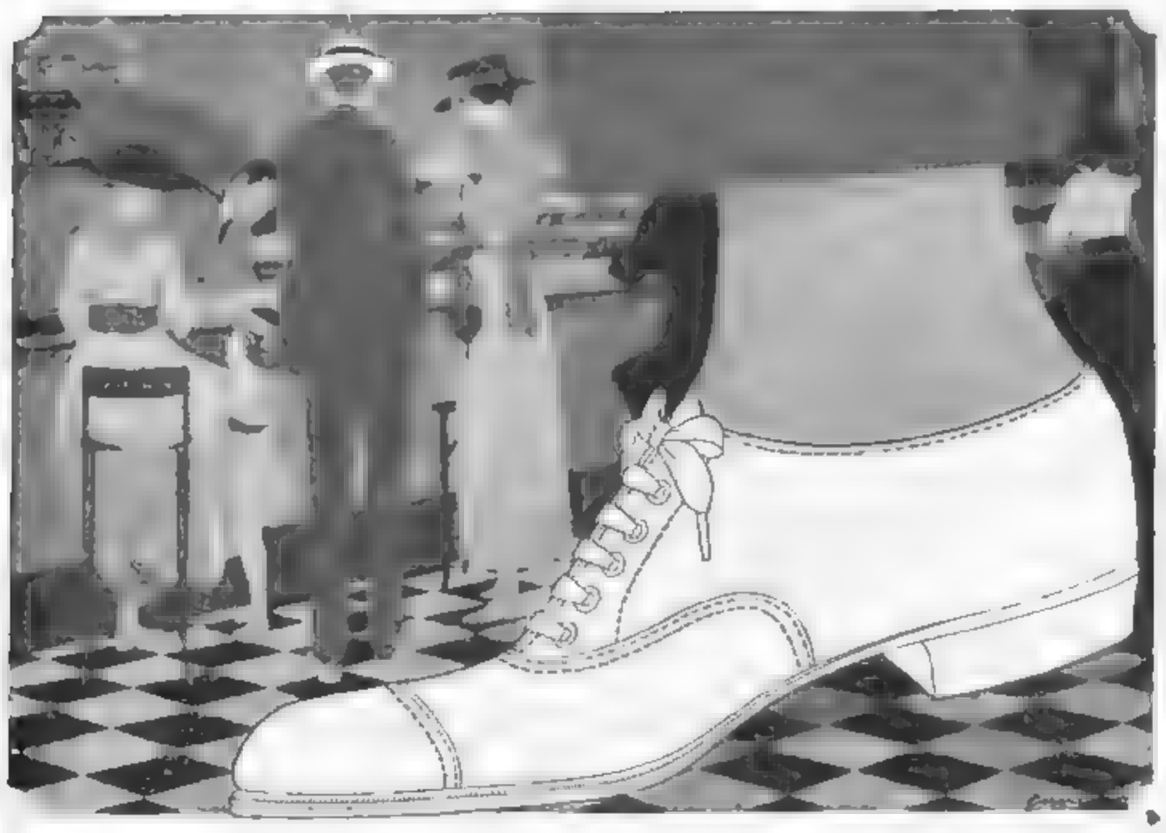

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it to me but they give it to me O.K. so I had to come or it would look funny. Well I come into the Rice at about 5 min. to 1 and looked around the lobby and they was only one woman that was alone and she was old about 35 and I looked around and couldn't see no girl that looked like they was waiting for somebody, and while I was looking this woman I seen seen me and come over to where I was standing. Well Al I thought sure it was the girl's aunt and she had heard about our date and was going to raise h—ll or something. Well this woman come up and says wasn't I Corporal Keefe. Well I didn't know what to say and I kind of stalled and she says "Was you expecting to meet some one here?" So I said "Yes I was looking for a man." So then she kind of smirked and says "Well I was expecting to meet a man to and I thought you was him." So I said "No I guess you have got the wrong bird."

Well Al everything would of been O.K. and I could of got away O.K. only just when I had her beleiveing it wasn't me who should come up but Lefty Kramer that pitchs in the Texas League and lives here and instead of him just saying "Hello Jack" of course he had to say "Well if here ain't old Jack Keefe" and then it was good night. Well I suppose I turned into all the colors of the rainbow and I didn't know what to say and then Lefty asked right out loud if I wasn't going to introduce him to the lady and she spoke up and said her name, Miss Chase and then I had to say something so I said "Oh I didn't know you was really Miss Chase or I would of acted different but I thought you was somebody else." So she kind of give a funny smile and says "Yes you did" and then all of a sudden I heard little Al's voice right behind hollering "There's daddy" and I looked around and it was Florrie and little Al.

Well Al Florrie come up and kissed me right in front of the whole hotel and the next thing I know the 3 of us was away from Kramer and the dame and Florrie was telling me how she had came down to give me a Xmas supprise and she is going to stay about 3 wks. and spend some of the time with her sister over in Beaumont.

Well I took a look just as we was going up in the elevator and Miss Chase was still standing there yet with Kramer and she was looking right at me and I couldn't help from feeling sorry for her the way she looked but a woman her age should ought to know more then start writeing letters to a guy she never seen and maybe this will learn her a lesson and I suppose she can give her sweater to somebody else and maybe Kramer has got it by this time but what he ought to have is a wallop in the jaw for butting in but what can you expect from a left-hander.

Well Al I have got a leave off for over Xmas and I am writeing this letter while Florrie is out shopping and she asked me what I wanted for Xmas and I told her a sweater so I won't loose out after all.

Your pal, JACK.

CAMP LOGAN, Jan. 5.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this may be the last time you will ever hear from me or at least for a long time and maybe never. I'm going over there old pal and something tells me I won't never come back.

I can't tell you what I am going with or when we go or where we sail from because they won't leave us give out none of that dope and all as I can say is that about 30 of us has been picked to fill up a unit and we leave here tomorrow and meet them at the place where we sail from. Well Al its a big honor to be 1 of the men picked and it means they have got a lot of confidence in me and you can bet they are not sending no riff and raff over there but just picked men and I will show them they didn't make no mistake in chooseing me.

But its mighty tough to leave Florrie and little Al and I thought Florrie would break her heart when I told her and no wonder. But when its a question of duty I am not the kind that would back out and Florrie wouldn't want me to but its hard all the same.

Well Al I can't waist no more time writeing to you and I am going to meet Florrie in Houston in a little while and it may be for the last time so I will say good bye to you now and say good bye to Bertha for me and she ought to be thankfull she has got a husband that stayed at home and didn't enlist. And if we have good luck and nothing happens to us I will write you once in a while from the other side.

Your pal, JACK.

THE CLOWN OF THE PRAIRIES—By Enos A. Mills

NINE healthy coyote puppies were playing in the sunshine with all their might. After days of searching I had at last discovered their den. The puppies had not noticed me and I enjoyed watching their training for the game of life. They wrestled, played at fighting, rolled over and over, bit at one another's feet and tails; and occasionally all mixed in one merry heap.

Their mother came along the hillside above the den and walked back and forth on the sky line, where I could not miss seeing her. Then she came nearer and passed within thirty or forty feet of me. I kept my eyes upon the puppies and pretended not to see their mother. She turned and passed still closer to me. This time she was limping badly on one forefoot and holding up one hind foot. She was making every effort to have me follow her—to lure me away from her home and her puppies.

A moving object down the slope caught the attention of the puppies. As soon as they made out what this was they scampered racing away. Going only a short distance, they sat down, as though at a dead line. Evidently there is a small zone of safety surrounding the den, beyond which the puppies are not allowed to go. At this moment Mister Coyote appeared, from down the slope, with a jack rabbit in his jaws. He was coming quickly along and had not suspected my presence. How eagerly the puppies watched him! As he came up they commenced snapping and tearing at the rabbit he carried. Mrs. Coyote hastily joined them, and all scurried into the den. The following morning the den was deserted. It is common for coyotes to move their puppies promptly to another den when they are discovered.

Another mother coyote decoyed me into watching a vacant den. Her children were in a den a quarter of a mile away. In carrying food to them she went out of her way to enter the vacant den; then she left this by a different entrance and proceeded by a circuitous route to the waiting puppies. Both of the old coyotes hunt and carry food to the den for their puppies.

Repeatedly I have seen a mother or a father coyote lure a hunter or trapper away from the den or spot where the young were hidden. I have also seen one or more coyotes stay near a crippled coyote as though taking care of him, and endeavor to lure away any hunter who approached.

Someone has said that a beautiful coyote hide wraps up more deviltry than any other hide of equal dimensions stretched over an animated form. His successful cunning and his relentless ways of getting a living cause him to be cursed by those he plunders; but he is always interesting and appears to enjoy life, even in the midst of lean times. He has a liking for action and adventure. He really is a happy fellow; something of a cynical philosopher, and full of wit. The black bear has been called the Happy Hooligan of the Woods. The coyote is the Clown of the Prairies.

He is wise, cynical, and a good actor. I have seen him look at a deserted and tumble-down building and strike an attitude of mockery at the failures of man. Sometimes he catches a chicken while the family is away; and, carrying this to the back porch, he leaves the unconsumed feathers there. Twice a coyote raided a settler's henroost and each time left the feathers near my camp. I was ordered out of the country!

Once I tried for more than half a day to get a picture of a coyote. He appeared to know that I was unarmed and harmless, and allowed me to approach moderately close, but not quite close enough. At last he lay down by a cliff and pretended to go to sleep. When I came almost near enough

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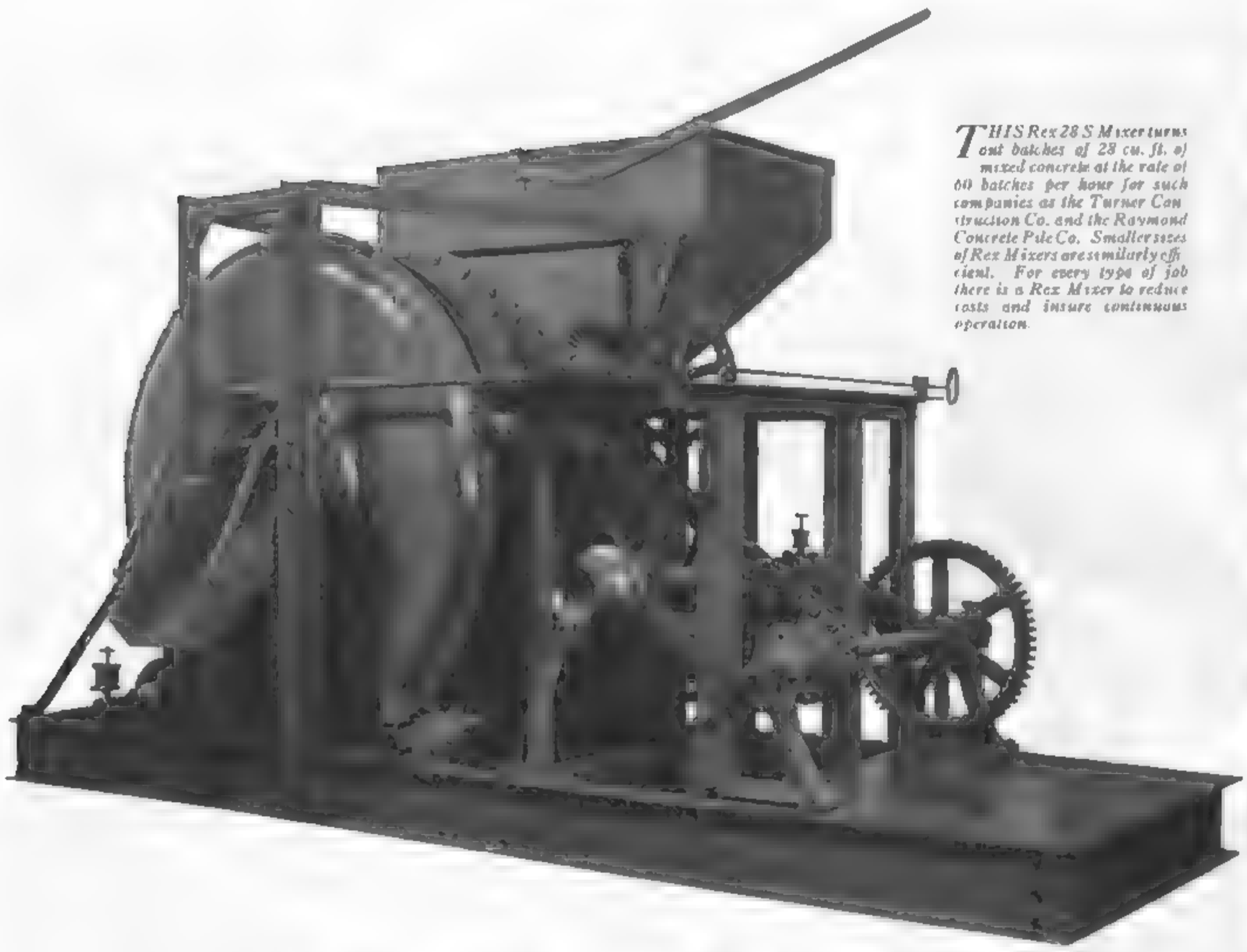

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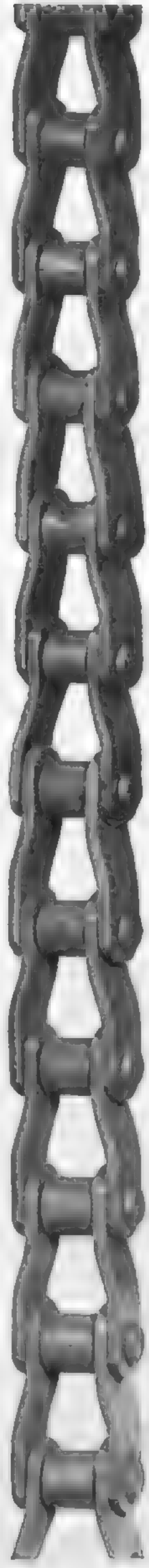

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Continued from Page 42

to photograph him he rose, looked at me, yawned as though bored, and ran away. A common prank of his is to lure a dog from a camp or ranch to a point where the coyote is safe; then he pounces upon the dog and chases him back in confusion.

As I sat one day on a hillside, watching the antics of some calves among a herd of cattle, two coyotes trotted into the scene. They caused no alarm and did not receive even a second look from the cattle. Slowly and knowingly the coyotes walked here and there among them, as though selecting a victim or looking for one whose days were numbered. Near me was a crippled old cow that plainly did not have long to live. The instant the coyotes came within view of her one of them sat down, plainly satisfied with the outlook; and the other lay down with the easy contemptuous air of a cynic before a waiting feast. To add to the effectiveness of the scene a number of magpies, which usually are watchful enough to arrive first at any promised feast, joined them.

On an Arizona desert I saw two coyotes walking along apparently without any heads. What scheme are they up to now? was my first thought as I stood looking at this magic scene. But off on the desert was a suspended lake mirage. Two coyotes appeared just beneath the near edge, their heads completely lost in the mirage, their headless bodies walking—a most startling exhibit, even for a desert.

The coyote has a peculiar mental make-up. He has all the keen alertness of the wolf and the audacious cunning of the fox. His fox-like face at times takes on a serio-comic expression. At other times he has a most expectant look as he sits and watches, or listens, with head tilted on one side and sharp ears pointing slightly forward. He has actions, characteristics and attitudes that make him excel even the fox for the purposes of fable making.

There are numerous Indian myths concerning the coyote; in fact, he takes the place the fox has in primitive European folklore. Numerous tribes pay the coyote tribute in daily food. Their belief accredits him with the audacity and the cunning to seize fire from forbidden sources and deliver this enduring comfort to the fireless red men. Among most Indian tribes he is regarded with favor. Many Indian dogs are descendants of the coyote.

The coyote is a small, fleet-footed, keen-witted animal, tawny or yellowish brown in color. He is, of course, a wolf; but he is only a little more than half the weight of his large relative, the gray wolf. Originally he was scattered all over North America; but he has been exterminated in extensive areas. There are but few coyotes left in other sections, and they are now common only in the Southwest and Northwest. Though scientifically classified into a number of species and subspecies, they are very much alike in color and habit.

Fleet and Clever

The home range of a coyote is rarely ten miles across. On the margin of mountains sometimes it is twice this. In many localities a pair will have three or four square miles to themselves; in other localities there are a few pairs to the square mile. An organized coyote drive near Greeley, Colorado, a few years ago, swept over fifteen square miles and woke up thirty-four coyotes.

Coyotes commonly hunt in pairs—the male and the female; though each often hunts separately. They probably mate for life. They are said to live from eight to fifteen years. I kept track of one for eight years, and he appeared mature when I first met him and showed no signs of decay when I last saw him.

The coyote usually lies up in a den when not hunting; but at times he simply hides in underbrush or in ravines. A den I measured lay nearly four feet below the surface and had a length of fourteen feet. It was expanded into a roomlike place near the farther end and there were a number of small pockets extending from it. The den may be made by the coyotes themselves or it may be the den of a badger, which they have reshaped. Occasionally they take advantage of cavelike places between large stones. The den commonly is in an out-of-the-way place and the entrance to it is concealed by stones or bushes.

They often have three or more dens. A change of dens is probably helpful in keeping down parasites, and I am certain that their use of more than one den confuses and defeats their pursuers. Many a man has dug into a coyote's den and found it empty when only the day before he had seen it used by the entire family.

The young are born in April or May in litters of from five to ten. They grow rapidly and in a few weeks show all the cunning ways and playfulness of puppies When safe they spend hours outside the den, wrestling, digging or sleeping in the sun. In two dens I examined, each youngster had a separate compartment or pocket for himself; and, judging from claw marks, probably he had dug this himself. In July the youngsters are taken out into the world, where they learn the tactics of wresting a living from the fields.

The coyote is a swift runner and easily outstrips the gray wolf. The average horse cannot catch him and probably the greyhound is the only dog that can overtake him. Swift as he is, however, the jack rabbit and the antelope leave him behind.

Coyotes often hunt in pairs and occasionally in packs. When hunting in pairs one will leisurely hunt, or pretend to be hunting, in plain view of a prairie dog or other animal. While this active coyote holds the attention of the victim the other slips close and rushes or springs upon it. They often save their legs and their lives with their brains; they succeed by stealth instead of sheer physical endurance.

The Coyote's Varied Diet

Antelopes, rabbits and other animals are frequently captured by several coyotes taking part in the chase. Commonly they scatter in a rude circle and run in relays. Those near the place toward which the animal is running lie in concealment close to the probable course of the pursued. As the victim weakens all unite to pull it down and are present at the feast.

They are not always successful, however I have seen jack rabbits break the circle and escape across the prairie. Two pursuing coyotes quickly gave up the race with an antelope when it turned at a sharp angle and struck off at increased speed. A deer, which several coyotes had frightened into running, suddenly stopped in a little opening surrounded by bushes. Here he put up such an effective and successful fight that two of the attackers received broken ribs and the others drew off.

An antelope on the Wyoming plains started several times for water, but, without reaching it, turned and hurried back to the starting place. Going closer I discovered that she had a young fawn with her This was being watched by a near-by coyote. A part of the time he lay near. If the antelope drove him off he at once returned and paced back and forth dangerously near the fawn. Some animal had already secured one of her fawns, and I fear the coyote wore the mother out and feasted on the other.

The gray wolf often kills wantonly—kills for fun, when food is not needed. Rarely, I think, does the coyote do this. In times of plenty he becomes an actor and gives plays and concerts; but if fate provides an excess of food he is likely to cache or store it A miner lost half a sheep from his pack horse. Half an hour later I went along his trail and discovered a coyote burying a part of this, covering it by means of his nose, like a dog. He had eaten to roundness and had nothing in his outlines to suggest the lean wolf.

He eats about everything that has any food value—meat, fruit, grasses and vegetables in all stages of greenness and ripeness. He has the bad habit of killing young big game; capturing birds and robbing their nests; raiding barnyards for chickens, ducks and turkeys; and sometimes he feeds on sheep and occasionally kills a calf. Often he catches a fish or frog, eats roots, tender shoots, or has a feast of fruit or melons

The coyote is wise enough to keep near the trail and camp of hunters and trappers Here he gets many a rich meal, and sometimes a feast of camp scraps and cast-off parts of killed animals. I have known him to travel with a mountain lion and to follow the trail of a bear. In certain localities the chipmunks retire in autumn to their holes, fat and drowsy, and temporarily fall into a heavy sleep. Before the earth is frozen they are energetically dug out by the coyotes But this is only one of the many useful bits of natural history known and made use of by the coyote.

Settlers hold them in check by shooting, trapping, and poisoning, through organized

(Concluded on Page 47)

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

A dry throat needs no bugle-call. It wants a Thirst Quencher, and wants it quick. In cantonment or cafe, in the home or aboard yacht, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale deals swift, sure defeat to thirst. Made of pure juices of lemons and limes, pure cane sugar, pure Jamaica ginger, and crystal-clear spring water. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist.

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HAYNES

On the Eve of the Haynes Silver Anniversary

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That car is the pioneer Haynes. It represents the initial year's output of America's oldest and longest experienced automobile makers — Haynes.

Next month commemorates the Silver Anniversary of its inception. The Haynes is America's first car to have survived a quarter-century of Time's pitiless tests.

Haynes "Light Sixes" and "Light Twelves" are the matured products of this unparalleled success.

Time discovers truth. It has verified the Haynes.

Haynes dealers invite inspection of the Open Cars, Roadsters, Sedans, Town Cars and Coupés in "Light Six" and "Light Twelve" models. Catalog on request.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

40 South Main Street *Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.*

Fourdore

"The Prettiest Four-Passenger Roadster"

(Concluded from Page 44)

drives, by fencing, and—most successful of all—by searching out the den before the young leave it. Skillful watching of the dens often enables them to shoot the old ones and secure the young. Trapping or shooting them requires more skill than the average person possesses, as coyotes quickly become wise with experience and appear to be able to communicate warning information to one another.

But the coyote's food habits are not all bad. At some time in every locality, and in a few localities at all times, he has a high rank in economic biology, and may be said to coöperate silently with the settlers in eradicating damaging pests. He is especially useful in fruit-growing sections. He is at the head of the list of mouse-catching animals. He is a successful ratter, and is the terror of prairie dogs, ground squirrels and rabbits.

If scavengers are helpful, then he is a useful member of society. He has a liking for carcasses, no matter how smelly or ancient. I once saw a coyote feeding on a dead mule, along with ravens and buzzards. He did appear to be a trifle ashamed of his companions; for, though he seeks adventure and is almost a soldier of fortune, he has a pride that does not sanction indiscriminate associates.

He is commonly considered a coward; but this does not appear to be a proper classification of his characteristics. Being shy and cautious is the very price of his existence. He displays both courage and fighting blood whenever there is anything to be gained by such display. Rarely is it cowardly to avoid being a target for the deadly long-range rifle or to slip away from an attack by dogs at overwhelming odds. Recklessness and rashness do not constitute bravery.

The coyote constantly uses his wits. In a Utah desert I often saw him watching the flights of buzzards. If the buzzards came down, the coyote made haste to be among those at the feast. In returning from a far-off expedition on plain or desert he seems to be guided by landmarks; appears to recognize striking objects seen before and to use them as guideposts.

That he is mentally above the average animal is shown in the quickness with which he adjusts himself to changes, or to the demands of his environment. If constantly pursued with gun, dogs and traps he is ever most wary; but if no one in the neighborhood attempts to swat him he shows himself at close range, and is often bold.

Near Cañon City, Colorado, an apple grower showed me a three-legged coyote that used his orchard. The coyote had been about for four or five years and was quite tame. He was fed on scraps and was wise enough to stay in the small zone of safety round the house.

But the coyote never forgets. His keen senses and keen wits appear to be always awake, even though surroundings have long been friendly. For a time I stayed at an isolated cattle ranch upon which hunting was forbidden. While the men were mowing hay a number of coyotes came down into the meadow and caught numerous mice, which the mowing disturbed and uncovered. They were very much like blackbirds behind a friendly plowman.

But one day a man carrying a gun strolled into the field. While he was still a quarter of a mile away they became watchful and alarmed. To me the appearance of the man and gun differed little from that of the men carrying pitchforks; but the wise coyotes either scented or could distinguish the gun. Presently all hurried away. While the gunner remained, at least one of the coyotes sat where he could overlook the field. But all came strolling back within a few minutes after he left.

In Western Wyoming, not far from a ranch house, were three small hills. On these the wolves and coyotes frequently gathered and howled. One day a number of traps were set on each of these hills. That evening the wolves and coyotes had their usual serenade; but they gathered in the depressions between the hills. Quickly they adjusted themselves to the new conditions, with "Safety first!" always the determining factor.

The coyote has a remarkable voice. It gives him a picturesque part. Most of his spoken efforts are in the early evening; rarely in early morning. Often a number, in a pack or widely separated, will engage in a concert. This is a concert of clowns. In it are varying and changing voices; and the breaks in the evening song are filled with startling ventriloquistic effects. The voice is thrown in many directions and over varying distances at once, so that the sounds are multiplied, and the efforts of two or three coyotes seem like those of a numerous and scattered pack.

However, the coyote uses his voice for other things than pleasure. He has a dialect with which he signals his fellows; he warns them of dangers and tells of opportunities; he asks for information and calls for assistance. He is constantly saving himself from danger or securing his needed food by cooperating with his fellows. These united efforts are largely possible through his ability to express the situation with voice and tongue.

Through repetition a coyote's signals are ofttimes sent for miles. A leader mounts a lonely butte and proclaims his orders over the silent prairie. This proclamation is answered by repeating coyotes a mile or more away. Farther away, at all points of the compass, it is repeated by others. And so, within a fraction of a minute, most of the coyotes within a radius of miles have the latest news or the latest orders.

Sometimes the stratum of air above the prairie is a mellow sounding board; it clearly and unresistingly transmits these wild wireless calls far across the ravines and hills of the prairie. The clear notes of a single coyote often ring distinctly across a radius of two or three miles. When groups congregate in valley concerts all the air between the near and the far-off hills vibrates with the wild varying melody. This may reach a climax in a roar like the wind; then break up into a many-voiced yelping.

I love to hear the shoutings and the far-off cries of the coyote. These elemental notes are those of pure gladness and wildness. To me they are not melancholy. Their rollicking concerts remind me of the merry efforts of live boys.

The calls of the coyote have a distinct place in the strangeness of the Great Plains. If the coyote should cease to sound across the prairies their wildness would be gone.

THE DESERT FRONT

(Continued from Page 13)

into one's flesh and irritates everlastingly. Even so, the dusty autumn, with its cool days and restful nights, is greatly to be preferred to the ensuing short season when the penetrating chill of a particularly disagreeable winter is accompanied by deluge after deluge of wind-driven rain which turns the dust into a sea of a peculiarly Mesopotamian variety of glutinous mud—mud that clings to whatever it touches and by miring man, beast and vehicle clogs the progress of every kind of enterprise.

Not a pleasant country any way you consider it, one might say. Yet, strangely enough, it is a country of infinite variation, and its charm is a subtle, alluring something beyond one's power to describe—a something that inevitably "gets" every foreigner who comes into intimate contact with it.

Fortunately for the British troops, their first operations in Mesopotamia were carried out during the winter months. Had it been earlier in the year there probably would have been more deaths among them from sunstroke and fever than from Turkish lead. But, as it was, they had only to contend against such conditions as are brought about by lack of shelter, inadequate supply transport, adhesive mud or ankle-deep slush and an almost continuous downpour. There are officers in Mesopotamia now who came in with the first expedition, who have been through the whole big show and expect to see it through to the end. And these men like to tell the story of the first landing.

The force came up from India—one brigade and two mountain batteries—in four troopships, which anchored on October 23, 1914, off the island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. The general supposition was that this force had been sent to guard the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's properties at Abadan, but as England was not yet at war with Turkey nobody knew definitely against what or whom. The ships lay at Bahrein

(Continued on Page 49)

Tongue and Macaroni Croquettes—*Delicious!*

JUST you try one—you'll echo "delicious" too!

2 cups boiled macaroni, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup thick cream sauce, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon onion juice and a large can of Underwood Deviled Tongue

Chop macaroni fine and mix with tongue and cream sauce and seasonings. Shape into croquettes, roll in egg and crumbs, and fry quickly in deep hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce, or white sauce seasoned with tomato.

Tongue is one of the few meats not classed an "essential" to feed our armies. Therefore, you can eat Underwood Deviled Tongue "Without a Guilty Conscience."

Choice tongues cooked to tempting tenderness, chopped fine and mingled with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices. Like

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

you use it in many ways—in sandwiches, omelets, salads, etc. These delicious recipes are contained in the *free booklet*

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES"

Write for it today, mentioning your grocer's name. And order Underwood Deviled Tongue from your grocer to try. If he has not been supplied, send us his name and 20c for economical can making 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

WM. UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 52 FULTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Tongue

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

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You have no notes to meet — your customers pay us off. No obligations as to time or volume—You can quit any time.

Some FOUR BILLION Dollars will be needed in June to pay Income and Excess Profits Taxes. High prices, embargoes, uncertain deliveries, etc., also have greatly increased the demand for money, to say nothing of the Liberty Loan, Red Cross Campaign, etc.

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If all of your customers discounted your bills in June you would doubtless have ample money for your needs. The discounts to which they would be entitled would no doubt be much more than our charge for carrying their accounts for you, without their knowledge. You collect their accounts as usual, for us.

Why not sell us $5,000 to $250,000 or more of your accounts and not disturb your other resources? The total cost is only 1-30 of 1% per day (1% a month) on the face of accounts from date of our purchase until paid, plus $5.00 a $1,000 only on the first $100,000 within a year. No Interest, Commission, or Exchange.

In 1917 **$20,134,577.83** of our volume of **$51,078,171.11** came from Manufacturers and Wholesalers rated **$100,000** to over **$1,000,000.** We solicit a trial, NOW.

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Under All Circumstances, Dr. Lyon's and Careful, Particular People Go Together

THE importance of starting right and keeping right is more apparent to more people every day in the selection of their dentifrice. Men and women everywhere are making the point that—the *safe* dentifrice is always the *best*—that in the use of DR. LYON'S they are protected from any possible *misapplication* of strong drugs.

That is why dentists use and recommend DR. LYON'S and millions of refined, careful people select it for their own and their children's use. DR. LYON'S cleans the teeth *safely*, thoroughly, pleasantly. Combined with its other remarkable qualities is another, of great merit today—it is economical.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

Dr. Lyon, a practicing dentist, was ***first*** to introduce a dentifrice that made fine, clean teeth possible;—and white, fine teeth at once became fashionable.

Dr. Lyon was also ***first*** to advise people to keep their teeth thoroughly clean with a safe dentifrice and visit the dentist twice a year for expert examination.

Dr. Lyon was ***first*** to advise taking children to the dentist when the second teeth are coming in so that the final set may be regulated into fine, even rows.

Dr. Lyon, knowing tooth structure, recognized that medication should be left to the dentists—not to the dentifrice—and ***first*** urged this vital rule of safety.

Sample sent on receipt of six cents.

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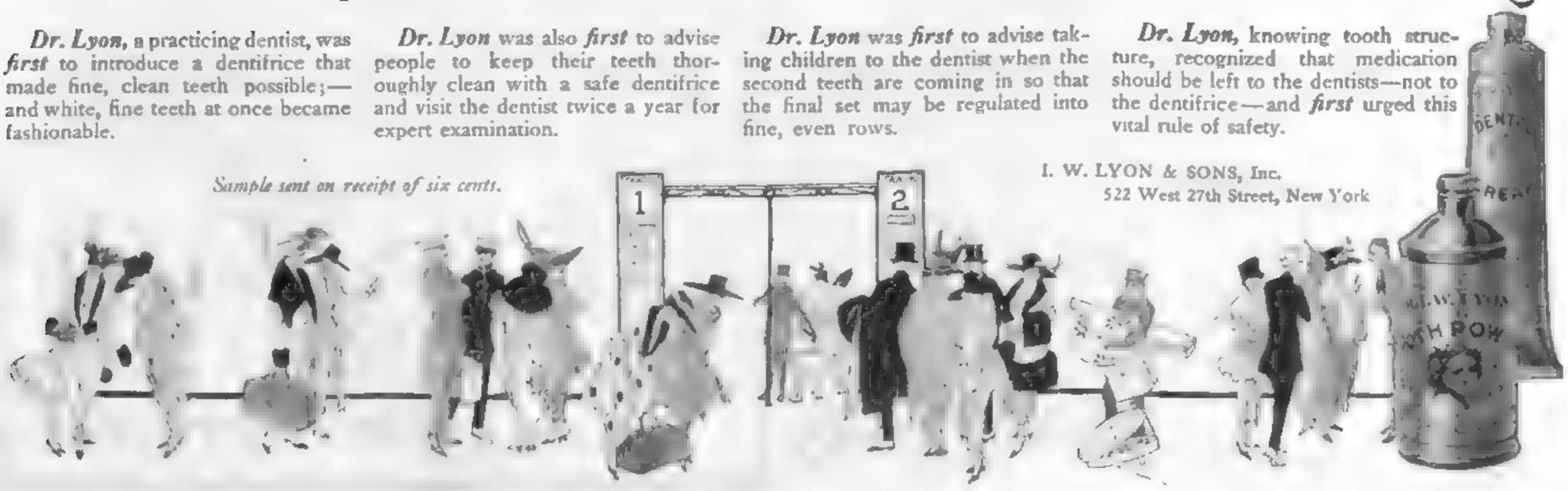

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until the first of November, and without a line of news from the outside world; at a time, too, when the world was thrilling with the most important events in all history. The officers passed the time expressing to each other their disgust and exasperation, going through unsatisfactory landing drills, dealing with discontent among the crews and writing in little notebooks luridly vituperative accounts of their various tribulations. I have read some of these invaluably historical little notebooks; else how should I know all this? I was not there.

Eventually—just when one young officer was writing an essay unfit for publication about "a hateful blank page in our lives"—came the news of the declaration of war between Turkey and England, along with an order to move on up the gulf and occupy Fao, a fortified town at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab. Something doing at last, said they, and they executed the order on schedule time. A landing was effected at Fao on the sixth of November, and the Turks, after a brief resistance, cleared out and started on their long retreat to the north—a retreat that has continued at intervals until a distance of between seven and eight hundred miles has been put behind the British lines.

As it is spoken of in a casual way nowadays, the British advance from Fao on up to Basra sounds as though it might have been an easy performance. It was not. It was the modern Briton's first encounter with Mesopotamian difficulties, and knowing practically nothing about them he could only meet them pell-mell and take the consequences. The advance had to be made through closely set date plantations hung for miles on end with entangling grapevines and intersected by innumerable unbridged creeks and ditches. The whole country was a morass, while down along the river bank were great salt mud flats that are always deeply flooded at high tide. The Turks fought from ambush, behind the thick boles of palms, from under the banks of canals and from previously prepared and concealed dugouts, while the wounded, having been told by their German officers to expect no quarter, accounted for many an Englishman and Indian by rolling over where they lay and shooting officers and men at close range. There are recorded instances of men being killed as they were hurrying to the assistance of a fallen enemy.

"Our men were extremely humane," writes one officer, "and not only assisted wounded Turks but also gave them cigarettes and any food they had, and the Turks were tremendously surprised. They were told to sell their lives as dearly as possible, because if they fell they would surely have to die. What rotten lies! Our Pathans were almost too considerate, even halting in important movements to help the wounded and the dying."

The Occupation of Basra

The Turks, for some unexplained and inexplicable reason—since they were in overwhelmingly superior numbers—bolted from Basra and took up positions to the north on the Tigris and Euphrates, so of the sixty-odd miles of the British advance the final twenty-eight miles, being undisputed, was made in a single day. And this the self-communing officer of the frankest notebook describes as a disgrace.

"No staff arrangements at all," says he, "and men, both British and Indian, footsore and weary, strung out all over the whole wretched country! There is no doubt that our generals have just been pushing on as rapidly as they could over the difficult route—riding themselves, of course—and expecting more of the men than men are capable of. Twenty-eight miles in one day over ordinary muddy roads would be bad enough, but such a march at a fast pace through the kind of thick slimy mud we have to encounter here is simply preposterous and enough to render the men useless for a week!"

That officer, being an old-timer of the regular army, was annoyed. But Basra was occupied on the twenty-third of November, and the reckless advance was accounted—as it really was—a valuable victory and a fine performance.

And at Basra, considering the immediate necessities, the British found literally nothing. The old town has little to do with necessities now, but at that time it was important. It is about two miles inland from the river, and west of it lies only a boundless expanse of sand. It was just a typically Turkish-Arab town, filthy and unsanitary beyond description, and left inhabited after the Turkish evacuation chiefly by a mob of surly and truculent Arabs who, though they had found Turkish misrule intolerable, gave promise of finding British law and order even more so.

But the British were chiefly interested in the river banks, on which they would have to establish port facilities. Every man and every animal and every ounce of food for both, as well as munitions and equipment and the necessary materials for developing and maintaining a war zone, would have to be brought from overseas; and it was a serious outlook. There were two or three foreign consulates that would serve well enough for departmental headquarters, and one new custom-house shed that came in handy for warehousing supplies; also—Basra having been chosen as the gulf terminal of the Berlin-to-Bagdad Railroad—there was one temporary German railway wharf, the beginnings of some freight sheds and a few valuable materials lying about.

Otherwise as a base from which to supply and to direct the operations of an army destined to the kind of service into which the first force was immediately thrust the place was a total blank. Roads, lights, telephones, vehicles, housing facilities, civilized conveniences of any kind—there were none. And in order to get any conception at all of subsequent events and developments it is necessary to realize this; after which it is further necessary to get a sweeping kind of vision if possible of a country stretching away and away to the east and the west in limitless desolation, and rolling northward in waves and wastes of gray-and-yellow desert through which two shallow, slow-flowing rivers—empty in the beginning of transport and at times all but unnavigable—wind a tortuous way.

Old Sindbad's Home Port

The old town of Basra was the home port of Sindbad the Sailor. The ruins of the great ancient city—a wide area of curiously mounded sand—are about five miles south of the comparatively modern town and for a dozen centuries or more have provided a large part of the building materials for all the Arab towns in the immediate vicinity. Four miles farther south, in the naked desert, lies the snugly walled town of Zobeir, which is built almost entirely of bricks that were taken from these ruins—bricks that were molded and burned when the world was so young that historical vision gropes along its then paths as an aged man might grope in his mind for glimpses of his earliest infancy.

Basra now has something like thirty-three thousand inhabitants and is rich by virtue of its date plantations, there being more than eleven million trees within the area it dominates. Its export of dates equals its import of everything, and the plantations give employment to thousands of men and women.

It was early morning when I arrived at Basra, and I stood for two hours or more at the deck rail of the transport on which I had traveled up from Bombay, wondering in a vague way why somebody had not come to take me ashore, the while I watched with intense interest the disembarkation of the thousand troops we had brought and a scene along the river bank of toilsome and bewilderingly multifarious industry. It was war—twentieth-century war—in the process of destroying for all time the somnolent peace of a world that has drowsed for ages in Eastern dreams.

The Arabs—children of the desert and inheritors of noiseless ease and ancient methods—say "The British came with the smoke." But it was the other way round—the smoke came with the British; and it rolls to-day in black spirals of industrial abomination from workshops innumerable, from electric-power plants, from many steamboats, and from tall chimneys and funnels of every kind all round the horizon. And with the British came also the loud murmur and the clatter and clank of toil, the shrill shriek of the locomotive and the honk of the horn of the motor. The Arabs also say "Leisure is God-given and haste is of the Evil One." They never worked before in all their lives; but they are working now, and they are working with a rapidity and cheerfulness that denote much with regard to the reward they get and the character of the discipline they are under.

(Continued on Page 51)

Where Does Your Pencil Money Go?

A Message for You and Your Office

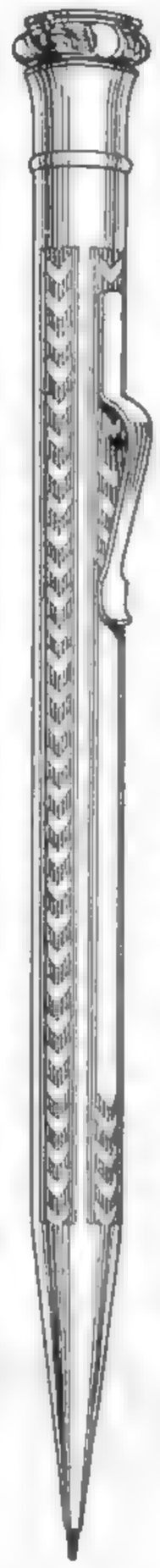
A lead pencil costs anywhere from five to fifteen cents. Half of it is thrown away as a stub. Half the balance is lost in whittling. And a big part of what's left vanishes in broken points.

Time also is lost in sharpening. Thought is interrupted. Hands are soiled. Loss *every* way.

That's a big expense per pencil, and a tremendous loss wherever pencils are bought for a complete office force. Just figure it out.

An Eversharp Pencil requires no whittling. There is no broken point, no discarded stub, no lost motion or lost money anywhere.

A wooden pencil has but seven inches of lead, half of which must be wasted. The Eversharp has *eighteen*—enough for a quarter million words—one cent per ten thousand words—*and a point for every word.*



And the Eversharp is *always* sharp, *never* sharpened. Every stroke is clean and to the point. Every vestige of lead is used.

A handy eraser and a built-in pocket clip add further to Eversharp utility. And the Eversharp is beautifully made.

Stop pencil shaving with Eversharp saving, whether for yourself or your establishment—not forgetting the prestige an Eversharp lends to every writing hand.

Eversharp prices, $1 and up. If unable to get one nearby, write for descriptive circular to aid in selection direct.

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Eversharp Leads made for Eversharp Pencils have a firmness, fineness and smoothness all their own. Many months supply for 35c. 6 for ten thousand words. Look for the Eversharp label on box

This is the symbol of perfect writing, the mark of Eversharp Pencil and its perfect ink-writing mate, the Tempoint Pen.

WAHL
EVERSHARP
The Perfect Pointed Pencil
Always Sharp—Never Sharpened

Dealers: Write today for catalog and interesting dealer proposition on these two splendid sellers.

Seeing the World's Best Stories

TO see the characters of a famous novel come to life upon the screen is a tremendous thing!

There, *alive,* in flesh and blood, is the hero, or heroine, whose exploits you followed breathlessly upon the printed page.

To the great organization behind *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures we are indebted for this in the case of "Tom Sawyer", "Oliver Twist", "The Sub-Deb Stories", "Cinderella", "Old Wives for New", "David Harum", "The Bottle Imp", "To Have and to Hold", "Great Expectations", "The Virginian", "The Firefly of France", "His Majesty Bunker Bean", "The Varmint", Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", "M'liss", "Resurrection", and literally scores upon scores of others.

The beloved characters of these romances find a new and rich lease of life in the talent of the *equally beloved stars of Paramount and Artcraft,*

—foremost in *their* world as the fiction-characters in *theirs,*

—as superbly directed in *their actions* as were those they portray,

—and doubly fascinating because touched with all the warmth and light of life.

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Continued from Page 49)

But the scene on the amazing river bank looked to me like the utmost in disorderliness and confusion. Docks and wharves were lined with ships and crowded with men and women—coolies—working ant-fashion, coming and going in endless lines, carrying on heads and bent backs boxes and bales of materials and materials and materials. Acres of low sheds stretching away into the fringes of the palm groves; miles of closely tented open space seen hazily through clouds of dust; pyramids of hay and sacked grain under light-green canvas; mule wagons; motor lorries; ammunition carts; ambulances; an artillery convoy getting under way out across a baked gray waste in the distance; automobiles hurrying hither and thither; officers on handsome horses moving slowly here and there; a long line of diminutive donkeys tricked out in brightly ornamented pack saddles and with jingling halters and strings of blue beads round their necks; a longer line of ambling, munching, disdainful nosed camels on the way down to the adjoining dock, where they were being swung up one by one, like so many bales of hay, and deposited in the hold of a big gray ship—it was a scene to hold the newcomer's attention and to make the time pass swiftly.

And across on the eastern bank of the broad river were peaceful-seeming, long, mud-thatched and palm-shaded huts that one knew for hospital wards because the Red Cross flag and the Union Jack flew together from a tall flagstaff in the midst of them. Beyond them stretched the desert, bounded only by a haze lighted with orange and mauve on far horizons.

An Oriental River-Front

A smart young officer wearing the red collar tabs of staff service stepped up and with a certainty that I was the person he was looking for, since I was the only woman on board, said he had come to fetch me. That was nice. I fully expected of course to be fetched by somebody, but my sailing directions carried me only as far as the port of Basra, and from there, so far as I knew, my whole adventure in Mesopotamia was on the knees of the gods.

I was to be the guest in Basra of the inspector general of communications, said the young officer, and the inspector general's launch was at the wharf steps waiting to take me back down river to headquarters.

And back down river in a launch meant skimming a swift way at water level through the moving picture of interesting things afloat which I had already looked down upon from the high deck of the trooper as she steamed up the six miles of river front to a new pier at its farthest end.

About ten miles below Basra there are three large ships sunk in what was at one time the channel of the Shat-el-Arab. The masts and funnels of two of them and the prow of the other are high out of water at low tide—inviting one to mental picture-making of what lies beneath them, submerged—and form nowadays one of the sights to be seen. They were sunk by the Turks during the earliest operations, with an idea of closing the river to the advancing British gunboats and troopships. But the Shet-el-Arab is not a dependable stream for any such undertaking, and being strong and deep would cut for itself a sufficient channel against any imaginable obstacle. The British attached a cable to the ship in midstream and, assisted by the current, pulled it round to one side. The river did the rest. Almost overnight it washed a wide curve in the eastern bank, and the new channel was established.

From that point on up to Basra the river becomes cumulatively interesting. An almost continuous procession of ocean-going ships passes and repasses, mostly plying to and from the port of Bombay; hospital ships, cargo ships and camouflaged troopers, with now and then a too-busy-to-get-itself-cleaned-up refrigerator ship from Australia with its dirty-gray, rust-streaked hull covered all over with great splotches of red paint, as red paint is always laid on rust-eaten patches. And ships nowadays have an almost human way of looking more in earnest about the thing they are up to than ships ever looked before.

The river front of Basra, the new town the British have built for the purposes of war, is crowded in a way that places it in a class with the Thames and the lower Hudson; in fact it looks busier than either of those rivers. And it is a fascinating, conglomerate, cosmopolitan kind of crowdedness, in which more elements of the anciently curious and the utilitarianly modern are jumbled together than could possibly be described.

The young officer who had come to fetch me was A. D. C. to the inspector general of communications and the launch lying at the wharf steps was a long slim red-carpeted and soft-cushioned luxury that was proudly capable of making twenty-five miles an hour. It was driven exactly as an automobile is driven and the man behind the wheel looked like a soldier chauffeur crouched to put a high-powered racer through the enemy's lines. He seemed to be in a hurry. I was not. But what with the noise of the engine and the wash of the high-foaming wake behind us there was little chance of making myself heard, however much I might have wished to ask questions. Five miles or more we went, at top speed, and through traffic so congested that patrol boats, for all the world like traffic policemen on overcrowded city streets, are stationed at fixed distances to control it.

There were six or eight ocean-going hospital ships lying at wharves here and there, and many strange, flat-bottomed, high-funneled and unshapely Red Cross river boats were banked in before the long rows of mud-thatched hospital huts, their gangways thrown out across the bund. These boats bring the wounded and the sick down the five hundred miles of river from Bagdad and transfer them to the hospitals on shore or to the ships for Karachi and Bombay.

Lying in midstream were a number of cruisers of the Persian Gulf fleet, while hugging them close or snugging up against either bank to make room in the river were a half dozen monitors and some tiny gunboats, all bristling with guns that looked far too large for them. The monitors and gunboats are painted the color of the desert dust against which they are seen when they are on business bent up the Tigris or Euphrates.

There were troopships and cargo ships, smoke-belching dredgers and many barges and tugs and double-decked steamboats. But mostly, it seemed to me, there were swift-scurrying launches—Red Cross launches, officers' launches, shining and grim, and common, gray-brown and ill-kept workaday launches—all darting noisily here and there, making wide, billowing wakes upon which slender, fragile-seeming belums teetered perilously, to be steadied by the strong paddle strokes of deft Arab boatmen. The Arab boatman sits flat on his heels, high in the up-curving prow of his graceful small craft, and is a picture man, with *kuffiyeh* wrapped under his usually shapely chin and bound round his head with twisted strands of camels' hair.

German-Incited Outrages

Along the banks rose a forest of slender slanting masts on scores of mahaylas and dhows that were high and dry in the mud of low tide. These curious vessels loom large in one's life in Mesopotamia and are as much a part of the general scheme of things as are the palm trees and the dust and the desert sands. The belum is the sampan, or the used-for-everything canoe of the country, while the mahayla and the dhow are great massive-timbered cargo boats modeled on fantastic lines that must have been familiar to the people of the days of Abraham.

I found the I. G. C. and the lines-of-communications staff housed in a rather pretentious, much-balconied and many-windowed building on the bund, which used to be the German consulate. When the British occupied Basra the German consul did not clear out with the Turks and make tracks for home, as one would imagine he might have done. He remained to be taken prisoner, for some reason or other—knowing perhaps that he would be transferred to safe and comfortable quarters in India; and as the British were advancing up the Shat-el-Arab he sent an appeal to them to make haste, that they might be in time to save the Europeans. The Arabs were on a rampage, looting the town and murdering the stragglers in the Turkish retreat—as is their custom—and it is supposed the German consul was frightened.

Among the Europeans to be "saved" were two British telegraph clerks from Fao who had been in charge of the British telegraph station there and who were seized by the Turks the minute war was declared. They were routed out of their beds in the middle of the night and marched straight away. They were not allowed even to dress or to gather up any of their belongings, and were forced to walk the full sixty-odd miles to Basra in their pyjamas and bedroom slippers, one of them even being without a hat. On the way Arab horsemen pointed rifles at them and threatened to kill them, while men, women and children were encouraged to spit upon them as they passed through the villages and along the desert trails.

When they reached Basra they were thrown into the unspeakable Turkish jail and for a week or more were mistreated in every possible way, getting absolutely nothing to eat but a few dates. As the British were advancing victoriously up the river they were released for some unexplained reason, and when the Turks started in full flight to the north—evidently in a curious state of disorganization for the moment—they were left in Basra.

And for this the German consul wanted credit! All right. The British good-naturedly gave it to him and afforded him the most courteous assistance in his preparations for departure to the comfortable quarters in India. Then it was learned that he easily could have saved the young men from the frightful indignities and hardships to which they had been subjected, and that he was the instigator and financial backer of practically all the Arab outrages that were committed. In other words, he was a German consul.

German Impudence

In his one-time consulate there are a good many things that afford the present tenants considerable amusement. The furniture is of a splendid German heaviness and the decorations are of the "new art" variety in light greens and sickly pinks. But he did have some good Persian carpets which he had acquired during his residence in the Persian carpet belt, and about these he is to this day greatly concerned. He could not take them with him to a detention camp in India, and as there was no place to store them in a town newly occupied by a victorious enemy he had perforce to leave them on the floors. He knew they would be safe enough in the hands of British gentlemen, no doubt, but he now has the astonishing effrontery to write occasionally to the I. G. C. to express his anxiety about them and to ask that they be regularly beaten and aired!

And the curious thing is that the I. G. C. is only amused by the man's impudence, and he issues orders every so often to have the carpets attended to. In fact he is so careful about them that his less meticulous young staff can hardly smoke in comfort in the mess rooms. Compare this with a vision of German officers engaged in their favorite pastime of denuding and defiling the fine homes of Belgium and Northern France. Rather gratifying to Anglo-Saxon pride in Anglo-Saxon character, is it not?

In the communications mess besides the I. G. C. and his A. D. C. there are an assistant quartermaster general and the deputy. The I. G. C., Maj. Gen. Sir George MacMunn, is a Knight Commander of the Bath, enjoys a few other similar honors, and has enough orders and decorations to fill three long ribbon bars on his chest and to make it impossible for anyone to write his name with its full complement of alphabetical additaments on less than two lines.

The A. D. C. is a one-time prosperous barrister of Calcutta who gave up a lucrative practice at the beginning of things and volunteered for any kind of service the medical classifiers might find him fitted for. They gave him the rank of first lieutenant and put him in charge of a mule depot, and he got his present attractive billet as a reward for two years' uncongenial service uncomplainingly rendered. He has no ribbons at all, but he doesn't mind telling you that he has a younger brother in France with a Victoria Cross.

The A. Q. M. G. is a major of cavalry in the Indian Army who has the French Cross of War and a record of thirteen years' service, of which more than one and a half years have been spent without leave in Mesopotamia.

The deputy—never spoken of as anything else—is D. I. G. C., understudy to the inspector general of communications, who holds down the job at headquarters when the I. G. C. is off on his frequent trips

(Continued on Page 55)

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PLUG

"The Vesuvius is a Plug of exclusive features."—A. R. MOSLER

The only Plug with double-step "Vitite" insulator—and hand assembled.

It's the Plug for power—its spark is a *ribbon of flame.*

It's the Plug for service, it withstands the exactions of the modern motor.

Electrodes will not pit or corrode, insulator absolutely heat proof. Electrically tested—leak proof.

Quality makes it
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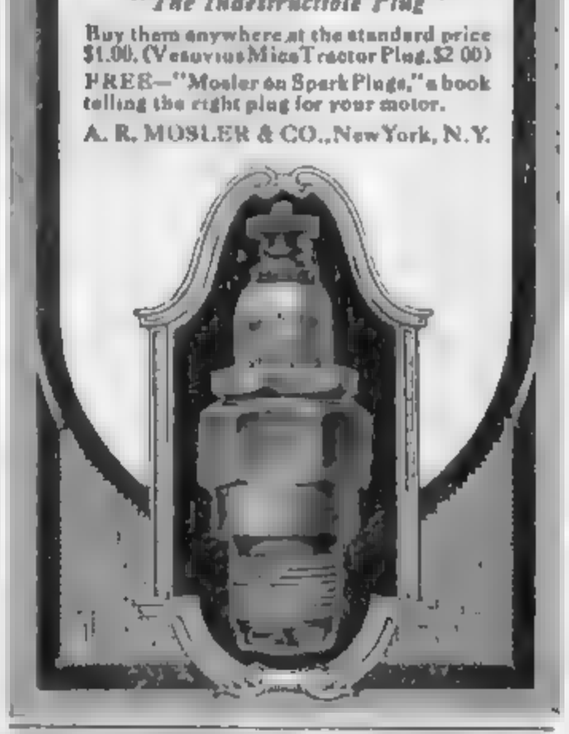

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The National Honor Tablet

This handsome bronzed front-door plate for the home of the man in the service is a fitting mark of distinction. The name of every soldier and sailor is entitled to one. Honor your boy.

This plaque will last a lifetime. Size 5½x8 inches. Sent to any address in America for One Dollar.

Specify whether for soldier or sailor. Order today.

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WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

FLORENCE

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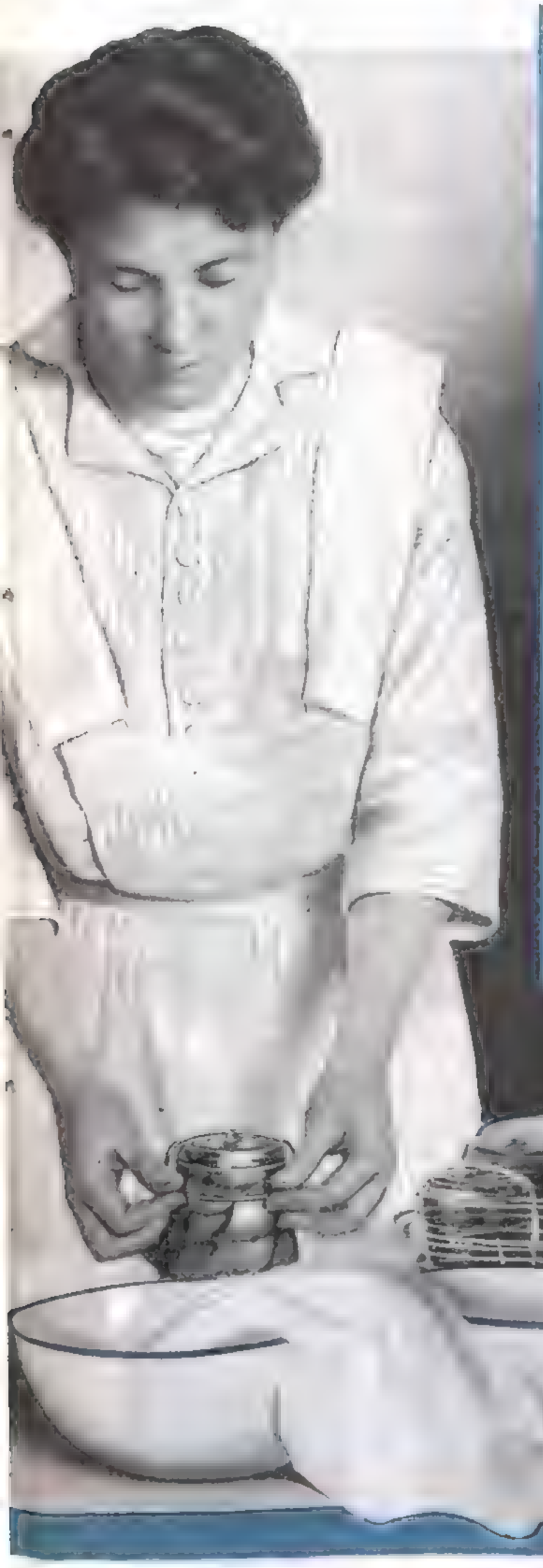

The Fuel Administration authorizes us to say that it considers the use of Oil Cook Stoves and Oil Heaters at this time a very important help in the necessary conservation of coal for war purposes.

America's Women Battalions

FROM Maine to California they are mobilizing, thousands strong, for the Summer Drive. Her trench spade a paring knife, her bayonet a spoon, the American housewife is canning, preserving and evaporating fruits and vegetables to help her Armies win the war.

Always a kitchen comfort, this summer a Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove is a war-time necessity. It assures you a cool kitchen to cook in and a hot flame to cook with. One great feature is its exceptional power, the extra quickness with which it will boil, bake, or grill. It gives the steady, intense heat which is so vital to successful home canning.

No smoky wicks to trim and clean, for the asbestos kindlers replace them. Lever control of each burner makes it easy to obtain any degree of heat for as long as you need it. The glass bull's-eye in the tank shows the fuel supply.

The portable oven with its glass panelled door assures good baking and easy evaporating of fruits and vegetables.

Call at your dealer's today and have him demonstrate the value of a Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove to you.

Write for the special home canning edition of the Household Helper, written by Mrs. Dora Smith Avery, director of the Home Canning and Evaporating Club of Harvard, Mass.

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AJAX

SHOULDERS of STRENGTH

Reasons Ajax Tires Excel in Utility Service

A nation in high gear. Business at top speed. Efficiency the order of the day.

The automobile is the spine of America's secondary transportation system. Use your car!

HUNDREDS of thousands of users have declared for Ajax tires. They'll have no others. They're won to Ajax by the demonstrated excellence of Ajax service—by Ajax proved utility.

First among reasons for Ajax preference are those mighty Ajax Shoulders of Strength—symbols of Ajax in-built wear. They are pliant supports that brace and re-inforce the tread just where strength is needed most. By distributing road wear evenly over the entire tread surface, these Shoulders of Strength prevent friction from centering and grinding quickly through to the fabric.

In other words, Shoulders of Strength put more rubber where it should be—*more tread on the road.*

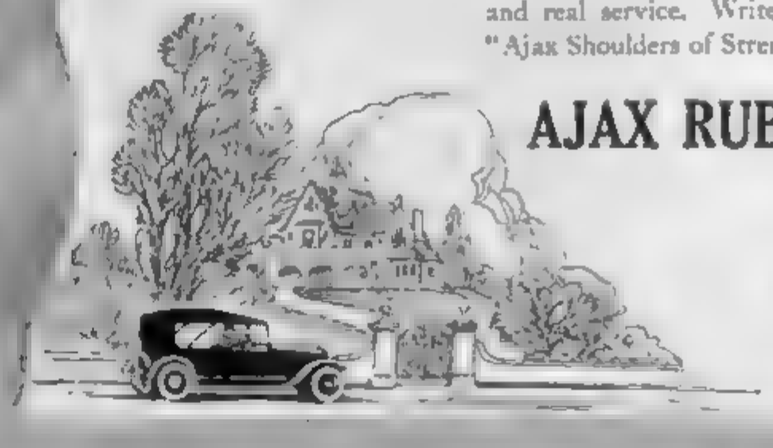
AJAX ROAD KING

This Ajax monarch is built for all road service. Mark that massive tread. Those triangle barbs give perfect traction. In the picture, note those Shoulders of Strength. You can *see* they mean more mileage.

The Road King is typical of the in-built quality that has made Ajax tires *97% Owners' Choice.* This huge percentage of our yearly output is chosen by individuals to replace tires of other makes that came with their cars.

Ajax Inner Tubes are marked by the same in-built quality—the same superior resistance to wear. *Ajax tubes in Ajax casings* form the combination that shows the greatest mileage profit.

Your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax tires, Ajax tubes—and real service. Write for free booklet—"Ajax Shoulders of Strength."



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New York

Factories: Trenton, N. J.
Branches in Leading Cities

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX TIRES

MORE RUBBER WHERE IT SHOULD BE

(Continued from Page 51)

of inspection up and down the lines of communication, which, starting from Basra, follow the courses of the Tigris and Euphrates and spread fanwise along dozens of avenues to the farthest outposts on the battle lines. The deputy is a big white-haired brigadier general, with brown eyes that smile and a tongue that keeps the community's sense of humor stirred up to bubbling point.

And it was with the deputy, off duty as an understudy, that I first explored the great city of war behind the palm belt and got a definite realization of the fact that war can be waged constructively rather than destructively if the wagers thereof happen to belong to a nation with a modern Christian soul and a gentlemanly conscience.

Desolation, utter and complete and inexpressibly dreadful! That is bound to be one's first impression of almost any part of Mesopotamia. But there is a curious charm in desolation, and especially at the day's end, when it is flooded with seductive lights. It was aflame with a fierce noonday glare when the deputy and I rolled out into it in a big gray service motor car, though for a short time we rolled along over a fine hard-surfaced roadway that was black with oil. He had to tell me about that. It was the first road that had been built in Mesopotamia since the year before Adam.

It is six miles long and it cost more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There is no stone in the country, not even a pebble; in fact there is no building material of any kind except mud and a limited supply of prehistoric bricks. So everything that went to the construction of this road had to be brought up from the interior of India, and at a time, too, when sea transport was the most valuable thing in the world. But difficulty and expense were not to be considered, the road being an absolute necessity. During the early months of the year, as I have already written, the earth is covered to an average depth of about seven inches with thick, viscid mud which puts automobile transport out of business altogether and in which neither man nor beast can get a secure foothold.

British Road-Building

The Turks did not believe the British would build roads. They never had themselves. And they relied with the utmost confidence during the winter of 1914–15 on the always hampering climatic conditions, believing that the British would be unable to establish an adequate base, to say nothing of making an advance. But the Britisher is just as good a fighter as the Turk, and happens to be a vastly more industrious, resourceful and determined individual. He certainly did flounder round and get himself in a fearful condition that winter, but his first call was for labor reserves and crushed rock, and first thing you know there was the six-mile road connecting all the points along the river where cargo is unloaded. In the meantime the river bank was being rapidly lined with piers and warehouses.

This highway now connects everything else with the terminal of the railroad that was picked up somewhere in India where it was not an absolute necessity, brought up the Persian Gulf and laid down along the west bank of the Euphrates to supplement that uncertain river as a means of communication with the far-away northwestern battle front.

Major General Sir George Mac Munn, K. C. B., D. J. O., Inspector General of Communications of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. Above—One Corner of the Turkish Prison Camp at Basra

Long ago, however, a reasonably inexpensive source of supply for road-surfacing material was located and developed, and now the six-mile stretch is only a historic example to be talked about in connection with the difficult days. Road building is now going on apace in every direction, as one is made to realize when one's automobile has to skirt round steam rollers time and again or plunge off into rutted side tracks and run for miles on end through dust hub deep, in order to avoid long stretches of newly laid crushed rock.

The deputy, being more or less used to things as they are, tried his best to be communicative and friendly as we drove along through the immensities and mysteries—mysteries to me, at least—but the dust was so terrific that to open one's mouth was at times to risk being choked to death. Everything was covered with it, and to a thickness and heaviness that I can best indicate perhaps by reference to a boy I saw at a Red Cross depot clearing it off the sagging top of a big storage tent with a shovel. It had seeped into everything to such an extent that it was difficult, so far as color was concerned, to tell where the camps left off and the desert began. Dust and tents; dust and sheds; dust and pyramids of war supplies; dust and men; dust and mules; everything seemed blended together in an interminable stretch of yellow and tawny gray. It was desert camouflage.

Within the deep shade of the dust powdered palm gardens there are labor camps, mule depots, remount depots, veterinary hospitals and accommodations for various native and auxiliary services. But beyond a sharp line the palm gardens leave off and the desert begins. And out in the desert the British Tommy and his Indian comrades have pitched their tents by the tens of thousands. Substantial huts of wood with walls of reed mats and heavy roofs of mud have taken the place of tents in one section, and these—grotesque to the last degree—stretch away in even rows across the plain like a measureless fantastic kind of dream city, relieved by nothing but the round mud domes of many incinerators and an occasional flagstaff flying the colors of some regiment or corps.

There are Y. M. C. A. centers every so often—these being an American contribution to the general scheme of things; and there are frequent canteens, the canteen in the British sense being a small official retail store where Tommy can buy at cost price various luxuries, such as cakes, biscuits, chocolates, jams, potted meats, tinned fruits and extra cigarettes, as well as many tempting small items of wearing apparel not included by government in his regular equipment—a place, in other words, where boy or man may relieve in himself to a certain extent a sometimes intolerable longing for home and the usual comforts. This kind of canteen service is a part of the regular British military organization and is not related in any way to the canteen services provided by war-relief organizations and carried on by volunteer workers.

Then we went to the prison camp—in the same general desert area. There is a weird fascination about war prison camps. One sees cooped up in them under the covering muzzles of machine guns thousands of men who have met one's own men in battle, have inflicted upon them inhuman horrors and have themselves suffered unforgetable things, and one looks upon them with a vague kind of wonder. I have seen a great many German prisoners in France, and I can never control a feeling of resentment against them, but I felt rather sorry for the mild-eyed but otherwise villainous-looking Turks. There were only about three thousand of them in just then—with a few Germans among them—but the camp can accommodate seven thousand and has done so on a number of occasions.

It is a tremendous square area inclosed in barbed-wire entanglements, and at regular intervals all round it there are guardhouses like sentry boxes on stilts. The prisoners live in bell tents set in even rows that run away in converging parallels and give one an impression of great distance. Outside every sixth or eighth tent I observed a group of men engaged in chopping up sides of beef. They were distributing a ration. It was fine, fresh Australian meat, and each man was getting a generous share of it. I was thinking that coming upon a supply of such food must have been a welcome change for most of them. And besides a good and sufficient meat ration they get excellent white bread—exactly what the British soldier gets—and plenty of vegetables. They are well fed and well taken care of in every way, the health of the camp being practically perfect; and there is nothing for them to complain of really except the climate. The tents are bleached white in the terrific sun and throw back the savage glare of the fine dust as though in a kind of impotent rage; and that is rather awful! But that kind of thing the British soldiers have to put up with too; and they are less used to it perhaps. Though, come to think of it, the Turks are as much foreigners in Mesopotamia as the British, and there are many of them from the hills and the regions up round the Black Sea to whom the desert is a torment and a torture. They are always delighted when they come to be transferred to camps in India, as all of them must be sooner or later to make room for the fresh relays coming in.

The Prisoners' Hospital

Attached to the largest and finest British general hospital in Basra there is a series of hut wards for prisoners that are identical with the wards for British wounded, except that they are guarded and surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. These wards have a capacity of seven hundred beds and have been full a number of times, the occasion being very infrequent indeed when there are less than two or three hundred patients in them. The sick or wounded Turk gets exactly the same treatment the British soldier gets, and I am told that he is usually quite pathetically grateful and that he seldom hesitates to say that he is much better provided for than he could hope to be behind his own lines.

Regarding Turkish prisoners in British hands, one always wonders how General Townshend and his men and the thousands of Englishmen and Australians in Turkey from the Gallipoli days are getting along. Just before I left Constantinople, in the late autumn of 1915, an order was issued by the Turkish War Office to the effect that no English-speaking person should ever again be permitted to talk with prisoners of war. And this included even the

(Continued on Page 58)

The Used-for-Everything Canoe of Mesopotamia

Labor Camps Under the Palms

50,000 Jobs at

As Important as Military Duty

TO win this war we must have more SHIPS. Our fighting men—our Allies—cannot win without food and supplies—and these must be carried in *ships.* Things we need at home—hides from South America—sugar from Cuba—must be brought to us in *ships.*

When the Government recently took over the Dutch ships, it *lacked men to put on them.* The Hog Island Ship Yard will alone turn out 50 ships this year. With all yards busy, an 8,000 ton ship should be launched *every other day.* The Nation *needs men* to man these ships.

It is building ships and buying ships as fast as it can. It is hiring crews and training crews to man these ships. It sounds a call to young men now at home; a call to serve their country—not on land—but on sea; not on battle ships—but on *merchant* ships—to back up their brothers in the trenches.

It appeals to 50,000 men of 21 to 30 years to volunteer for the Merchant Service. And it does not insist on *experienced* men—it *trains* men for their work.

HOW TO INVESTIGATE:

Go to the Rexall Drug Store nearest you. The Rexall Stores have been designated by the Government as U. S. Merchant Service Enrolling Stations.

The man in charge of enrollment will explain all about the different kinds of jobs you can choose from. Jobs for sailors, jobs for firemen, coal-passers, cooks, waiters, etc.

If you are accepted for the service, you sign a contract to work in the Merchant Marine for the duration of the war. This exempts you from all military service.

Then you are sent to a U. S. Shipping Board School Ship for a month's special training, and you receive $30 wages, your board and your uniform.

The ship makes cruises along the coast. You sleep in a good bed. You eat good food. You have plenty of recreation and amusement.

After training, you board the big steamer on which you are to work. Your pay is advanced at once to $45 a month or more, depending on the kind of work you do.

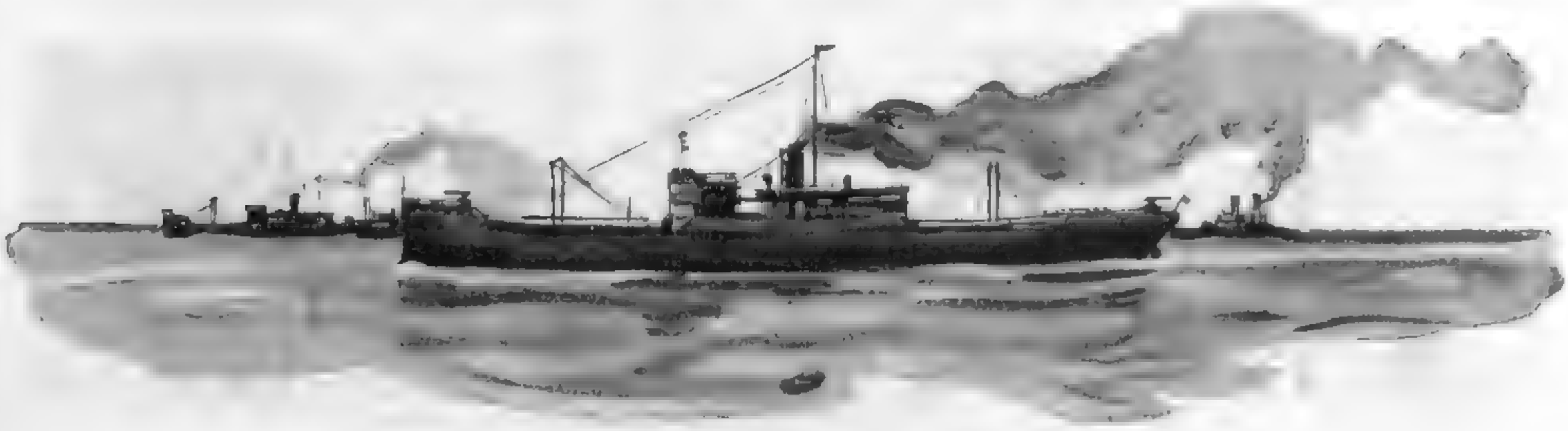
You find that you have fine opportunities for advancement and to save money. All your living expenses are paid. If your ship is called into the war zone you receive a *large bonus.*

Furthermore, you can make your job *permanent after the war,* and can fit yourself for an officer's position.

If it happens that you have had experience at sea—either on deck or in the engine room—your country needs you *at once.* You have the chance to get back to your old berth on blue water, or to become an *officer.* Many officers are needed now as well as crews. Ask the Rexall man.

Boys—you boys have felt the thrilling call of the sea—the eagerness to visit strange lands—to take part in the greatest events the world has ever known; call at the nearest Rexall Store—TODAY—and fill out application to join the new

UNITED STATES Merchant Marine



Sea!

THE Rexall Drug Stores throughout the country have been designated by the Government as Enrolling Stations for the U. S. Shipping Board. There are 8,000 Rexall Stores, of which nearly 7,000 are in the United States. At these stores, right in their own home towns, young men may now "sign on" for training and subsequent sea duty in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

This use of the stores and the expense of this advertisement are a contribution by the Rexall Stores to the Cause of Liberty.

(Continued from Page 55)

first secretary of the American Embassy, who had their mail and their private affairs to attend to. So at that time we had grave reason to wonder. But how different is the attitude of the British! They would be glad if the whole population of Turkey could investigate the conditions under which Turkish prisoners live within British lines.

A Turkish officer who was captured at Ramadi asked when he was brought into Bagdad if he might send a telegram home to his people. It was an unusual request and the British officer who had him in charge wanted to know what he wished to say.

"Only this," he said; and he wrote it out in English: "Safely captured by the British! Allah be praised!"

Another prisoner taken in the same engagement and brought down to Basra grew confidentially exultant in conversation with the prison commandant over the improvements that are being made throughout the country.

"You British," he said, "are doing in Mesopotamia all the things we want to have done but probably never would have been able to do for ourselves. Here at Basra you have built hard-surfaced highways, acres of warehouses and enough piers and drydocks to make it one of the best equipped minor ports in the world. You have filled in all the lowlands, stamped out malaria, and provided any number of fine hospital buildings that will make excellent barracks one of these days and serve many other useful purposes. You have completed this end of the Berlin-to-the-Persian Gulf Railway and are even building good permanent stations and freight depots all along the line, in which you are graciously pleased to conform to the architectural style of the country. Moreover, you have built branch roads here and there which tap big areas of production, and your bridges can meet with nothing but our heartiest approval. Having to import all the materials for them must have cost you something! It was more than we could ever afford!

"Then there are your great power plants, and the whole country lighted up with electricity—to say nothing of telegraph and telephone lines on good steel poles running in every possible direction. You have mastered the intricacies and idiosyncrasies of the Tigris and have filled it with barges and boats of the latest type and pattern. And now I am told you intend to undertake a great irrigation development for the purpose of putting large areas of the desert under cultivation."

Permanent Improvements

"Really, it is marvelous! You have done more in two years than we have done in all the centuries of our sovereignty, and more than we probably ever could have done. It's perfectly splendid; and the longer it takes Germany to win the war the better off we shall be in the end. If we had been fighting on your side poor old Mesopotamia would have worried along without any improvements to speak of for perhaps another century; or the Germans might have got in and destroyed the little there was to destroy. I wouldn't have you driven out for the world. Not yet. Give you another year or two, and you will succeed in restoring all the country's old-time progressiveness and prosperity. Then it will be worth something to the Turkish Empire!"

Queer kind of Turk he was. And he said a lot more than this, but the officer to whom he was so freely expressing himself, and who repeated the conversation to me, quoted him only in a general way. I wish I could have talked with him myself, because the question always in my mind is: "What do the people think?"

The Arabs, they say, think the British sahibs are all quite mad, a few of them only believing that the will of Allah has begun once more to express itself in the Land of the Two Rivers. But the Turks know better. They know that the British are merely industrious and that they are given to doing things in a substantial, methodical and honest way.

After leaving the camps of the city of war the deputy and I struck straight out on the way to nowhere, toward which no way leads. There are desert roadways, to be sure, in one direction or another, but they are nothing but wheel tracks in the dust and sand and are not distinguishable very far ahead even at their best. In a sand storm they become wholly obliterated in a few moments.

About five miles out in one direction there is an exact square of desert fenced in with barbed-wire entanglements, heavily stockaded and filled to capacity with munitions of war. It is a most comforting thing to look upon and makes one feel a realizing sense of the strength of our side. It makes you double up your fists and say the first thing that comes into your mind which calls for an exclamation point by way of punctuation. And not far away from it we drove round a detached artillery encampment where several hundred new guns were being prepared for transportation on their own wheels to the far-away Front. There were gun crews drilling, and in the vast silence one could hear the sharp commands of officers from long distances away.

We went on toward nowhere, intending to make a wide detour and come into old Basra city by the Zobeir gate in the south wall. There was no dust out there; only hard-packed sand, out of which the fierce hammering sun struck a myriad glinting, eye-searing sparks. But it was beautiful beyond words to describe. We spun along at fifty miles an hour with a cool clean breeze in our faces. Then just over a slight rise in the sparkling plain I saw my first mirage. It was impossible to believe it was a mirage and not really the beautiful lake that it seemed—a lake dotted with wooded islands and fringed in places with deep green forests. I have seen mirage in other deserts in other lands, but I have never seen anything like the Mesopotamian mirage. We drove straight on, and it came so close that I was sure I could see a ripple on its surface. Then suddenly it went away off, and where it had been our skid-proof tires were humming on the hard-packed sand, and I saw that the wooded islands had been created out of nothing but patches of camel thorn and that the trees of the forests were tufts of dry grass not more than six inches high.

Off on the far horizon a camel caravan was swinging slowly along and the camels looked like some kind of mammoth prehistoric beasts, while in another direction what we took to be camels turned out to be a string of diminutive donkeys under pack saddles laden with bales of the desert grass roots that the Arabs use for fuel.

Saved by a Mirage

The mirage has played an interesting part in the Mesopotamian campaigns. In some places it is practically continuous the year round, and it adds greatly to the difficulties of an army in action. It is seldom mistaken for anything but what it is of course, but it does curious things to distances and to objects both animate and inanimate. Incidentally it renders the accurate adjustment of gun ranges almost if not altogether impossible.

One of the most curious incidents of the whole war happened in connection with a mirage, and on the very spot over which I drove that first day out in the desert. A desire to tell about it brings me of necessity back for a moment to a consideration of the early operations of the British forces. If they had been able to settle down and do nothing but hold on at Basra for an indefinite period there would have been a different story to tell, and there probably never would have been an alleged "Mesopotamian blunder" for England to air and to row about from the housetops. But the Turks had something to say about that.

The Turkish Army was divided into three sections, and after the evacuation of Basra one of these, under Subhi Bey, former Wali, or military governor, of Basra, took up a strong position at Kurna, at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, about forty-six miles north of Basra. Here this force could be strongly and rapidly reenforced from the north. At the same time the main Turkish strength was in process of organization on the Euphrates for a massed descent via the old stronghold of Shaiba, which lies about twelve miles northwest of Basra; and the third division was on the Karun River, in Persia, threatening the Anglo-Persian oil fields from that direction and undermining the power of the loyal Sheik of Mohammerah by leading thousands of his tribesmen into insubordination by means of either bribery or religious misrepresentation. This was at the time when the Kaiser's holy war, which puffed itself out with the foul breath of its own unholiness, seemed to have a chance of success.

And all this of course necessitated a like division of the British forces, which were vastly outnumbered by the enemy. They had first to attend to Subhi Bey, and this they did forthwith. Basra was not occupied until November twenty-third; but even so, on the ninth of December Subhi Bey was attacked forty-six miles to the northward—mud and midwinter miseries notwithstanding—and was forced to surrender with four big guns and more than one thousand men. It was a splendid small victory, but the greater part of Subhi Bey's force escaped, and, being strongly reenforced, took up a position early in January about six miles north of Kurna on the now tragically historic east bank of the Tigris. And there they were!

In the meantime the enemy on the Euphrates began the long-drawn-out operations which culminated in the battle of Shaiba and the extraordinary incident of the mirage. This was one of the hardest-fought battles in the whole campaign and victory for a while was anybody's. Each side seems to have made up its mind that it was beaten. The action was distinguished by a number of unique features, a part of it being fought in belums maneuvered by British Tommies—who never touched a paddle before in their lives—on a great flooded area within what is known as the Shaiba bund, an old flood-controlling and irrigation embankment. But the main struggle was in the open dry desert round the ancient isolated fortress.

It was going very badly for the British, their losses being heavier than they could stand for long. And though the Turks were in overwhelmingly superior numbers it was going very badly for them as well. This the British officer commanding did not realize, and he was just on the point of giving an order for retirement—which would have been fatal to the British in Mesopotamia—when to his astonishment he discovered that the Turks were in full retreat! What a moment!

The desert was full of mirage and the Turkish commander—who really ought to have been more familiar with local phenomena—saw approaching from the southeast what looked to him like heavy British reënforcements. It was nothing but a supply-and-ambulance train magnified and multiplied by the deceptive desert atmosphere! When he ordered an immediate retreat his already unnerved troops stampeded, and his demoralized rear guard was hounded and harassed by great bands of nomad Arabs all the way to Khamisseyeh, nearly ninety miles away. He learned the truth a few days later, and he committed suicide!

And while all this was going on a second British force had to be dispatched against the Turks in Persia, the Turkish strength in that field amounting to eight battalions and about ten thousand well-armed Arab tribesmen. This operation was also successful and by the end of May the enemy had been cleared out of Persia altogether and had been forced back all the way to the Tigris line.

And could the British stop at that and permit the Turks to reconcentrate? They could not. They were few in numbers compared with their enemy, and they were unprepared in every particular for an offensive campaign. But they had to fight on. It got

(Concluded on Page 62)

Up a Crowded Creek Off the Shat-el-Arab at Basra

Outside an Arab Caravansary

361 BEAUTIFUL BLABON CREATIONS FOR EVERY FLOOR AND EVERY PURSE

"Blabon Floors" make housework easier

It is our pride that linoleum, as we make it, has been developed from a product of utility to an object of art as well.

Not only does it lighten the labors of housework; not only is it the most sanitary, the most economical and the longest wearing of floor-coverings; but, as we make it, linoleum is a thing of beauty and a pleasure to the eye.

It is because Blabon Art Linoleums are beautiful as well as practical that American women are adopting the European custom, and are using linoleum floors throughout their homes.

We are presenting superb creations in plain green, brown, gray and terra cotta linoleums, widely popular for living rooms, dining rooms and reception halls. We have also created new carpet and hardwood effects, and a new linoleum rug, equally as popular in the same uses.

We have introduced matting and flowered effects of great vogue in bedrooms and nurseries; and new tile, mosaic and granite linoleums of rare beauty for kitchens, pantries, bathrooms and kindred uses.

We suggest that the next time you are shopping, you stop at some good floor-covering dealer's and ask to see the Blabon Art Linoleums. Be sure that he shows you the genuine Blabon creations, and in buying a rug look for the name "Blabon" *positively always* stamped on the back.

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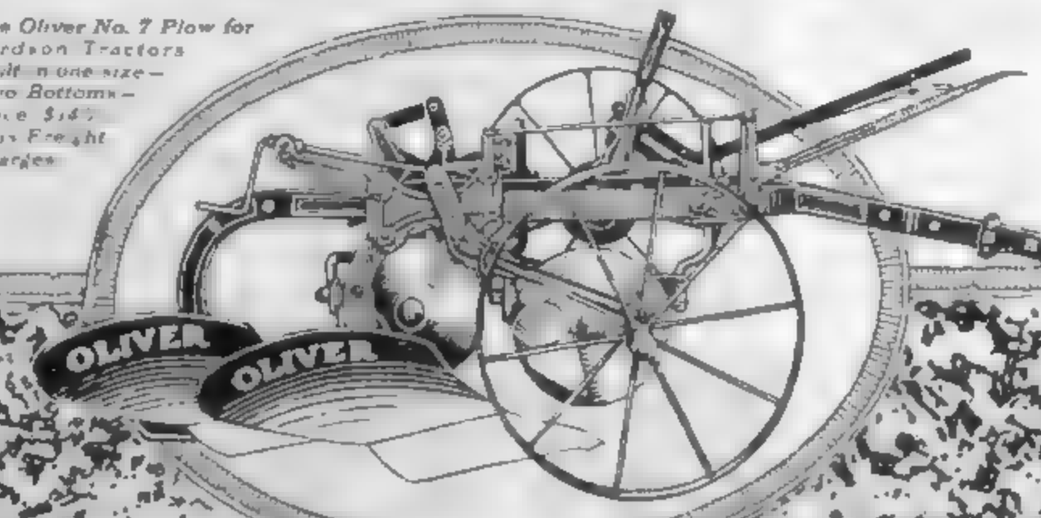
"We appreciate the co-operation the Oliver Chilled Plow Works have given us in designing the proper plow for the Fordson Tractor.

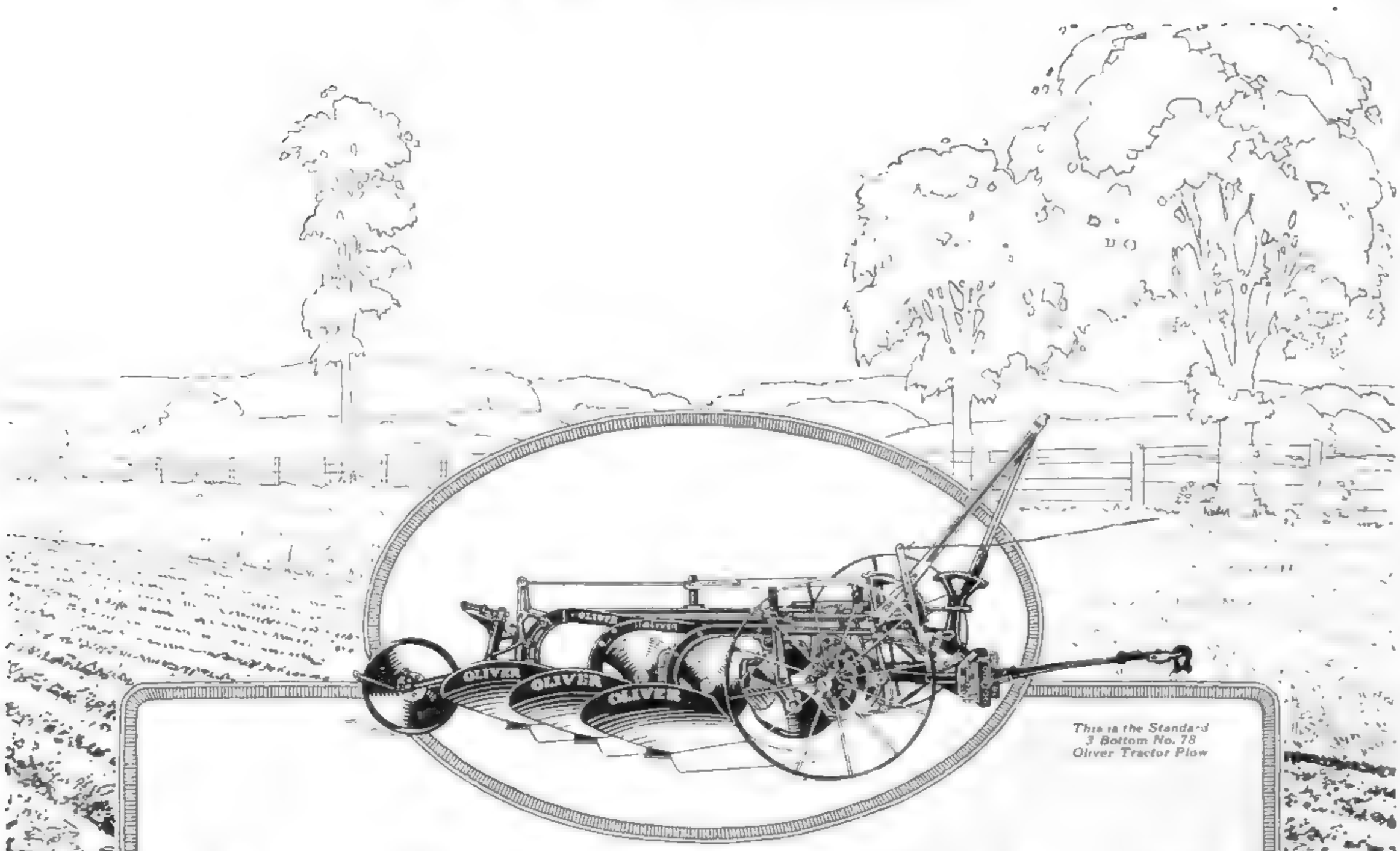
"We know that with the Oliver No. 7 plow the Fordson will work to the very best advantage."

[Signed] Henry Ford & Son

Oliver Chilled Plow Works, South Bend, Indiana

The Oliver No. 7 Plow for Fordson Tractors Built in one size—Two Bottoms—Price $145 Plus Freight Charges





This is the Standard 3 Bottom No. 78 Oliver Tractor Plow

Oliver Plows Are Successfully Used With These Well-Known Tractors

The reason for Oliver dominance in the tractor plow industry is threefold—sixty years perfecting the mechanics of plow building; unlimited and intensive study of soil conditions the world over; a close and constant attention to tractor plowing requirements since the tractor industry began.

The Oliver Tractor Plow today is not only a simple, one-man, positive lift machine, standing the plowing tests of all farm soils—but meets, in addition, the *special* plow and plow hitch demands of *your* tractor.

All Oliver Tractor Plows are backed by Oliver Service—an established, country-wide organization consisting of 16 branches, 53 stock transfer houses, a staff of experts at every branch and a trained corps of traveling plowmen. Two Oliver factories—South Bend and Hamilton, Ont.—with a combined capacity of 500 tractor plows a day, guarantee deliveries.

Oliver Plows are always furnished with combined rolling coulters and jointers, quick detachable shares, with chilled or steel bases.

2 Bottom Plow, $175—3 Bottom Plow, $225
4 Bottom Plow, $310—Oliver No. 7, $140
Plus Freight Charges
(Prices Subject to Change Without Notice)

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HOW else can you tell the temper and the abiding edge of a razor? Cutting a single hair with one is no test of a razor's abiding edge.

You are invited to put GENCO Razors to the real test—shaving. "Every GENCO Razor must make good or we will."

That explains why we are now making and selling 900 dozens a day.

GENCO Razors are forged from steel of our own formula. They are tempered and ground by exacting patented processes of our own that enable us to guarantee the temper and abiding edge of every GENCO.

Choose the shape, size and handle you prefer from the showcase we supply to dealers like the one shown above. A GENCO will furnish you with cool, quick, comfortable shaves for years and years because of its temper and its abiding edge. Send for our descriptive booklet, "A Real Shave."

GENEVA CUTLERY COMPANY
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Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World

(Concluded from Page 58)

to be midsummer, the height of the hot season, and the whole zone of action both in Persia and Mesopotamia was covered with the floods that come down annually from the snows in the Armenian hills. Even so, the British troops from Ahwaz, in Persia, pushed north, while the forces lower down, on the River Tigris, commanded by General Townshend, moved up—covering ninety miles in less than four days with the fighting, reënforced remnant of Subhi Bey's army retreating before them—and Amara, the principal town on the Tigris between Basra and Bagdad, and one hundred and thirty miles by river north of Basra, was occupied.

And that is where I am going to leave, for the time being, the military operations. They do not fight much in the hot season these days. It is as though they had entered into a sort of compact, the Turks having as little liking for heat and sunstroke as the British. But during that first fearful summer they had to fight, and under conditions which would now be considered wholly intolerable.

British Law in Mespot

It is said that the average Arab's highest ambition in life is to become the owner of a good rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition. These are his equivalent for our vine and fig tree or our ten acres and a team of mules. With a good rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition he can go raiding, have a wonderful time and make that kind of living for an indefinite period. Or he can join the army of some desert chieftain, be taken care of and have all the wild excitement his heart desires.

When the British entered Basra a proclamation was instantly posted calling upon the people to preserve order and to observe certain rules laid down. It decreed that all looting must stop and said that certain crimes—robbery under arms being among them—would be punished by established and well-known military methods.

But it happens that robbery under arms has been one of the principal Arab industries for ages, so it was not so easy as one might think to make a decree against it effective. There was one case of it after another; the troops were so busy elsewhere that an adequate patrol could not be provided, and conditions became intolerable. It was decided that something would have to be done about it, and this is what happened:

A robber was caught red-handed one night in the act of holding up two Arab dancing girls who were on their way home with their earnings from a party at which they had performed, and the general officer commanding decided that instead of sending him for a long period to the jail, which was already overcrowded, he would have him publicly flogged in the open square. He would make an example of him and put the fear of the wrath of the British in the hearts of his brethren. The square is surrounded on three sides by many-windowed buildings, and along the fourth stretches the low wall of the caravansary, outside of which there is a coffee house, a trellis-covered open space filled with benches and wooden divans where the male population congregate every afternoon to gossip, to smoke their hubble-bubbles and to drink innumerable small cups of coffee or innumerable small glasses of some kind of sirupy mixture.

The population was advised that the terrible exhibition was to take place, and the population gathered at the appointed hour in full force. Even the roofs were black with people, and the windows and balconies were jammed. A cordon of troops was drawn up round the flogging board and machine guns were trained on the square from roofs on either side—this to prevent any kind of demonstration or disorder; and when everything was in readiness the culprit was led forth and strapped into place.

Everybody ought to have been horrified. The British expected everybody to be horrified. But not at all! The girls who had been the victims of the robber and on whose account he was about to undergo this most ignominious of all punishments had brought a number of friends to see the show and had disposed themselves comfortably in a long window which commanded a perfect view and in which they were the observed of all observers. They were dressed up in their best abas and veils and were perched on a bench of some sort, giggling and having the time of their young lives. And a broad smile of pleasant anticipation illumined the countenance of everybody present.

The British major who had charge of the proceedings told me about it and said that he felt all the time as though he were standing on a volcano of mirth that was likely to explode at any moment. However, he and his troops were solemn enough. To them it was a "horrible example," and they hated it. He gave the command for the floggers to proceed, the while, so he says, he gritted his teeth and cut the palms of his hands with his finger nails in the intensity of his disgust with the thing he was compelled to do. But at that moment the bench on which the girls were squatting—that is what they do, they squat—gave way and they all fell backward, some of them with their feet waving in the air, and the crash was the signal for a roar of laughter from all sides. The wretched creature strapped to the flogging board—and with a stripe or two already laid across his back—raised his head and joined in with the utmost heartiness, while the floggers and the British soldiers, in their amusing efforts to keep their faces straight, added to the general fiasco.

After that what could serious-minded Englishmen do who were determined to see established a reign of law? After that they decreed that hanging should be the punishment for robbery under arms, and the next scene in the public square was not so merry. There were two hangings, as a matter of fact, right there in full view of the whole population. Then robbery and thieving in the vicinity of Basra suddenly ceased.

It was as though the Arab had said to the Englishman: "Oh, well—if you are as serious as all that about it!"

In any event, there has not been a single case of robbery under arms in the Basra district for more than two and a half years.

A Daniel Come to Judgment

In that dusty and unsightly old plaza I remember another scene that was very curious. It was a scene quite forcibly illustrative of British viewpoints and methods, and it accomplished a purpose that was not thought of at the time in connection with it.

The corpse of a stork on a crape-hung bier occupied the center of the stage, and the human interest consisted largely of bitterness in the heart of a British Tommy. It just happens that the stork is a kind of semisacred bird to the Arabs, and the country is filled with them. They build their great nests in the tops of the palms, on house cornices or wherever they can make them balance and hold; and they stalk solemnly about on the river banks, in the marshes and over the flat roofs of the villages in absolute safety and with no fear at all of human beings. Whether or not the British soldier who shot a mother stork nesting realized the nature of his offense is not shown in the evidence. It is only shown that wantonly, and for no purpose other than to display his marksmanship, a British soldier shot a mother stork nesting. There was a great to-do about it and Master Tommy was placed under arrest.

The case went up to the same general officer commanding who had ordered the flogging of the robber, and being a G. O. C. with an imagination he pronounced a unique sentence. He thought it would probably do the young Britisher good to be laughed at by the Arab population, so he had the body of the dead bird stuffed and laid out in state in the center of the square. Then he ordered the boy in khaki, sick with chagrin, to do sentry-go over it eight hours a day for one week, two hours on and two hours off, beginning at six o'clock in the morning.

But, strange to relate, the Arabs did not laugh. They regarded the extraordinary spectacle with the utmost gravity, and shaking their heads in grave appreciation said:

"These Englishmen are just men. They punish their own for outraging our customs and offending us. They respect our beliefs, our laws and our time-honored usages, as they require us to respect theirs. At last we have come under even-handed and impartial justice! Allah be praised!"

Are you testing an Empire on your "southeast" wheel?

SOME time ago we suggested that anybody who wanted to make a real test of an Empire, or any other tire, would best put it on the "southeast" wheel and let it stay there.

When you want to gauge the power of a car, you send it over the worst hill in town.

When you want to see how much stuff a tire has in it, put it where it will get the most punishment.

That place is the southeast, or right rear wheel.

That wheel takes hold first. It bears the brunt of the traction.

While the left wheel rolls along comfortably in the middle of the road, the right wheel gets the rough going on the off-side—the sharp edges of the asphalt, the rocks and ruts. And in stopping, it grinds against the curb.

If a tire stands up well on the "southeast" wheel, you can be sure that it will do even better at any other corner of the car.

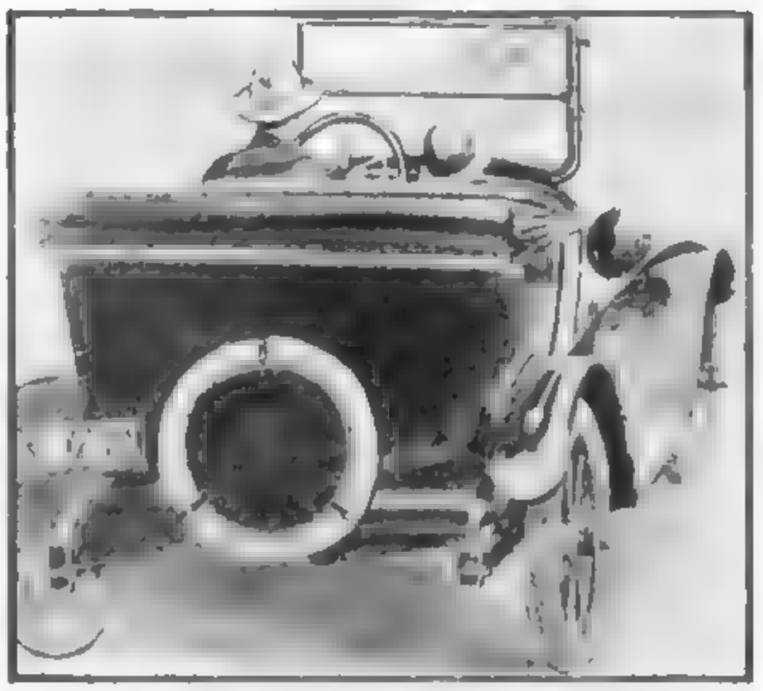
Therefore, we urge the new customer to put his first Empire on that wheel. We want him to find out as quickly as he can the best there is to know about Empire. The sooner he does that, the sooner he'll be back for another and another.

For the great and rapid increase in Empire sales has been due to re-orders from satisfied users, and from the friends of satisfied users who hear the story of extra miles and want to get some for themselves.

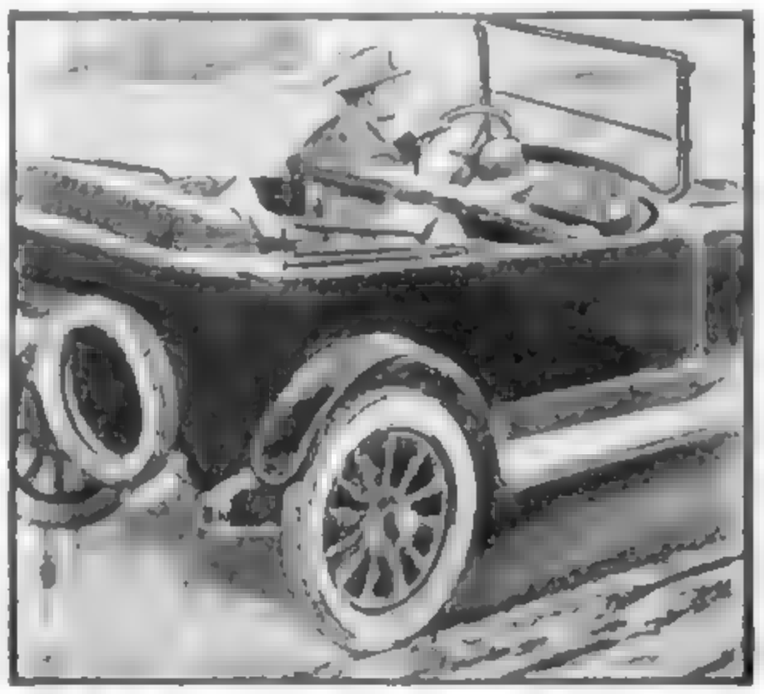
For 30 years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N. J., have been notable for putting long life into rubber goods of all kinds. We can say confidently that their 1918 tires are the best product they have ever put out—equal in value to the famous Empire Red Tubes.

Any way you test it, you will find that the average Empire, in average running, will deliver thousands of extra miles.

Come to the Empire store today and let us put an Empire on your "southeast" wheel, the hardest test of all.



The "southeast" wheel takes hold first, and bears the brunt of the traction.



The left wheel runs in the smooth center of the road. The "southeast" wheel gets the rough going—the sharp edges of the asphalt, the ruts, the rocks.

The "southeast" wheel grinds against the curb in starting and stopping.

The Empire Tire Dealer

When Her Maid is Missing but Not Missed

Percolators, $8.00 to $13.00
Makes better coffee and in less time

Toaster-Stove, $7.00
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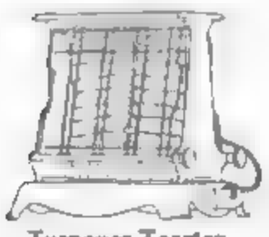
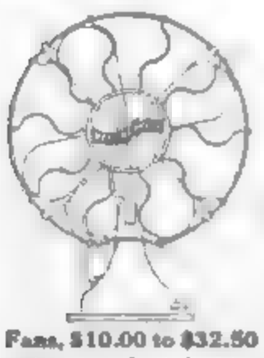


Turnover Toaster, $5.50
Toasts the toast and turns it too



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Sizes and styles to meet every fan need

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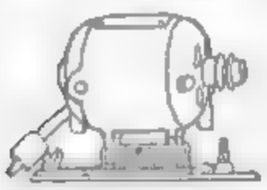
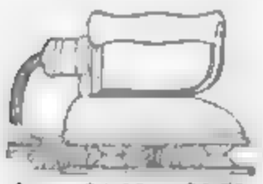


Sew-Motor, $15.00
Runs your sewing machine electrically



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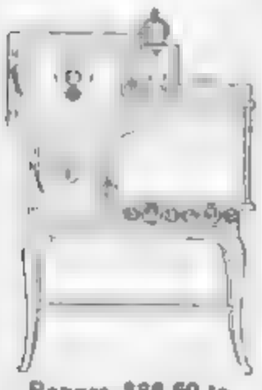
Made in 3-pound, 6-pound and 8-pound sizes



Ranges, $86.50 to $262.00
Complete or semi-automatic control

Maid or no maid, one must eat. And the meals won't prepare themselves, as most women know to their regret.

Then what's more sensible than cooking them the easiest, cleanest, coolest and most convenient way, when that way is economical as well?

And what way is easier, cleaner, cooler or more convenient than cooking electrically with Westinghouse Electric Ware?

Put a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove, a Turnover Toaster and a Percolator on your table, slip the plugs into their sockets and you're equipped to make and serve breakfast, lunch or supper without moving from your chair.

Less Work and More Pleasure

Plainly, it's easier to cook seated at the table than standing over a hot stove and tramping back and forth between kitchen and dining room.

It's much more convenient because everything is within reach the moment it's ready to be served.

It's cooler because the heat is efficiently applied and little escapes into the room.

It's cleaner because there's no flame or soot, and no coal or oil to handle.

It's economical because a comparatively small amount of current is used for the average meal.

And it means more appetizing meals, for everything can be served the instant it's ready.

Relieves the Help Situation

Westinghouse Electric Ware simplifies the help problem. It's a boon to the housewife without a maid. It's equally to be appreciated, too, by the bachelor-girl who gets her own breakfasts and suppers and the college girl for her "spreads."

The Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove cooks eggs, fries ham and bacon, broils steaks and chops, toasts bread, makes griddle-cakes—in short, does practically everything you can do with a two-burner gas stove. It's just the thing, too, for making candy and toasting marshmallows.

The Westinghouse Turnover Toaster enables you to have toast as you like it, when you want it. With this handy appliance you do not need to touch the toast till it's done.

The Westinghouse Electric Percolator, besides being decidedly convenient, makes superior coffee quickly. The heat is applied inside, almost in actual contact with the liquid, so that the coffee begins to percolate in less than a minute. The coffee doesn't boil. It doesn't get "muddy." Moreover, you can serve it at the right strength and steaming hot.

Westinghouse Electric Ware, furthermore, is just as good-looking as it is efficient and convenient.

Where to Buy Westinghouse Electric Ware —At light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores.

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Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Look for the ... trademark on the dealer's ...

A PRISONER OF WAR

(Continued from Page 17)

which were being used to build a huge horse corral. The Germans were establishing a depot for sick horses from the Front. I was not able to do this work, and told the sentry. He was very abusive, but I remained firm and was given a lighter job. We worked from six A. M. till three P. M. without food, and I was staggering as we marched back to camp.

My dinner was waiting for me—a bowl of cold dirty soup. I flung it through the window and resolved I would not work any more for such inhuman monsters. An Imperial soldier called me over and I shared his parcel, which he had received the day before, and we immediately became great chums. His name was Simpson and he hailed from Nottingham. I had an interview with Sergeant Johnson and he gave me the job of mess orderly, and I was exempted from all fatigues. I remained on this job till August seventeenth. I was then told that next day I should go away on a working party. I, Simpson and six more British, along with sixty French prisoners, paraded next day at ten A. M., were marched to the train and soon were en route for the town where we were to work.

We arrived at four P. M., and in a downpour of rain marched to our camp, which was three kilometers away. We arrived there sopping wet and found our quarters were in a disused dance hall at the back of an inn. We were very crowded and the place was very stuffy. For beds we had coarse hammocks, which were in long rows and two deep, one above the other. There was nothing ready for us, but about eight o'clock we had soup given to us—a wash bowlful for every four men—and we sat round on the floor and dug in with our spoons. The man that could eat fastest got the most, and I can assure you none of us was very slow.

We slept that night without blankets and were roused at five o'clock for breakfast. It consisted of coffee and we were given our bread for the day. I might mention that I went "nap" immediately. We were told that we should have to go to work at one o'clock. After drinking our soup we filed out on parade and were marched to the job, which was a kilometer away. Thousands of women and children lined the route. The French were placed in front and we brought up the rear. When the people caught sight of the "hated race" pandemonium broke loose. We were pelted with mud and stones and thoroughly abused in German. "God punish England!" they cried as they shook their fists at us, and if the guards had not rallied round us we should have been torn to pieces. We were the first British prisoners they had ever seen and they showed all the spite and animosity they could muster up.

Threats of Court-Martial

When we arrived on the job we found that we were to be used as builders' laborers. There were eight cottages under construction. They had been standing incomplete since 1914, when the Germans had been called up. The French prisoners had been picked because they were artisans—carpenters, slaters, bricklayers, and so on. The British were to carry the hod and do all the rough work. Four sentries were posted round the job and we were given shovels and put to work shoveling sand.

It was an easy job, but Simpson, Taylor and I had made up our minds that we would not work for the Germans, so we decided to report sick next morning. We worked till seven P. M., then marched back to our barrack. We had to run the gantlet of the women again, but I was too much fed up to pay attention to them. We found that some blankets had arrived for us; also a bowl apiece. We hastily swallowed our soup and rolled into bed.

Next morning we were wakened at four-thirty and got breakfast—coffee and bread. The three of us then saw the sergeant major and told him through an interpreter that we wished to see a doctor. He refused our request and we were kicked out on parade. On arriving at our work we told the foreman in charge that we were sick men. He sent a sentry back with us to the barrack. When the sergeant major saw us he was furious, and for punishment we were stood in separate corners at attention and were deprived of food for the day. We did Stilly Stand for eight hours and were then turned loose. The Frenchmen played the game, however, and had saved us some soup; and we very quickly got rid of it, as we were famished.

Next morning we resisted all efforts to turn us out, and the sergeant major said he would let us see a doctor. At nine o'clock we were marched into the town and taken before a medical man. As we entered the study I saw a life-size portrait of the Kaiser and I had a hard job to restrain myself from tearing it from the wall. The doctor was a typical Prussian and very quickly informed us that there was absolutely nothing wrong with us. The sergeant major had been down before us, and had evidently put him wise. The sentry marched us back to the barrack and we were forced to turn out at one P. M. along with the rest. As it was Saturday we were allowed to quit work at six o'clock.

On Sunday we lay in till eight o'clock and after a sumptuous repast of black bread and coffee we were paraded for our pay. We refused to take it and were again given Stilly Stand. During the day large crowds collected in front of our prison. Some had come a long way in order to see the British prisoners of war. A band composed of four instruments played all the German patriotic tunes in front of the barrack and finished up with the usual cry, "God punish England!"

Next day we turned out to work and were employed digging a foundation for a new cottage. I was taking things easy when the foreman spotted me. He sent for the sergeant major, and that brave warrior came down and beat me with his sword while the sentries held me at bay with fixed bayonets.

That settled it! I was determined then that I would work no more. I finished the day, however. Next morning when we were told to fall in, Simpson, Taylor and I remained inside and shouted *"Nix arbeit, nix arbeit!"* thus intimating that we wouldn't work. However, we were driven out with fixed bayonets and the butt ends of rifles and marched away. When we reached our work we refused to take our shovels out of the shed.

Asked why we wouldn't work I said "I joined up to fight you, not to work for you." The sergeant major drew his sword and, pointing it at my throat, said "Work." I said "*Nix.*"

He was purple with rage and I fully expected to get stuck. Seeing that we were determined he put up his sword and drew a revolver. He told the interpreter to tell us that if we didn't go to work in three minutes he would shoot us. We stood pat, and when the time was up he asked us if we would work. We said "No; get on with the shooting." He said no more but shoved his gun back into the holster and told a sentry to march us back to the barrack. We had called his hand and it was nothing but a huge bluff.

When we arrived at the barrack the cook asked us if we would peel some potatoes. We consented to do this, and were sitting round the tub chatting away when the sergeant major came in with a gendarme. We were taken out into the office and then searched. After that a sentry and the gendarme marched us into town and we were thrown into jail.

Each had a separate cell. My two chums were on the top floor and I occupied a cell on the bottom. I flung myself down on the hard wooden bed and my thoughts were far from pleasant. Soon the door was thrown open and a pompous-looking civilian entered.

"Stand up!" said he in German. I looked him over and shook my head. Just then he caught sight of my South African ribbons and his eyes popped out. "South Africa," said he, and I nodded. This seemed to disgust him and he went away.

Soon after, the old turnkey came in with coffee and bread and butter. He made me understand that he had two sons prisoners in England and that he would be kind to me. That night he gave me a mattress and four quilts and treated my chums upstairs the same way. In addition to this we received our soup from the barrack. That night we were guarded by double sentries and a dog. They evidently took us for desperadoes and were not taking any chances. We remained in prison three days, and on the twenty-seventh of August an escort of two men came to take us back to Sennelager.

Crowds lined the streets, and amid showers of mud and stones and lots of abuse we marched to the station. We were going back to stand our trial for mutiny and were told that we would most probably be shot. On arrival at Senne we were taken to our own camp and placed in a hut that was reserved as a guardroom. Next day we went up before the commandant and he put us back for trial by court-martial. We were marched back to the guardroom. There we talked over past events, as we had nothing else to do. Life was very monotonous now and the time seemed to drag. We had our rations brought to us and we were allowed our parcels, as we had not been convicted. We had an old pack of cards and used to pass the time playing or telling yarns. Once we broke into song, but when we sang Sons of the Sea the Germans got peeved and stopped our little concert.

The Good French Doctor

On the twenty-eighth of September I felt a bit sick and asked to see a doctor. A German corporal took me up to the hospital hut and I was examined. "Nothing wrong with him," said the student who posed as a medical man; "take him away." I was marched back to the guardroom. Two days later I was in a terrible state and persuaded the corporal to take me up again. The doctor didn't even bother to examine me this time, but said "If you dare to come here again I'll have you severely punished."

I then returned to my prison, but I can remember no more. I came to my senses on the eleventh of October and found myself in the Sennelager Hospital. It seems I had been carried down there, delirious, on the evening of the thirtieth of September. The German doctor who was in charge of the hospital said I should have been down there a week before I was brought. He said it was too late to do anything for me, but a French doctor who was interned at Sennelager took up my case, and it is to him that I owe my life. He was a lung specialist from Paris and his name was Belloirs. I was suffering from pleurisy and was in a critical condition. The hospital had been recently built and was for prisoners of war only, and the part I was in was under the care of Doctor Cleeve. He had been a ship's doctor before the war and spoke excellent English. There were thirty-six beds in the ward where I lay; ten were occupied by British and the rest by French soldiers and Belgian civilian prisoners of war. Everything was kept very clean, but the food was the same as that issued to the prisoners in the camp. But we could purchase eggs and milk, which the Germans would bring in for us. We could also buy butter and sugar.

For nurses we had English and French orderlies, who looked after us very well. On the fifteenth of October Doctor Belloirs operated on me, taking more than a quart of water off my lungs. I felt a bit better after this and began to take an interest in my surroundings. Doctor Cleeve, who was a jolly kind of man, used to talk to me a lot about the United States. He had traveled a good deal and we had many a yarn about the different places we had been in. Once he brought me an old San Francisco Examiner.

At this time the Germans were bringing thousands of Belgian civilians into Sennelager. They used to pass the hospital on

(Continued on Page 68)

"Dual Personality" in a Motor Car

PEERLESS
Two Power Range Eight
Loafing Range
Sporting Range
The Loafing Range
—is a separate and distinct range of power, generously ample for every type of performance required of a car in every-day driving.
It is notable for an unusually soft, even flow of power that seems not so much to drive the car, as to impel it to glide.
Yet it "picks up" almost instantly to any desired speed—
And all the while it is consuming only half-rations of fuel.
The Sporting Range
—is another separate and distinct range of power giving the car entirely different characteristics.
Its seeming limit of speed, or ability further to climb the long steep grade, is barely sensed before it takes on new life—speeds faster and yet faster.
The soft purr of the motor is replaced by the throb of eighty horse-power unleashed, full fed, and capable of any speed you would dare, or of any climb for which roads are ever built.

MOTOR CARS, when they have had sufficient power and speed for pleasurable distance-driving, have been extravagantly wasteful of fuel for every-day utility-driving.

But in its Sporting Range the Peerless Two-Power-Range Eight competes successfully with even those master cars designed especially for power and speed without regard for the gentler virtues.

While in its Loafing Range the Peerless asks no favor of those cars which excel in soft, smooth, economical operation but make no claim to power and speed.

You can not imagine the thrill of such contrasting performances in one and the same car until you experience it.

You cannot appreciate the satisfaction of real operating economy without sacrifice of power and speed until you own the car of "dual personality" —the Peerless Two-Power-Range, Eighty-Horse-Power Eight.

Let the Peerless dealer demonstrate—you will enjoy a new motoring experience and determine how you may lessen the financial strain and increase the pleasure of owning a motor car.

Seven Passenger Touring

$2550

Roadster $2550 Coupé $3050
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The Peerless Motor Car Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

ASK any man who rode a bicycle in the "nineties." He will tell you that G & J stood then for all that was best in pneumatic tires.

From the very beginning of the automobile industry, the knowledge and skill and resources of the G & J organization have been devoted to making G & J Automobile Tires worthy of the name.

G & J Tires have never failed to increase the reputation of "The Name Behind the Tire." They are better today than ever. They are making new records in mileage and satisfaction every year.

G & J Tire Equipment will put you on the solid basis of known quality. And you will benefit from the most valuable tire experience in the industry.

When you buy new tires this Spring, choose G & J. Made in the well-known 'G' Tread, 'Stalwart', 'Plain' and 'G & J Cord'.

THE G & J TIRE COMPANY, 1786 Broadway, New York

THE NAME BEHIND THE TIRE

(Continued from Page 66)

their way to their detention camp. All kinds of wild rumors were afloat. We had an idea that the British were advancing and the Germans were fetching the civil population back so that they couldn't join up with the Allies. In Senne the civilians received very harsh treatment, being brutally beaten and continually kept on Stilly Stand. As they received few if any parcels they had to exist on the German rations, which were worse than ours.

The month of July had been extremely hot, and for some breach of discipline the civilians were compelled to stand on the tarred roofs of the huts in their bare feet. They were hatless as well, and stood for hours at a stretch.

Another form of punishment was this: A sack was filled with bricks and strapped on a man's back, and with a brick in each hand he was compelled to double round in a ring in the deep sand. If he slackened up he was beaten, and should the unfortunate victim fall from exhaustion he was kicked and pricked with bayonets till he staggered to his feet.

In the latter part of November a German orderly came up to my bed and informed me that I was to be tried by court-martial next day. Two days previous to this some more water had been taken off my lungs and I was too weak to move. Sure enough, at ten A. M. down came an escort to take me up for trial, but Doctor Cleeve went up and told the court that it was impossible for me to appear; and my trial was postponed till I was better.

I now began to improve and was given a special diet, as I was terribly emaciated. Once a day in addition to my regular food I received half a pound of tender steak along with potatoes and gravy, and this helped me to regain my strength. On the twenty-fifth of November I was weighed and registered one hundred and fourteen pounds. My normal weight is one hundred and seventy pounds.

At this time I began to receive parcels regularly from home, and the Canadian Red Cross sent me a good supply of warm clothes and a heavy blanket. When the Germans saw the woolen goods they were eager to buy them and offered far more money than they were worth, but there was nothing doing. My comrades up in the camp were allowed to visit me and used to come down regularly and cheer me up. I was still in bed and passed the time making fancy mats out of silk thread which my chums had brought from Paderborn.

At last Christmas Day arrived. We had a concert in the ward next to mine and I enjoyed myself very much. There was some good talent in Senne and the best artists had been sent down to amuse us. The star turn was Private Cheeseman. He kept us alive, and both the French and British were convulsed with laughter at his facial contortions. We passed a pleasant afternoon and forgot for a few hours that we were prisoners of war.

The Verdict of the Court

Next day I was allowed up and gradually got stronger. On January 14, 1916, I was sent to the convalescent camp at Lippspringe. The patients were accommodated in a huge concert and dance hall about a kilometer from the town. Lippspringe is a famous health resort and in time of peace is crowded with people taking the waters. Just then it was full of wounded soldiers. On the fifteenth I was examined by the doctor in charge and told I was a bad case and that I should remain all summer!

The food here was better than in Senne, and we could purchase eggs and things. The beds were comfortable and clean and I settled myself down for a long rest. But on February sixteenth I was told that I was to go up for trial on the mutiny charge, and next day an escort arrived and took me back to Sennelager.

On February eighteenth, at nine A. M., I paraded in front of the building that was used as a courthouse. I was very weak but was not allowed to sit down, but kept standing for two hours while another case was being tried. At last my turn came and I was marched in. Five officers composed the court. All wore decorations and were a severe-looking bunch. Another officer was told off to act as my lawyer, but I asked permission to conduct my own case. This was granted and a good interpreter was allotted to me. I was charged with "refusing to obey an order from a superior officer and with acting in a manner likely to cause dissatisfaction among prisoners of war." Some charge, this!

The president gabbled through the details of the alleged offense and I pleaded not guilty. I was not given a chance to say much as the court seemed to be in a hurry to go to lunch. I argued the point a bit, then collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. I came to outside, and was informed that I had been awarded twenty-one days' imprisonment, but on account of my being ill this was reduced to fourteen. I was surprised, as I had expected five years at the least.

The escort then took me down to the station and we took the train back to Lippspringe. Next day I was discharged as cured. I said to the doctor "I thought I was to remain here all summer." Said he "I have changed my mind. You must go to prison."

On the twentieth I was taken back to Senne Three and posted to Twenty-second Company. It was composed entirely of British, and Sergeant Jones of my own regiment was in charge of it. I stayed in Senne till the tenth of March; then I was taken to Staumhuile to do my time. I walked the three miles to the camp and was placed in the prison at ten-thirty A. M. The number of my cell was thirteen; it was ten feet long and about six feet wide. The window was heavily barred and was darkened, as I was doing Grade One. There was a stove in the cell and it was fed and regulated from the corridor outside. The fire was lighted in the morning and the stove made red-hot, and the unfortunate victim tore off all his clothes to try to keep cool; or else crawled under the wooden bed. This was a sample of German Kultur, and after about an hour I was all in. The sweat rolled off me in streams, and it was in vain that I pounded on the door and asked for water. The fire was kept up all day, and at night it was allowed to go out and the cold was intense. I was given two thin blankets about nine o'clock, but was unable to sleep on account of the cold. I received no rations the first day, but next morning a jug of water was given to me and at night I got about three-quarters of a pound of black bread, which was very quickly eaten.

Private Theatricals

On the fourth day of my confinement I was allowed a light cell and full rations. The board was taken off the window and some air allowed in. I received coffee for breakfast, soup for dinner and bread and maize meal for supper. That night I was allowed a mattress and three blankets. Next day, however, I was back to bread and water and total darkness and the awful fire. That night a new jailer took over the cells and he was a decent fellow. He kept a moderate heat on and opened my window so that I could get fresh air. Every fourth day I got full rations and a mattress. The time used to hang fearfully heavy and I paced up and down for hours at a stretch. On the twenty-fourth I was released, and after I had eaten my soup I was escorted back to Senne Three. The sentry who took me was a good fellow and I rested many times before I had covered the three miles. When I arrived at the camp I went back to my company and met my old chum, Simpson.

A great change had come over Senne Three. There was a bunk now for every man, and the mattresses and blankets seemed better. The American Y. M. C. A. had built a theater for us and our parcels were coming very regularly. We used to fall in for roll call at nine A. M. and were then free to do what we liked for the rest of the day. A dramatic society had been formed, and the first performance put on in the theater was called P. C. Parker. I can honestly say that it was played splendidly and could not have been bettered anywhere. The audience fairly rolled up with laughter. We also had a band, the instruments being given by the same institution that built our theater.

On the twenty-eighth of March I went out with a fatigue party to unload some sacks of grain down at the station. I was pretty weak and was unable to lift them, and received a good deal of abuse from the sentry, but my comrades helped me out. On the thirtieth I was on the same fatigue again, but the sentry, who was human, told me to sit down, and he did my share himself. When we got back to the camp he told the commandant that I was not strong enough to work, and I was excused

(Continued on Page 71)

California Raisin Bread

A Famous Victory Product

Saves Sugar
Saves Wheat
Saves Butter

and Increases Bread's Nutrition.

Your Grocer or Baker has it Ready Baked.

Put this delicious Raisin bread on your table today. Witness its popularity in your family circle.

You will find that raisins elevate all Victory breads to a high state of deliciousness. Children and grownups like this Victory Raisin Bread. For Sun-Maid Raisins blend perfectly with the mixed flours now used by all bakers under our government's orders.

The raisins, you will say, more than compensate for the war-time reduction of wheat flour and sugar. Try this Victory Raisin Bread.

Sun-Maid Raisins can perform a gratifying service for you in bettering all plain foods. Use them in boiled rice, bread pudding and other economical dishes. Raisins impart a fruity flavor. They whet the appetite for all economy foods.

Thousands of women always have on hand this package of Sun-Maid Raisins.

Three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins: Seeded *(seeds removed)*, blue package. Seedless *(grown without seeds)*, red package. Clusters *(on the stem)*, blue package.

California Associated Raisin Co.
Membership, 8000 Growers
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Victory *Penny-Buns*

Thousands of homes now count these delicious raisin buns as daily food. You will enjoy their spicy, fruity flavor. Buy them of bakers at a penny each.

California *Raisin Pie*

Try this delicious pie today. Raisin pie is the ideal pie for war-time because it has high food value and is inexpensive. Buy it at bakeries and restaurants.

SUN-MAID *Raisins*

TO BAKERS EVERYWHERE

Send for up-to-date formulas for Victory bread, buns and pies with raisins. All our formulas comply fully with government food regulations. The demand for bakery specialties is increasing. Bakers everywhere are gaining friends by providing these nutritious foods. For these bakery products provide great food-value and help our government to conserve wheat, sugar and lard, while giving you a fair profit.

How to Buy Shoes With Your Head

YES, your *feet* and *purse* had the final say, of course. But even when they protested your head didn't pay much attention. And your *eye* usually picked out the shoe. Your fancy was satisfied.

But today, when the wisest expenditure spells national as well as personal thrift, your *head* is going to give your *feet* comfort, your *eye* good looks, and your *purse* long wear.

There is something more than looks and leather in a good shoe. In these Ralston "Lot O'Wear" Oxfords we have successfully combined elegance, ease and economy. They are light, yet durable; cool and "summery," yet protective—modish and becoming. Unlike many Oxfords, Ralstons will not bulge at the side, slip at the heel, and need no breaking in. The minute you put your feet into them you'll feel their comfort.

All Ralston shoes represent the maximum of intrinsic shoe value and the utmost in perfect shoe essentials—at a happy-medium price. They are what all thrifty-wise Americans demand today.

Go to the Ralston agent in your neighborhood. You'll get a perfect fit, and your Ralstons will afford you—what you may never have fully realized before—a most desirable combination of perfect style, easy foot-comfort and more-than-expected wear. If you don't know the Ralston agent write at once for his name and our booklet on "How to Make Your Shoes Last Longer."

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Campello (Brockton), Mass.

Ralston

—your kind of a shoe

$7.00 to $10.00

Send for Catalogue

Dealers: Ralstons are carried in stock. The line is available to a few more agents in neighborhoods where we are not represented. Write for proposition and details of our advertising and sales-help-co-operation plan. Ralstons will help you increase your volume of sales.

(Continued from Page 68)

from that day. The weather was getting warmer now and we could promenade round the camp and otherwise amuse ourselves. The Canadians had introduced the game of poker and a lot of mild gambling went on. The French had made roulette wheels and there were several crown and anchor boards. At night the hut was a miniature Monte Carlo, and the boys livened up a good deal.

About the middle of April a representative of the American ambassador visited the camp. He had been in quite a while before I got wise to the fact. I resolved to make a complaint about my treatment at Lippspringe. The American had gone into the theater to address the noncommissioned officers and I waited outside. A general with his staff was also waiting for his reappearance and one of the orderlies inquired what I wanted. I said, "I wish to make a complaint." I was ordered away and abused, but I bided my time, and when the American came out I pushed my way through the Germans and demanded an audience. They tried to hold me back, but I struggled through and interviewed my man. He said I was quite justified in complaining and promised to look into the matter.

We now had plenty of good English food and were receiving bread from Switzerland every week, so it was very seldom that we touched the muck that the Germans issued. At this time the Huns introduced bread cards into the camp. We each got a ticket with the dates of the month printed on it, and in order to get our bread each man had to go to the store at a certain hour and get his ticket punched. He then received his ration. The Germans thought that it would be too much trouble for us and that they would be able to save a lot of bread, but every man went up regularly every day and drew his ration. It made a good hot fire in the stove.

Squaring the Sentries

At the beginning of May we had sports in the camp. We subscribed together and organized a sports committee. We had an ideal day and the Germans did everything they could to help us. There was great rivalry between the British and French, but we collared most of the prizes. The band played popular airs and it was hard to realize that we were in a detention camp. Senne Three at that time was the best camp in Germany and the commandant was a thorough gentleman and a good sport. He afterward lost his job for being too lenient.

A lot of amusing things occurred at Senne. One night we were playing cards after lights out when a sentry came into the hut.

"You must go to bed," said he in German.

"All right. Wait till we finish this hand."

He started to make a row, but one of the boys who was having a late supper from a parcel he had got that day said "Here you are, old sport, have some of this!" at the same time offering him some of his supper.

To our astonishment the German stood his rifle up against a bed and sat down. He was pretty hungry and we filled him up between us.

"You can play all night," said he, and we resumed our game. After that he became a regular customer whenever he was on duty.

Another night one of the boys dashed in and said, "Say, there's a guy on sentry go outside the wire wants something to eat."

"Take him out some German bread," said someone.

From Senne to Minden

We sent out a few rations of "punk" to him, and when I went out to investigate five minutes later he was leaning against a tree getting it down him and was very thankful for it.

On May tenth 164 British prisoners, of whom I was one, paraded at nine A. M. with all our kits and marched to the station and got on board the train. Our destination was Minden. It was with deep regret that I said good-by to my chums, and we all knew that we would never have such a good camp as the one in Senne Three had turned out to be. From one of the worst it had become the best, simply through the boys' playing the game and being sports. On the way to the station we sang Good-by Forever. All the efforts on the part of the sentries to keep us quiet were useless.

After a few hours' run on the train we reached the historic town of Minden, in Westphalia, and detrained. There was a different class of sentries here and the bullying started right away. We were formed up in fours and after being counted a number of times were marched to the camp, which was about four and a half kilometers from the town. It was a warm day and some of the boys who had been getting lots of parcels had quite a load to carry. We were allowed to sit down once for ten minutes, and eventually arrived at the camp.

It was a dreary, dismal-looking place. A high board fence surrounded the whole of it. There were six blocks or barracks there, each one complete with kitchen, latrines, bathhouse and so on. The barrack rooms were built all round the side of each block, leaving a large open space in the center. The kitchen and bathhouse were built in the center of the square. Each block would hold about two thousand men. We were assigned to Block Three and quickly given to understand that we were under an iron discipline and should have to obey orders. We each got three blankets and lay down on the floor. There were thousands of fleas

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"Oh! Doctor! Baby simply *won't* stop crying"

"His little legs are just raw. There's an angry rash on his back and stomach. Please do something!"

Of course the doctor knew nothing serious was the matter. Baby was living through his first hot summer and was suffering from teething rash and diaper rash. But doctor knew that only a happy baby grows and thrives. So he did something.

Baby was dusted with Kora-Konia. Quickly the rash disappeared. The hot little body became cool. The raw spots were soothed and soon healed. In a mighty short time baby was cooing and gurgling for his dinner.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Mennen's Talcum Powder, which has made babies sweet and comfortable for nearly forty years. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

Kora-Konia clings to the flesh for hours and is not easily washed or rubbed off, making it peculiarly valuable for diaper rash or for chafing caused by perspiration or vigorous exercise. Doctors have found Kora-Konia effective to relieve skin irritation caused by a long stay in bed. Hospitals use it constantly.

Let us send you a physician's sample of Kora-Konia for 10 cents. You can then see for yourself how valuable and necessary a preparation it is. A full-size box costs 50 cents

Do you chafe?

Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief.

Please use the coupon in ordering sample

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Mennen's is a household word because people remember the name of [illegible] Think what Mennen's Talcum has meant to babies! A million men enjoy the luxury of a Mennen shave each morning. Mennen's Toi Shampoo ing Cream and Cold Cream are great. Use them all.

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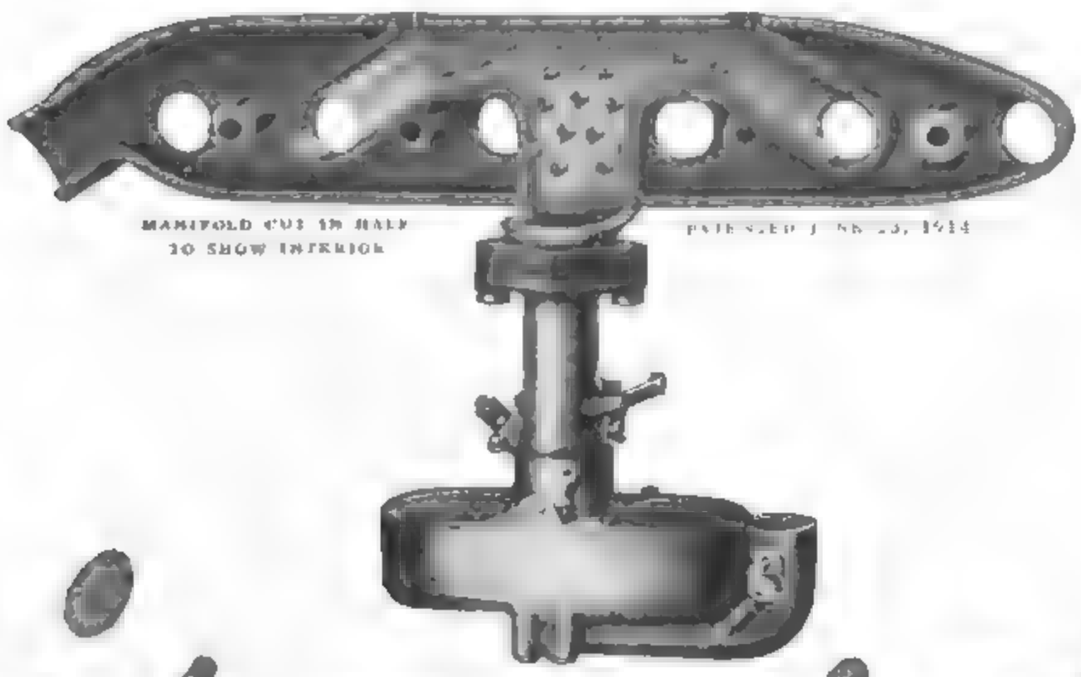
Name

Address



Discovered

And It Cost $225,000.00

Yes, the way to successfully use coal oil (kerosene) instead of gasoline in an automobile engine has been found. From now on you car owners will be saving nearly half on fuel cost and getting a good deal more mileage per gallon. There isn't any doubt about it. It's proved. And here is the K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold which will do just that for you.

Now, we know what you have been told and what you will be told about using coal oil in motor cars.

You will be told "it can't be done." You will be told that it has been tried time and time again without good results.

We know all about these trials and failures. But because a thing "has never been done" is no reason why it will not be done. There must be a first time for every discovery—and that's the case with coal oil burning in motor cars today.

And we say now that it CAN be done, that it is BEING DONE, that the way to do it has been found and WE HAVE PROVED IT. We are ready to prove it to you NOW at our risk.

No matter what you are told, what you believe or what you think, you are going to use coal oil in your car either now or later.

KBC
KEROSENE CARBURETOR
AND HOT PIN MANIFOLD

You are not going to keep on paying for gasoline when coal oil at about half the price will give you MORE MILEAGE. You are going to cut down your big fuel bills.

Sooner or later you will have your car equipped with the K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold. Your good business judgment will demand it and you might as well do it without any delay.

We spent $225,000.00 developing this carburetor and manifold before we ever offered it for sale. We knew that the PRINCIPLE WAS RIGHT and for five years our experts worked until they had perfected a device on that principle which we could deliver with ABSOLUTE PROOF and a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

The K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold actually vaporizes coal oil. It delivers nearly 100 per cent of the power to the cylinder.

Look at the picture. See the staggered pins in the manifold. That's the secret. Go to your supply dealer and ask him to tell you about it.

If he can't or won't explain it, a letter to us will bring convincing information about this remarkable device for kerosene burning.

Run On Coal Oil
and Get More Mileage

Are you going to let your own prejudice or anybody else's prejudice or say-so keep you from testing this amazing discovery, when you get your money back if it doesn't really give you better results with cheap coal oil than you are getting now with expensive gasoline?

A Ford touring car equipped with this device showed a saving of $7.92 per 1000 miles as compared with the previous cost of running with gasoline.

A truck owner cut his fuel bills by $20.00 a month—and found that his engine worked better.

A car owner who ran his machine as a "jitney" under unusually hard conditions, got an average of 21 miles per gallon from coal oil at 11c as against 15 miles per gallon of gasoline for which he had been paying 24c.

But you need not take the experience of these men. Try it on your own car. See for yourself.

We say: Test the K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold for 30 days. If it doesn't show an **enormous reduction in your fuel bills** and a big **increase in mileage,** gallon for gallon, or if for any or no reason at all you don't want it, return it and **get your money back.** Its price is only $37.50 complete ready for installation on Ford or Maxwell cars, and it soon pays for itself by the saving it makes—then it keeps on saving for you.

Every dealer through whom we sell this device is authorized to make this agreement and we back it up.

The K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold is now adapted for **Fords, Maxwells and Trucks with Model C Continental Motors.** It will soon be available for most standard makes of pleasure cars, trucks and tractors.

Ask Your Dealer

Before you buy another gallon of gasoline go and talk to a good dealer about the K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Point Manifold—and our 30 days' satisfaction or money-back guarantee. Garages, supply houses and repair shops practically everywhere now handle and install this device. Learn how you can now run your automobile on kerosene (coal oil) and get more mileage.

If your dealer hasn't it yet, write to us and give us his name We will see that you have this fuel-saving equipment.

DEALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS

The K. B. C. Carburetor and Hot Pin Manifold is a positive success. Send for our special proposition to garages, supply and repair houses. Get information about our advertising plan to co-operate with you. Every dealer knows that a successful kerosene burning device has long been wanted—now it can be had and the demand is large. Dealers not familiar with the K. B. C. System should write for full particulars at once.

KEROSENE BURNING CARBURETOR COMPANY
1251 Michigan Avenue **Chicago, Illinois**

(Continued from Page 71)

there and sleep was impossible. In Block Three there were twelve hundred French prisoners who had been taken at Verdun, and they were absolutely starving. The Germans abused and kicked them round something fearful. The night we arrived a big German bully kicked an English soldier, but he quickly found himself on his back. He had stopped a beautiful straight left and seemed very much surprised. He never touched any of our boys after that.

On the eleventh of May all the corporals and sergeants were taken away to Block Five, and Lance Corporal Marshall, of the K. O. Y. L. I., was placed in command of us, and we were given our Minden numbers.

Life in Minden was very monotonous. On account of the height of the barracks we slept in we could see nothing but the sky. It was quite a relief to get out on the various fatigue parties that went outside the camp every day. As we had no mattresses to sleep on the nights were very uncomfortable and our bones soon began to ache. Time seemed to hang heavy, and there were many wild rumors spread round. All we could do was to lounge round the barrack room, as there was no shade outside, and on account of the extreme heat it was impossible to take exercise during the day. No wind could get at us and the stench from the latrines was something fearful.

The menu for the day consisted of half a pound of black bread; ground acorn coffee for breakfast; and some of the soup that they gave us for dinner would puzzle an analyst. On several occasions it consisted of turnip tops and ordinary grass boiled in water. After partaking of this vile mess many of my comrades were taken violently sick. At night we had maize-meal soup, and twice a week we received a raw salt herring apiece. A man had to be exceedingly hungry to eat these, but I have tackled them a good many times. We had been at Minden two weeks before our parcels arrived from Sennelager, and when the first batch came we made short work of them.

It was about this time that the first British party of prisoners for Russia were sent away. Twenty men were called out on parade and marched to the clothing store. All their British uniform was taken away and they were given German clothing. This had been taken off dead Germans and been washed, and had the usual distinguishing marks put on. These consisted of a broad brown stripe down the outside of the trouser leg and a band of the same color round the arm. Two hours after the boys got their clothes changed they were on their way. Their kits were searched and they were issued a white band with E. K. I printed on it. This was sewed on the sleeve of the coat and denoted that they were British prisoners of war and the number of the working party was 1.

Kidding the Boches

When they had marched through the gate and were gone we were paraded again and sixteen men were picked out to go farming. They were served the same way, with the exception that they were allowed to take away their khaki uniforms. They were sent to a place called Schnathorst. Parties now began to go away every two or three days, and I and eleven more were picked out to go farming.

Previous to this the Germans had tried to find out what our occupations in civil life were. We each received a paper to fill out, and many unheard-of trades were put down. A few of them were: Hair pin maker, treacle bender, doughnut-hole puncher, domino spotter, pantomime policeman. One of the questions on the paper was: "How many languages do you speak? State them." And a good many of the boys put down: "Four—English, Irish, Scotch and American." These papers must have puzzled the Germans a lot, but if they got wise to the fact that they were being fooled with they never let on.

The day we went away the twelve of us were called at three A.M., and after we had our coffee were marched to Minden station, and at seven o'clock we boarded the train. After an hour's run we got off at a little village called Lindhorst. The populace were waiting to receive us, but they seemed very friendly and were all smiles. We were escorted to our barrack, which was a small building in a disused brickyard beside the railway track and directly opposite the village. There were other prisoners at this place, eight French and three Russians, but at this time they were all out at work. We placed our kits in the barrack and then lined up outside. A number of civilians were there, and as our names were called out they took us away to the farms. Some of them took two men, but I went with a German named Windheim.

His place was two and a half kilometers from the village. When I got to the farm I was given some bread and coffee and then put to work chopping wood. There was no sentry there, as the farmer was responsible for my safe-keeping. Four of my comrades were at work on adjacent farms. Nothing was said to me that morning while at work, and at twelve o'clock I was called in to dinner. The family, which consisted of Windheim and his nineteen-year-old son, two hired girls and a small boy, sat at the table, but I ate my dinner at a sideboard on the opposite side of the room. The dinner was composed of thick potato soup and there was a piece of sausage beside my plate. I was allowed an hour and a half for dinner and then resumed my wood-chopping.

At three o'clock one of the girls called me into the house and gave me coffee with bread and butter; then back to the woodshed I went. I took things pretty easy, and at six o'clock I flung down the ax and went to the house. The farmer told me that I must work till seven, but I refused, and he gave me my supper with great reluctance.

Life With the Windheims

At quarter past seven the sentry came and collected the five of us who were working round there, and marched us down to the barrack. When we arrived we found the rest of the boys there and we began to swap experiences. They had all been treated pretty well and had had good food. The beds in the barrack had been supplied by the farmers and were very comfortable. There was no barbed wire round the building and we could lounge about outside till nine-thirty; then we were locked in. A lance corporal and two privates had charge of us and were fairly decent.

At six next morning we were wakened and after washing were marched to our farms, received breakfast—coffee and bread and butter—then went to work. I commenced on the wood again. At nine o'clock I was taken into the house and had a meal of coffee, bread and scrambled eggs. Then Windheim and his son hitched a horse to a wagon. I was told to get in and we drove out to the fields to get a load of clover for the cows. When we arrived the son gave me a scythe and told me to get busy. I threw it on the ground and told him I didn't know how to use one. He intimated that it was a good time to learn, but I refused to have anything to do with it. He had to cut the clover himself while I forked it onto the wagon.

When we got our load—it took an hour—we jumped on the wagon and drove back to the farm. The wagon was driven right into the cow shed and I pitched off the load. The farmhouse and buildings for cattle were all under one roof, the whole making one big structure.

You could get to the horses, cows, pigs and chickens or to the huge hayloft without going outside.

After dinner the two girls and I went to the fields to thin out turnips. I had made up my mind now that I would do as much damage as I could, so I started in and slashed away with the hoe. I made a fearful mess and there was a great uproar when Windheim arrived. He threatened to have me strafed, but I carried on, and pretty soon he took me back to the woodshed. His son Fritz came out to boss the job and became so abusive that I was compelled to hand him a punch on the jaw. He got the surprise of his life and went and brought his father. They both stood and stared at me, but I went on chopping wood, and soon they went away.

That night I told the lance corporal that I would not work at all if I was to be abused, so next morning he went up and choked the farmer off. A few days after this the Germans got the news about the sea fight at the Skager-Rack and all the houses round the district were decorated with flags. I was told that our Navy had suffered a big defeat and that the German Fleet was bombarding the east coast of England. I was now getting treated a bit better by the farmer and was allowed to take my meals at the table. Frau Windheim had come home from hospital, where she had been for some months, and the food was a lot better.

Meckel Lubricators

A—Double Shackle Bolt Lubricator
B—Single Spring Bolt Lubricator
C—Spindle Bolt Lubricator

Stop Squeaks, Rattles and Wear

Use Oil Instead of Grease

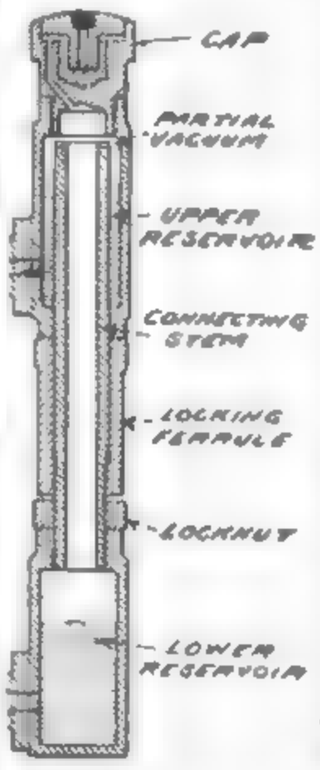
All engineers know that oil is the best lubricant for every part of a motor car because it runs freely and finds its way into places where grease won't go.

The only difficulty about oil is making it "stay put"—controlling the feed—preventing leakage.

Meckel AUTOMATIC AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATORS

Patented September 7, 1917

The Meckel Lubricator is the only device that perfectly and automatically controls the flow of oil for every part of a car where there is now a grease cup. It works when the car goes; stops when it stops. It can't leak, spill, overflow, clog up or get out of order. It has a reservoir that holds enough oil for a 2500-mile run. It requires no attention except occasional filling. There is no muss, dirt or difficulty in its use. Once on they can't become lost.



Meckel Lubricators immediately stop all squeaks and noises due to dry shackle bolts, spindles and suspension points.

A Test of Oil vs. Grease

In a comparative test of several thousand miles a Meckel-Lubricated bolt showed almost imperceptible wear,—less than one-seventh as much as a grease-lubricated bolt on the same car.

More Resiliency, Less Tire Wear

Noise means lost power—waste. Cut it out completely and get at the same time the perfect flexibility aimed at by the designers of your car—the freedom of every joint in the machine—the reduction of tire wear that follows and the pleasure and confidence that come from treating your car right. Tire record on a test car showed 10,300 miles.

115 Engineers Say it is O. K.

Before we considered the Meckel Lubricator as a commercial product we submitted it to 115 Automobile Engineers to determine if it was right. All of them gave their unqualified endorsement. Without an inch of advertising, thousands of Meckel Lubricators have been sold. Every installation spreads the merits and enlarges the demand.

The Meckel System

There are three designs—A, for double shackle bolts, B, for single bolts, and C, for spindles. Each of these types looks better than a grease cup, works immeasurably better, takes up less space, and needs no turning up or frequent refilling. Each lubricates with oil, when, where and as fast as needed.

The Meckel Offer

You ought to have a Meckel Lubricator wherever there is a grease cup on your car. For trial, we recommend that you start with the most important points. We will send, prepaid, with instructions for the simple application which you can make in a few minutes:

2 Style A Meckel Double Lubricators for Shackle bolts, Nickel Plated @ $1.50 each.
2 Style B Meckel Single Lubricators for Spring bolts, Nickel Plated @ 75c each.
2 Style C Meckel Single Lubricators for Spindle bolts. Nickel Plated @ 75c each.

Send $6.00 with the name and model of your car, use the equipment and if you don't like it—for any reason whatever—return the set within 30 days in good order and you get your money back without question. If you like the trial set, your dealer or jobber can supply you with additional Meckel Lubricators for the full equipment of your car.

Liberty Trucks, combining the best experience of hundreds of expert automobile engineers, are lubricated completely with oil.

For silent, sensible, economical driving, equip with Meckel Lubricators.

The Meckel Lubricator Company
1507 Grace Ave. Lakewood, Ohio

Mail This Coupon Today

The Meckel Lubricator Co.
1507 Grace Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a _____ for $6. Send me your trial set of 2 shackle bolt lubricators, 2 single bolt lubricators, and 2 single spindle bolt lubricators, on the terms stated in this advertisement.

My (car) (truck) is a _____ model _____ (make) _____ year _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

When Entertaining

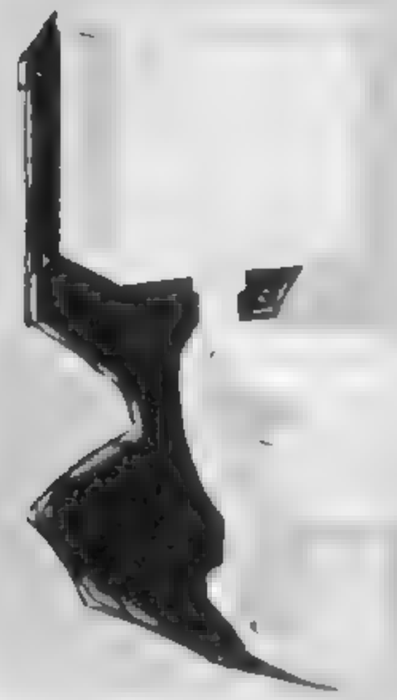
THE constant dread of embarrassing situations is a peace destroying feature of your obsolete, noisy toilet that rests upon the entire household. The sense of perfect privacy encouraged by the silent closet is therefore a relief, gratifying alike to your family and to their guests.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Silent SI-WEL-CLO Closet

operates so quietly that it cannot be heard, night or day, outside the bathroom. The mechanical action is so perfect as to be noiseless both in flushing and refilling. Its parts are durably built, well finished and artistically designed.

The hard, impervious nature of the Vitreous China used makes it practically indestructible; and the highly glazed, pure white surface is self-cleansing and non-corrosive.



Write for a copy of the TRENTON book B5, "Bathrooms of Character." It will help you to beautify your home and to know quality [illegible]

The Trenton Potteries Co.

Trenton, N. J., U. S. A.

Largest Makers of Sanitary Pottery Plumbing in the World

One day at the dinner table Windheim leaned toward me and said, "Kitchener kaput."

I was thunderstruck and would not believe him, but he pointed through the window to where a flag was flying and laughed. I was so enraged at the idea of their rejoicing over a brave soldier's death that I jumped up to get out of the kitchen, and in my haste I upset the table, and soup, sausage and plates went crashing to the floor. Fritz tried to hold me but I lashed out with all the strength I could muster and he subsided into a corner. The Frau had rushed outside and now barred the door with a pitchfork, but I picked up the heavy soup tureen and prepared for battle. Old Windheim, however, quieted his wife down and I walked out, put on my tunic and went down to the barrack. I told my story to the lance corporal and he laughed. Next morning Windheim came down and persuaded me to go back. I was now treated with more respect and had no trouble.

It was now haying time and we started to work earlier and the noon meal hour was shortened to twenty minutes. I have pitched hay in Canada and the United States, but I never worked so hard as I did on that German farm. I was sticking it out simply because I was planning to make a dash for freedom when the days should get shorter. My comrades at this time were having troubles similar to mine. The farmers evidently meant to get all the work they could out of the prisoners.

Toward the end of July we were one day loading up hay onto the huge rack. It was fearfully hot and I was properly fed up. Windheim was in a hurry to get finished, as it looked like rain.

"You must work faster," said he.

I said nothing but flung the fork as far away as I could and walked down to the barrack.

"I am finished," I said to the lance corporal. "I'll work no more for Germany."

He tried to persuade me to go back but I refused, so he locked me in the barrack. Next morning he ordered me to go back to work, but I refused and was locked up. I remained in confinement two weeks, and then a big bully of an under-officer came and escorted me back to Minden. During the two weeks that I was waiting for an escort I received no food at all from the Germans, but lived entirely on my parcels from England. My escort was very abusive and if he had had his own way I should have been subject to all the tortures in existence, but he shut right up when I told him I would report him to the commandant.

Meeting Old Friends

When I arrived at the camp I found a good many of the boys I had left behind. There were French and Belgian prisoners in my block, but the British were quartered in a room by themselves. Marshall was still in command but a German was over him and used to call out the names for fatigue. He was a decent fellow, however, and played the game with us. He would not send us out if he could avoid it and did all in his power to make life easy for us. We now had proper beds to sleep in. They were built of wood and arranged all round the room, one above another. The mattresses were composed of sacking filled with wood fiber and we had three blankets apiece. The chief drawback was fleas. It was impossible to sleep. There were millions of them, and between these and the other vermin and the flies in the daytime it is a wonder how we ever kept our health.

The boys were coming back from the working parties every day now. Some came back sick, but the majority had refused to work. The Germans were compelled to send French prisoners out to replace the British, as the farmers were getting a bit fed up with the way our fellows carried on. At one place where a working party was sent the under-officer in charge of the camp lined them up and demanded to know their occupations. One was an actor, the next a cyclist, another a footballer, and others were boxers, penwipers, and so on; and none of them understood work at all. The U. O. looked them over in disgust, and next day they all arrived back, highly pleased. At another place a sentry took six men with a handcart to the station to get a load of parcels for the camp. The village was two miles away from the barrack. When they had loaded up, the sentry allowed the boys to go to the hotel to get a bottle of beer apiece. He went along with them and one drink led to another, with the result that the party came back singing Tipperary at the top of their voices, while the sentry reposed peacefully on top of the parcels, blind to the world. One man carried his rifle and another wore his cap. The only man to get punished was the sentry. He was sent back to the Front.

About this time, mid-August, our block was getting overcrowded; so all the British were transferred to another block, which was reserved for British prisoners only. We were better off here, as the bathhouse, kitchen, and so on, were in the hands of our comrades. The block commander was a good sport and took an interest in our welfare. There were one hundred and eighty of us in a room and about four hundred altogether in the block. Captain Wilkins, who was a chaplain, had been captured with some of the C. M. R. in June, 1916, and he had come down to look after our spiritual welfare. He did some good work in our block, organizing concerts and livening things up. He also undertook the distribution of the cases of comforts that were sent out by various institutions in England.

Four days after we had shifted our quarters I was informed that I was to go to the Strafe Barrack for fourteen days. This was the punishment for refusing to work at Lindhorst. I took a towel and soap, a gammel and spoon; I was not allowed my overcoat, and a sweater was taken off me.

The Punishment Barrack

The Strafe Barrack was an empty barrack room in Block Six. There was a table and two benches in it and we were guarded by two sentries, one on the outside and the other in the room. We were not allowed blankets and had to sleep on the floor. Once every night an officer would come round and we had to get up and stand at attention until he had gone. During the day we were not allowed to lie down and were not supposed to speak to each other. The sentries were relieved every two hours. The ones who had been to the Front were fairly decent, but the others, especially the young ones, were brutal and rigidly enforced the rules. Our meals were brought from Block Three and we subsisted entirely on German food. There were seven of us doing punishment—three British, two Russians, one French and one Belgian—all in for the same awful crime—*Nix arbeit*.

The time dragged wearily, and we used to pace up and down for hours at a stretch. One day a sentry came on who could talk English. I got into conversation with him and he told me he had been in the United States when he was a young man and had worked in the packing houses in Chicago. He was a butcher by trade and owned the biggest shop in Minden. This kept him from the Front, as he had to issue meat twice a week.

At last my fourteen days were up and I went back to my block. My chums had a good meal waiting for me, and I shaved and took a bath. Next day I was placed on the Minden parcel staff, as I was an old prisoner. There were twelve British on this job and the same number of Frenchmen. We would leave the camp at seven A. M. and march to Minden station, where there was a large shed for our use. Here we got the parcel mail off the train from Emmerich and sorted it out. All parcels for the different working parties were resacked and dispatched that day, and our other parcels were loaded on wagons and driven up to the camp, where they were re-sorted and distributed to the different blocks. We got our dinner in the disused garage of the Bahnhoff Hotel and were allowed to buy as much beer as we could drink. Work was generally finished by four o'clock and we marched slowly back to camp. As we passed through the streets of Minden a good deal of talking was done between us and the civilian population. Some were very bitter toward us, while others would laugh and joke.

Bill Telford, of the East Surreys, was the wit of the party, and kept us all alive. He used to swear that he could see the Germans growing thinner every day. There were soldiers everywhere; everyone wore the gray uniform, even the men on the coal carts. What struck me most was the number of men who wore the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross. I got into conversation with one of these "heroes" one day, and he informed me that all men who

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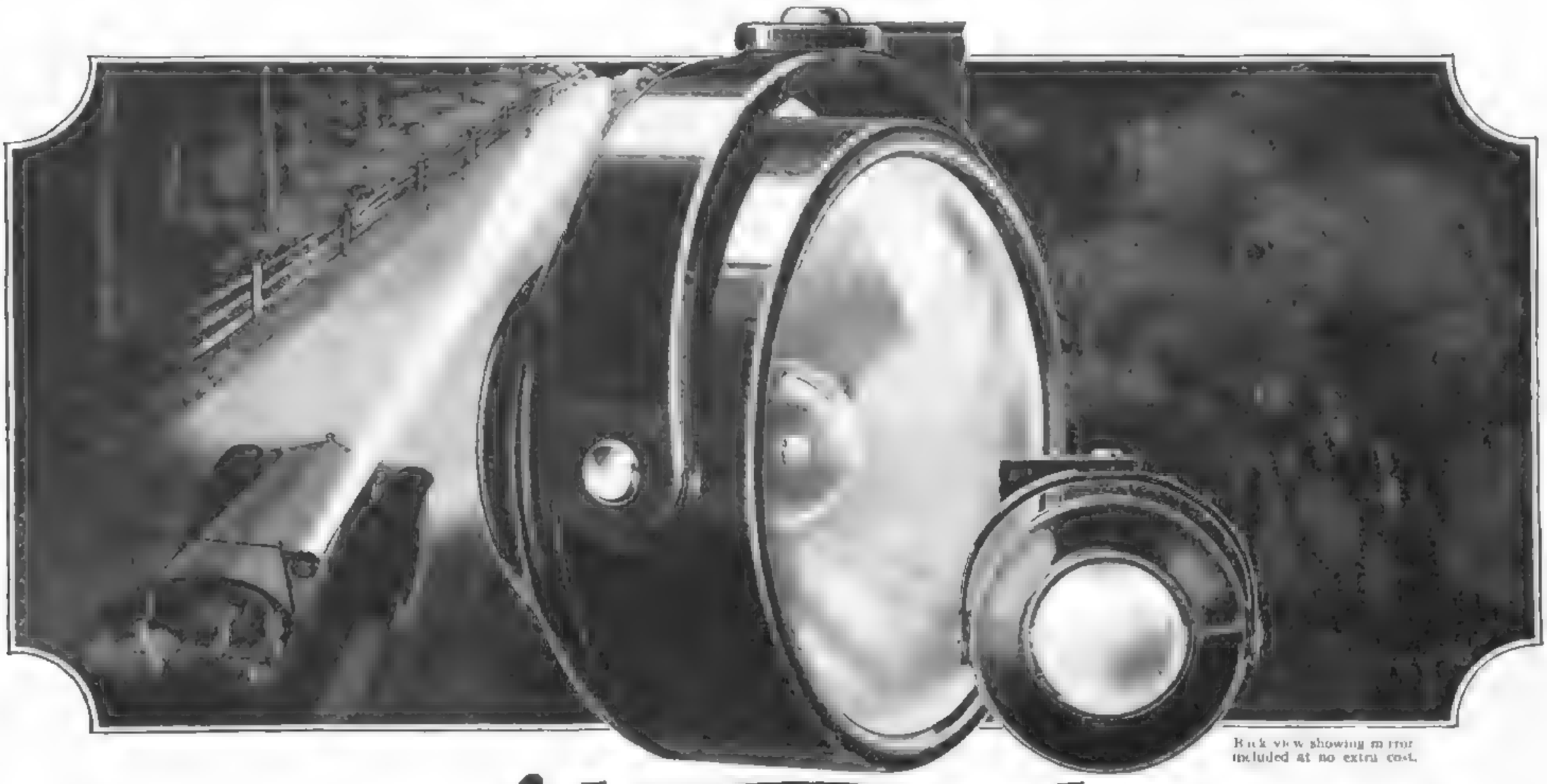


Back view showing mirror included at no extra cost.

Stewart V-RAY SEARCHLIGHT

$5.00 Complete with bracket and electric cord

A Real Searchlight—Not a "Spotlight"

When you have occasion to use a Searchlight, you want a *real* searchlight—not a "spotlight" with its small restricted "spot" of light.

You want a strong, powerful, all-revealing searchlight beam.

That is what you have in the Stewart V Ray Searchlight.

Its penetrating shaft of light shoots 'way down the road, revealing even the most distant objects.

The exterior design is particularly noteworthy. See how it stands apart, a thing of beauty. Observe how symmetrical it is. Note the design of the body; also the back.

It is beautifully finished with many coats of jet black enamel, baked on. And, there is just a touch of nickel here and there to make the "tailor-made" appearance complete.

The Stewart V-Ray Searchlight harmonizes with the design of the modern automobile. Adds to its appearance. Looks like a built-in part of the car—not like a misplaced, re-vamped headlight.

It is scientifically designed. Made with a perfect parabolic reflector which is silver-plated—not polished tin. Has a full six inch curved lens, instead of plain window glass.

A 3½ inch reducing mirror, included at no extra cost, is located in the center of the back. It is not necessary to twist the light at an unsightly angle to use mirror. The switch is located conveniently so the hand finds it instantly in the dark

The back is so formed that the hand grasps the light naturally, without cramping—and turns the light in any direction—up, down, right, left, front, or back—with ease. The case is absolutely dust and moisture-proof. A focusing device permits the use of any size bulb.

The bracket—an exclusive Stewart feature—not only permits turning the light in any direction, but also fits any wind shield.

Both its handsome appearance and complete utility recommend it. It has high quality and finish all the way through. Its low price—$5.00—is not an indication of quality, but a tribute to the Stewart Organization, which makes quality accessories at popular prices possible through large quantity production.

And so it is with all Stewart Automobile Accessories. Each because of sheer merit and high quality deserves a place in the equipment of every automobile.

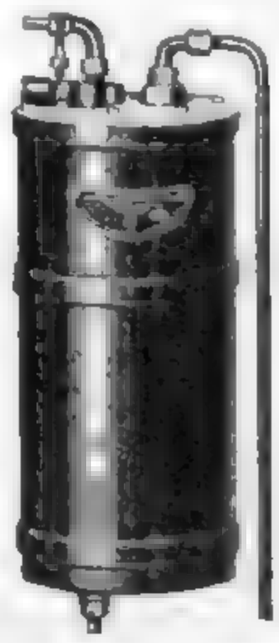
Stewart Accessories are sold by leading accessory dealers, jobbers and garages everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation **Chicago, U. S. A.**

Stewart Speedometer $25

Stewart Vacuum System $10

Stewart Motor Driven Warning Signal $6
Hand Operated Type $3.50



Stewart Lens Per Pair $2

Major—Army Dental Corps

The Government is spending Millions to save the teeth of our men

Commander—Navy Dental Corps

GREAT as has been the development and recognition of American dental science, it remained for the United States Government itself to place scientific care of the teeth on a definite basis of national necessity. Our Government is spending millions to make sure that every fighter shall have sound, healthy teeth.

At the beginning of the war there were only eighty-six dentists in Uncle Sam's dental corps—today there is one dentist for every thousand men. Legislation is now pending to increase that ratio.

Before the war only 12% of the population of the United States ever visited a dentist. When war is over that figure will have been more than tripled. Uncle Sam is showing us how important he considers the teeth of the nation by safeguarding the teeth of 100% of every hundred fighters.

A Lesson Learned from Our Allies

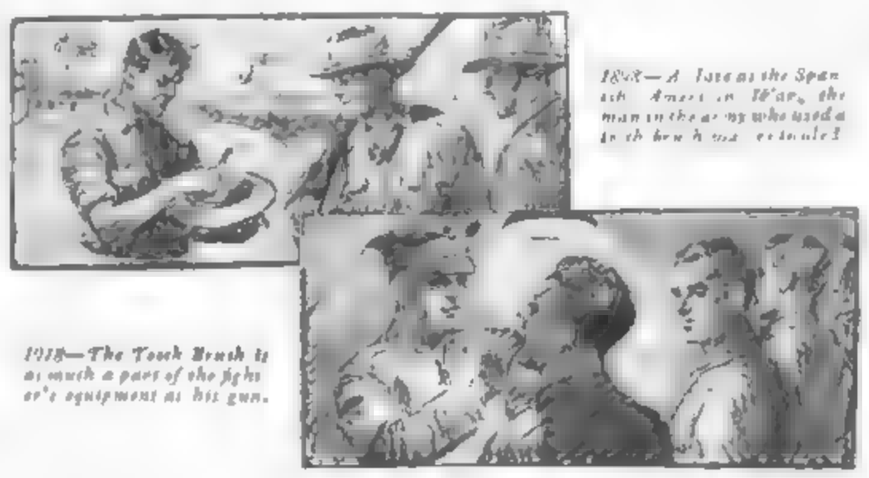
THE first English Army sent to France suffered severely from lack of proper dental care. Thousands of men—when most needed—were invalided home, dental cripples, ill from many ailments caused by neglected teeth.

Uncle Sam is making sure that this does not happen to his fighters. He knows from demonstration by the Army Dental Corps that digestion suffers from diseased teeth—that many other disorders which disable the soldier are the result of an unhealthy mouth. That is the reason no man is accepted for service until he has passed a critical dental examination.

If the teeth of an applicant cause his rejection he is sent to a member of the Preparedness League of American Dentists. This national organization was born of the loyal and patriotic spirit of the dental profession. It includes practically every dentist in the United States who is not in the active service of the Government.

These dentists have offered to treat—without charge for services—the teeth of every man whose desire to enter the ranks is sincere and who will call upon any member and express his intention.

Through this voluntary and unstinted sacrifice on the part of the dental profession, thousands upon thousands of our men have been transformed from useless stay-at-homes to helpful champions of the cause of democracy—thanks to the Preparedness League of American Dentists.



1898—A late as the Spanish American War, the man in the army who used a toothbrush was ridiculed

1918—The Tooth Brush is as much a part of the fighter's equipment as his gun.

All through the recruit's training at camp, across the ocean to the battlefields of France, in trench and dug-out—his teeth are under Uncle Sam's constant care. In field and at sea the dentist-officers are supplied with every article they need to keep the fighter's teeth fit.

The warnings of the world's leading health authorities have gone unheeded too long by too many. It has taken war to awaken us to the necessity of good teeth to sound health.

THE Government is doing a wonderful work—a work that will mean better teeth and better health for America when the war is over and our men come home to spread the great lesson in tooth-care they have learned.

* * * * *
* * * * *

YOU owe it to yourself, to those around you, to future generations, to help eliminate the still widespread evil of defective teeth. Visit your dentist twice a year. Use a safe dentifrice morning and evening.

You may rely on S. S. White Tooth Paste—it is *pure* and *safe*. It does the only thing a dentifrice can do or should be expected to do—*keeps the teeth thoroughly clean*. That is why it is in the service of our Government. Tons of it have been purchased for the use of our boys "Over Here" and "Over There."

S. S. White's was first made in 1862 at the request of the dental profession for a dentifrice that they could "confidently use and conscientiously recommend" to patients. During all these years—for over half a century—it has been supplied by dentists to their patients—*The best endorsement that any dentifrice could have!*—S. S. White's can now be obtained at any drug store.

S. S. White Tooth Paste is the product of a house that has set the standard of quality in dentists' supplies for more than a half century. Wherever dentistry is practiced the trade-mark SW is recognized as the hall-mark of superiority.

Ask your Dentist

Send 3c today for a week's supply of S. S. White Tooth Paste and booklet, "Good Teeth—How They Grow and How to Keep Them"

S.S.WHITE

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MANUFACTURING CO.
"Standard Since 1844" PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SS.WHITE TOOTH PASTE
SS.WHITE TOOTH POWDER
SS.WHITE MOUTH WASH
THE MARK OF S.S.WHITE
There Is a Best In Everything And a Reason For It

(Continued from Page 74)

were severely wounded and recovered were generally given the Iron Cross of the third grade. Some honor!

On our arrival at the camp one evening we found that a number of men had been returned from the E. K. 1 Russian party, sick. They all looked very ill and they told us tales of ill-treatment that made our blood boil. It seems that when the party arrived at their destination, which was about thirty kilometers behind the eastern front line, they were put to work in the woods cutting down timber. A good many of the boys had never used an ax before and they did not do enough work, according to the German notion of what constituted a day's work. To punish them the Huns adopted some of the most inhuman tortures ever invented. Sometimes the victim was taken into the woods and stood on a box with his back to a tree. He was then made to stretch his arms out sideways and he was bound by the wrists to the branches. The box was then kicked away and he was hanging there with his feet clear of the ground. His shirt was opened up and rolled back, leaving his breast exposed. There were millions of mosquitoes in the woods, and the unfortunate man hanging on the tree was soon suffering tortures that are beyond my descriptive powers. Here he would hang until the guards came and untied him. The average length of time a man was tied up was about four hours. One man whom I knew personally suffered this punishment for five days, and fearing that the torture would drive him insane he determined to have his revenge and die like the gallant-hearted soldier that he was. He was a big fine-looking fellow and a clever musician, and the Germans took a delight in taunting him as he hung helpless and at their mercy. On the sixth day one of the guards came to cut him down and as soon as his limbs were free he seized the German by the throat and in less time than it takes to tell he strangled him. The rest of the guards hurried up and seized him. He was immediately tried by court-martial and shot.

On another occasion at a camp near Libau the prisoners were lined up and a squadron of uhlans rode them down and beat them with whips. These are all sworn statements, but for obvious reasons I must suppress the names of the men concerned.

Ten Days' Stilly Stand

It was about this time that the German general in charge of Minden got the idea that it would be better to have sergeants on the parcel staff, as the privates could be used to better advantage by working for the Germans, so we lost our jobs and were told we should have to work for Germany. We could not see it in that light, however, and many were the dodges used to get free from work. As the mornings were now very dark it was easy to slip from the party unobserved and we would not be missed until the Germans counted us at the gate going out. The first few mornings the scheme worked all right, but one morning they took all the names of the fatigue party as they were picked out, and on arrival at the main gate they called the roll, and there were four of us missing.

For this offense I received ten days' Stilly Stand. I had to stand at attention for six hours each day—two hours at a stretch. As this got me out of work I did not mind. The idea of working for the Germans was very distasteful to us, as we all felt that it was assisting the enemy to carry on the war. Of course it was impossible to avoid it sometimes, as you will see presently.

In October orders came from Berlin that all available men were to be sent to different parts of the country to assist in harvesting the huge potato crop, but by a bit of good luck I avoided the trip and remained at Minden. There were only about one hundred of us left behind and we were employed on different jobs about the camp.

The Germans had opened a wet canteen in the block, and they sold two per cent beer, and twice a week we were allowed to buy wine, which cost half a mark for a small glass. About four glasses of this stuff would loosen a man's tongue, and next day he would have a high fever and a splitting headache. I know this because I tried it—but only once. That was sufficient. What the stuff was made of I do not know. It had a sour taste and was of the clear variety, and would make a Sunday morning bootlegger blush.

The boys in our block were now having a fairly easy time and the Germans did not bother us so long as the fatigues were being done. All this time I had the idea of attempting to make my escape, but Minden was a hard place to get away from, as we were guarded by dogs as well as by sentries, and it would have been a difficult job to get out of the camp. Two friends, Private Gilroy, of the Gordon Highlanders, and Jock Douglas, of the Scots Guards, and I put our heads together to find out some way of breaking away from our bondage. Gilroy could talk German fluently and he cultivated the friendship of one of the Huns, whom we nicknamed "Captain Kettle" on account of his likeness to that famous mariner. Kettle was an absolute scoundrel and cared for nothing but his own interests. His game was to procure stuff of all descriptions for the prisoners, for which he charged fabulous prices, but he preferred to take certain articles in lieu of money. What he wanted most was soap, and he would stick at nothing in order to procure this coveted article. Gilroy played him for all he was worth, transacting a great business for him. Our parcels were coming regularly, as the Germans realized that we were more tractable when we received those precious packages from home, and some of us had accumulated quite a lot of soap. We had that when we had nothing else, and taking advantage of the fact that Kettle was crooked Gilroy hit him up one day for maps and compasses. Kettle no doubt was in league with some more unscrupulous Germans in Minden, for he consented right away to get the goods. Soap and nothing but soap was to be the payment. One Friday afternoon in November, Kettle appeared on the scene and handed over to my friend three illuminated compasses and two road maps of Westphalia. For this he received soap that would cost in England about two shillings; so you have some idea of the value of soap in the Fatherland.

Making Paper Blankets

We were delighted with our good fortune and only wanted an opportunity to break away. Seeing that it was useless to try from the camp we gave our names in as experienced farmers and asked to be sent away at the first opportunity. We still led the same monotonous life, but in the evenings we studied our maps and laid our plans. Gilroy and Douglas had both attempted to escape several times before, but had been caught and brought back.

I now got a job in the blanket shop. Blankets were made out of old newspapers, which were arranged in layers, sewed together and slipped into a calico cover. They were very warm and were very acceptable when the cold nights arrived.

At the end of November the Germans issued an order that all German money was to be handed in and exchanged. We were allowed nothing but paper notes, which were printed for prisoners of war only. Some of the boys had quite a bit of money and did not like the idea, so we handed in a little and hid the rest. The Huns held many surprise searches but were always unsuccessful in unearthing the money. They knew the money was there and they were keen to get it. A German interpreter, whom we nicknamed the "Jockey" on account of his small stature, did all that was in his power to annoy us. He got men sent to prison and put on Stilly Stand for the most trivial offenses, and if ever a man was hated he was. When we reported sick, which we did pretty often, he would tell the doctor that we were scheming to get out of work and several of the boys got sent to the Strafe Barrack. A man was not considered sick unless he had something to show, and then he seldom got excused.

Along about the end of November the spud pickers began to arrive from eastern Germany. Some had been treated decently and other parties had been fearfully abused. They had been compelled to work on starvation rations, and their guards, who had been withdrawn from the Russian Front, had been fiends. Hard work, shortage of food and the filthy vermin infesting sleeping accommodations had made wrecks of some of them, and one man told me that sooner than go on another trip he would commit suicide. Their parcels had all been stolen and a good many of the boys had lost what little kit they possessed. They brought back tales of the brutality which was shown to the Polish women, who were compelled to work against their will on the large farms which are situated in the east.

Do your feet hurt?

You can get immediate and permanent relief from tired, aching feet, and you can get rid of callouses absolutely without paring or any kind of treatment, by merely wearing

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Adjustable Foot Appliances

in your shoes. Nearly all such foot troubles are due to pressure or strain of some bone out of normal position. The Wizard method simply supports the bone in natural place, thereby relieving all strain or pressure, stopping the pain *instantly* and gradually correcting the trouble entirely. The overlapping pocket principle (an exclusive Wizard feature) permits unlimited adjustment to fit shape of foot, comfort of wearer and condition of foot trouble. Doesn't this simple, sure, easy way to get foot relief appeal to you?

Wizards are *all* leather—*no metal.*

Wizards are the only foot devices that *contain no metal.* Made of fine leather—so soft and flexible that you can hardly realize they are in your shoes. You can wear them with perfect comfort from the first. And with them you can stand, walk or dance with a buoyancy and ease you never would have thought possible. The bellows-like action of the pockets also cools the feet

Ask your shoe dealer about Wizards.

Thousands of shoe stores sell Wizards. At nearly all such stores there are foot experts who have been specially trained in the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles. It takes a man thus trained in foot anatomy to find out what bone causes your foot trouble and what particular Wizard appliance to prescribe. Every Wizard device is made with the patented overlapping pockets, but there is a *special* type of Wizard for each condition of foot trouble. Examination of your foot (no charge) does not require removal of hose and does not obligate you to purchase. Expert knowledge of the foot also enables Wizard dealers to give you better service in properly fitting shoes. If your shoe dealer does not carry Wizards, write us for name of dealer near you who does and ask for

Free Illustrated Booklet

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Cleans Toilet Bowls Without Scouring

A *THOROUGHLY* clean and sanitary toilet bowl is a great comfort to the housekeeper.

And now, the toilet bowl is the *easiest* part of your bathroom to *keep* clean.

Sani-Flush does the work that you formerly *tried* to do by hand.

Sani-Flush has eliminated for all time the old, unpleasant, scrubbing, scouring, dipping methods that used to be really necessary. It has displaced the use of dangerous acids.

Sani-Flush saves time and labor—and conserves health.

Just sprinkle a little of it into the bowl, follow directions, and flush. Stains, odors and incrustations vanish. Both the bowl and the *hidden trap* become as clean and white as new.

And *Sani-Flush* cannot injure either bowl or connections.

Let *Sani-Flush* clean *your* toilet bowl, from now on. Get it from your grocer or druggist *today.* Price, 25 cents.

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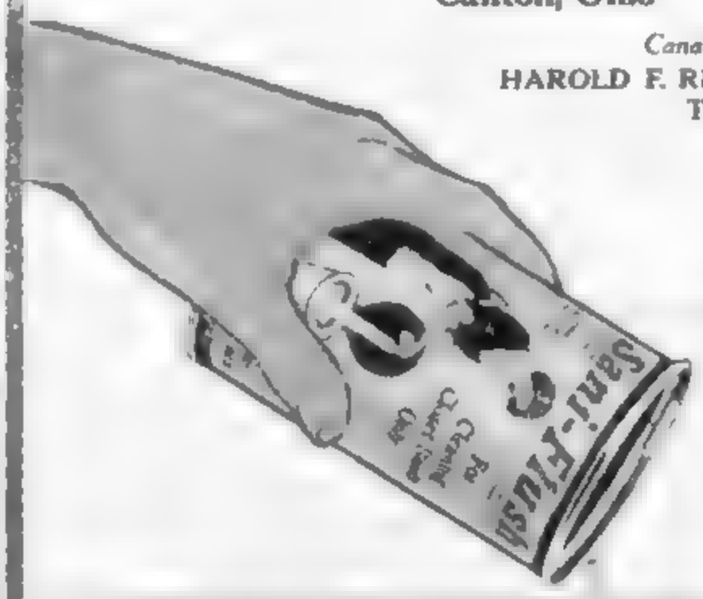


If your dealer can't supply you, we will send you Sani-Flush direct, upon receipt of 25c

Old women were beaten and starved because they could not work fast enough, and they were treated like beasts.

Time wore on and December arrived and there were wild rumors afloat about a peace conference. As we had heard these tales before we paid no attention to them, but along about Christmas our hopes were high. We could talk of nothing else but our return to Blighty, and all thoughts of escape were banished for the time being. We were doomed to disappointment. As all the world knows, there could be no peace on the German terms. The Continental Times, which was the official newspaper published mainly for prisoners of war, printed some fearful articles about the victories of the German Army, and if we had believed all that we read we should have gone insane.

The civil population of Germany were very much disappointed when the peace proposals fell through. They were the real sufferers from the war, but the iron-bound discipline of militarism held them in check and they could not call their souls their own. During my stay in Germany I had long talks with some of the populace who could speak English, and a good many condemned the Kaiser as the cause of all the trouble; while on the other hand some put all the blame on Britain and could not understand why the colonies did not take the opportunity of severing themselves from the English yoke. All the arguing in the world could not convince them that they were wrong, and I was generally regarded as being insane.

In January, 1917, our block began to fill up. Men were coming in from all parts of the country and we renewed old acquaintances. For some reason the parcels began to fall off and we were sometimes in sore straits for food. Many a man tightened his belt to try to kill the pangs of hunger, but through it all we kept our spirits up and remained cheerful. The German staff was weeded out and a good many of the guards sent to the Front. Taking advantage of the shortage we made all the trouble we could. We refused point-blank to work and filled up the cells. As soon as one man finished his punishment another went in. We were rapidly getting the upper hand of our jailers and caused them great anxiety.

Sick Prisoners Mistreated

The weather was bitterly cold—the coldest I ever felt outside of Canada—and a good many men suffered from lung troubles. We had to turn out at five forty-five A.M. and were kept on parade till everyone was accounted for; and sometimes for punishment we remained there for hours, stamping our feet to keep them from freezing.

About a hundred men were placed on a permanent job on the canal, digging and clearing ditches and unloading scows. Gilroy and I got the idea that probably we might be able to break away from the canal, so we got our stuff together for our trip. We took the places of three men whom we persuaded to stay behind one morning, and in the darkness the German in charge failed to notice the change. We had to march two kilometers to the job, and when we got there the party was divided up, but Douglas, Gilroy and I stuck together and went along with the ditch cleaners.

We had no plan in view, but decided to take any chance that offered itself. We had haversacks with biscuits and chocolate in them, and each carried a map and compass. The day passed away and we were lined up for our return. We marched to the barge and were towed by a tug about two kilometers up the canal. On the journey we decided to leap off the barge first and make a dash. Pretty soon we neared the landing. As soon as we touched, Douglas was on shore. Gilroy jumped next but slipped and fell between the barge and the landing stage. It was with great difficulty that I held him up and prevented him from falling into the water. This delay was our undoing. The Germans smelled a rat and we were very narrowly watched, with the result that we had to return to the camp. We then tried to get sent to a farm, but were told that we should have to wait till spring.

In February we were all moved into another block where there were a good many French and Russian prisoners. We were terribly overcrowded and the stench was intolerable. We were bullied and paraded from morning till night; the Germans even went the length of taking the sticks away from the cripples and forcing them to work. Large batches of the French went away every day, and there were ugly rumors about coal mines and munition factories. The British still remained and the Huns informed us that we should all go to an agricultural district and should be employed on various farms. This heartened me up, as my health was breaking down and the opportunity of escape might come too late. We were all medically inspected – that is, we stripped off and marched past a table where a doctor sat. What he knew about us I don't know. He did not even look at me as my number was called out. It was a mere farce. Half of the men should have been in hospital, but as long as we could walk we were fit for work.

Off to the Mines

At the end of February four men came out of hospital. They had been captured on the Somme and had been kept behind the German lines along with thousands of other prisoners. They had been starved, beaten and forced to work in all weathers, constructing roads and railways for the passage of German troops. It was only when their health broke down that they were sent into Germany. They were physical wrecks and living skeletons. They had not been allowed to write and had probably been given up as dead by their people. They said that our boys were dying fast under the brutal treatment and a number of men went insane. If I had not seen them with my own eyes I should never have believed that men could get to such a condition and live. They were in absolute rags, and we gave them what clothes we could spare.

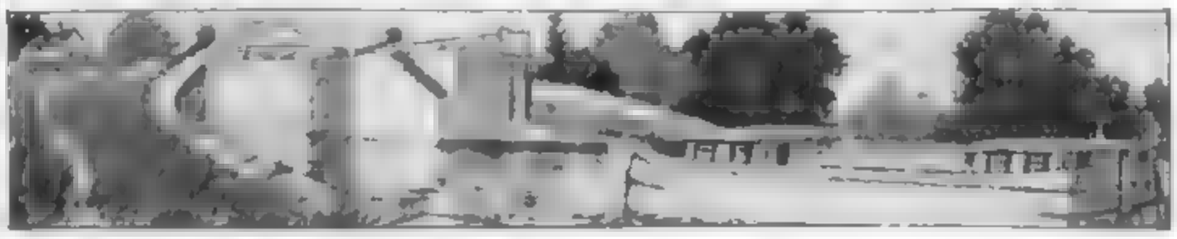
On March first we were all paraded and three hundred of us were picked out to go on a working party. It seemed a curious thing to us that nearly all of the men who composed the party were fellows who had been in prison for giving trouble to the Germans, so we immediately started to try to find out what our fate was to be. We were assured that we were going to a good place. The Germans said that great consideration was to be shown to us on account of the good treatment given to the German prisoners in England. They could not gull us, however, as we knew from past experience that when a Hun spoke kindly he was sure to be planning your ruin.

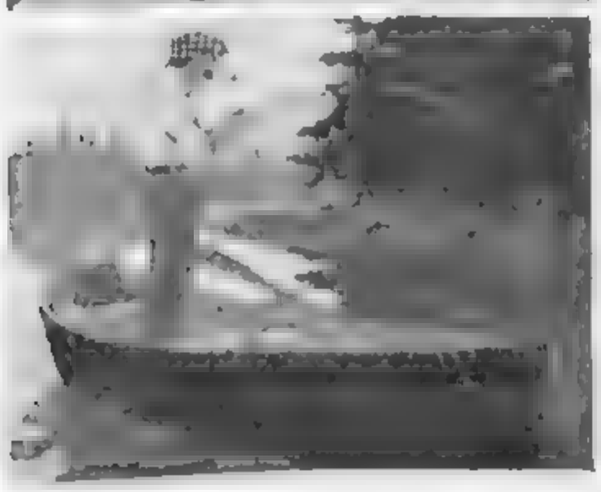
On March fifth we received orders to hold ourselves ready to leave Minden at any minute. Gilroy and I were ready to make our escape if we saw our chance. Douglas was in prison doing twenty-one days for an offense that he had committed ten months previously, so he was not of the party. On the sixth we were told that we should leave that night at ten-thirty. We had found out the name of the place we were bound for. It was on the north of a great factory and coal mining district, and our hearts fell. Several of the boys had been to mines before and were well aware of the brutal treatment that was given to prisoners of war who were forced against their will to work. The only redeeming feature of the affair was the fact that we should not be far from the Holland border.

We fell in at eight P. M., and were counted and recounted and messed round till we were dizzy. At last we were ready to march to the station at Minden. The block commander stood at the gate and wished us luck. If we had known what he was sending us to and the sufferings we should have to go through he would have been killed on the spot.

It was a quiet and gloomy column of men that trudged down the road to Minden. We knew that we were bound for some place where discipline would be rigidly enforced, and the thought of danger cast us down.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Private Scott. The second will appear in an early issue





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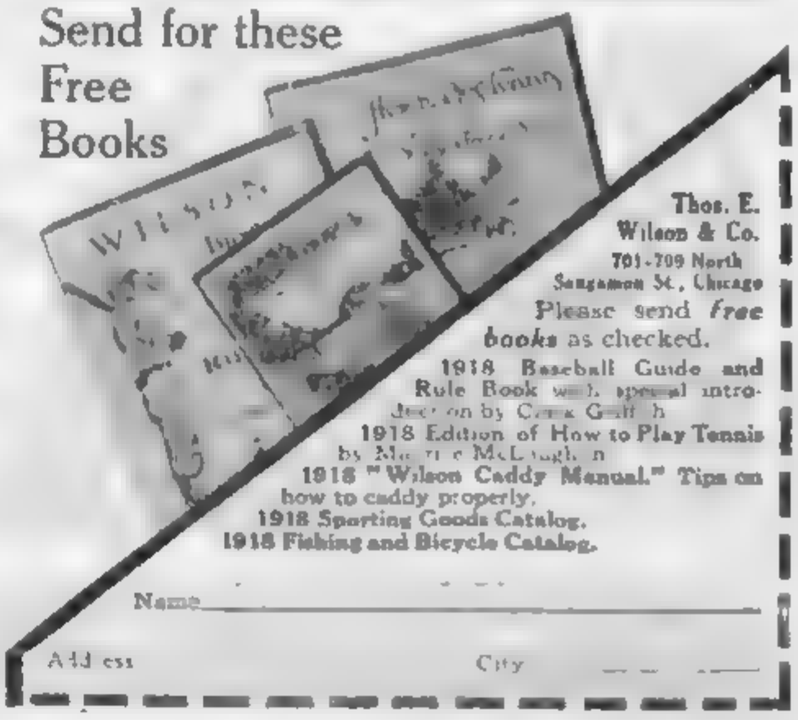

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For it was known that such rock, so treated, gave a substance unharmed by fire—which flames served only to bleach and cleanse. So they washed and spun and wove it into cloth. But the labor was so great and the substance so rare that the product was only for kings. As Man's development progressed, new needs for comfort and safety arose. But within asbestos were the properties that met those needs—and many more. So Man delved and found a way to make these uses available and the mines increased in number and production.

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When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

JEEVES AND THE CHUMP CYRIL

(Concluded from Page 12

chunk of entertainment. The heroine had been saying something—I forget what: something about love being something or not being something, if you follow me—and all the car conductors, with Cyril at their head, had begun to surge round her in the restless sort of way those chappies always do when there's a number coming along.

Cyril's first line was: "Oh, I say, you know; you mustn't say that—really!" And it seemed to me he passed it over the larynx with a goodish deal of vim and *je ne sais quoi*. But—by Jove!—before the heroine had time for the comeback our little friend with the freckles had risen to lodge a protest.

"Pop!"

"Yes, darling?"

"That one's no good!"

"Which one, darling?"

"The one with a face like a fish."

"But they all have faces like fish, darling."

The child seemed to see the justice of this objection. He became more definite:

"The ugly one."

"Which ugly one? That one?" said Old Blumenfeld, pointing to Cyril.

"Yep! He's rotten!"

"I thought so, myself."

"He's a pill!"

"You're dead right, my boy! I've noticed it for some time."

Cyril had been gaping a bit while these few remarks were in progress. He now shot down to the footlights. Even from where I was sitting, I could see that these harsh words had hit the old Bassington-Bassington family pride a frightful wallop. He started to get pink in the ears, and then in the nose, and then in the cheeks; until in about a quarter of a minute he looked pretty much like an explosion in a tomato cannery on a sunset evening.

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"What the deuce do you mean?" shouted Old Blumenfeld. "Don't yell at me across the footlights!"

"I've a dashed good mind to come down and spank that little brute!"

"What?"

"A dashed good mind!"

Old Blumenfeld swelled like a pumped-up tire. He got rounder than ever.

"See here, mister—I don't know your dam' name ——"

"My name's Bassington-Bassington; and the jolly old Bassington-Bassingtons — I mean the Bassington-Bassingtons aren't accustomed ——"

Old Blumenfeld told him in a few brief words pretty much what he thought of the Bassington-Bassingtons and what they weren't accustomed to. The whole strength of the company rallied round to enjoy his remarks. You could see them jutting out from the wings and protruding from behind trees.

"You've got to work good for my pop!" said the stout child, waggling his head reprovingly at Cyril.

"I don't want any bally cheek from you!" said Cyril, gurgling a bit.

"What's that?" barked Old Blumenfeld. "Do you know that this boy is my son?"

"Yes; I do," said Cyril. "And you both have my sympathy!"

"You're fired!" bellowed Old Blumenfeld, swelling a good bit more. "Get out of my theater!"

About half past ten next morning, just after I had finished lubricating the good old interior with a soothing cup of oolong, Jeeves filtered into my bedroom and said that Cyril was waiting to see me in the sitting room.

"How does he look, Jeeves?"

"Sir?"

"What does Mr. Bassington-Bassington look like?"

"It is hardly my place, sir, to criticize the facial peculiarities of your friends."

"I don't mean that. I mean: Does he appear peeved, and what not?"

"Not noticeably, sir. His manner is tranquil."

"That's rum!"

"Sir?"

"Nothing. Shoo him in, will you?"

I'm bound to say I had expected to see Cyril showing a few more traces of last night's battle. I was looking for a bit of the overwrought soul and the quivering ganglions, if you know what I mean. He seemed pretty ordinary and quite fairly cheerful.

"Hullo, Wooster, old thing!"

"Cheero!"

"I just looked in to say good-by."

"Good-by?"

"Yes; I'm off to Washington in an hour." He sat down on the bed. "You know, Wooster, old top," he went on, "I've been thinking it all over, and really it doesn't seem quite fair to the jolly old guv'nor—my going on the stage, and so forth. What do you think?"

"I see what you mean."

"I mean to say he sent me over here to broaden my jolly old mind, or words to that effect, don't you know! And I can't help thinking it would be a bit of a jar for the old boy if I gave him the bird and went on the stage instead. I don't know if you understand me; but what I mean to say is that it's a sort of question of conscience."

"Can you leave the show without upsetting everything?"

"Oh, that's all right. I've explained everything to Old Blumenfeld and he quite sees my position. Of course he's sorry to lose me—said he didn't see how he could fill my place, and all that sort of thing; but, after all, even if it does land him in a bit of a hole, I think I'm right in resigning my part. Don't you?"

The Colored Chappie in Charge of the Elevator Looked at Me as I Hopped In, With a Good Deal of Quiet Devotion, and What Not

"Oh, absolutely!"

"I thought you'd agree with me. Well, I ought to be shifting. Awfully glad to have seen something of you, and all that sort of rot. Pip-pip!"

"Toodle-oo!"

He sallied forth, having told all those bally lies with the clear, blue, popeyed gaze of a young child. I rang for Jeeves. You know, ever since last night I had been exercising the old bean to some extent, and a good deal of light had dawned upon me.

"Jeeves?"

"Sir?"

"Did you put that pie-faced infant up to bullyragging Mr. Bassington-Bassington?"

"Sir?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. Did you tell him to get Mr. Bassington-Bassington sacked from the Ask Dad company?"

"I would not take such a liberty, sir." He started to put out my clothes. "It is possible, however, that young Master Blumenfeld may have gathered from casual remarks of mine that I did not consider the stage altogether a suitable sphere for Mr. Bassington-Bassington."

"I say, Jeeves, you know, you're a bit of a marvel. A chappie can generally rely on you, don't you know! Absolutely!"

"I endeavor to give satisfaction, sir."

"And I'm frightfully obliged, if you know what I mean. Aunt Agatha would have had sixteen or seventeen fits if you hadn't headed him off."

"I fancy there might have been some little unpleasantness, sir. I am laying out the blue suit with the thin red stripe, sir. I fancy the effect will be pleasing."

It's a rummy thing; but I had finished breakfast and gone out and got as far as the elevator before I remembered what it was that I had meant to do to reward Jeeves for his really sporting behavior in this matter of the chump, Cyril. My heart warmed to the chappie. Absolutely!

It cut me to the heart to do it, but I had decided to give him his way and let those purple socks pass out of my life. After all, there are times when a cove must make sacrifices. I was just going to nip back and break the glad news to him when the elevator came up; so I thought I would leave it until I got home.

The colored chappie in charge of the elevator looked at me as I hopped in, with a good deal of quiet devotion, and what not.

"I wish to thank yo', suh," he said, "for yo' kindness."

"Eh? What?"

"Misto' Jeeves done give me them purple socks, as you told him. Thank yo' very much, suh!"

I looked down. The blighter was a blaze of mauve from the ankle bone southward. I don't know when I've seen anything so dressy.

"Oh, ah! Not at all! Right-oh! Glad you like them," I said.

Well, I mean to say —— What? Absolutely!

Next!

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TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

light-headed people and the English are using them as their cat's-paw. It is the English who have done this."

"They have been plotting this for fifty years."

"Well, there's one thing—they have thrown off the mask at last. Everyone will know what they are. They will never be able to look honest men in the face again."

"We go into this war with a clear conscience," the *Herr Amtschreiber* said gently. "However terrible it may be for us, we shall be upheld by that knowledge."

"Our good old German virtues won't fail us," the bank cashier agreed. "Did you see the people on the square last night? Ah, that was something to remember! The English would have been drunk, to a man, and the French would have been hysterical; but our people—sober, resolute, God-fearing—who will stand against them?"

"And after all war is a wonderful thing," his brother-in-law, the notary, remarked thoughtfully. "It purges. It reveals our virtues of courage and endurance. Who knows if we, too, were not getting luxurious! It may be that God has sent this war to save us from the pitfalls into which other nations have fallen."

They were silent, nodding grave acquiescence. Frau Felde looked up at Helmut. She had scarcely spoken. Now a spot of color burnt in either cheek.

"It gives people a chance," she said feverishly. "It shows what they are really made of. My grandfather served as volunteer in the ranks in 1870. He had never been a soldier because of his health. But all his officers were killed—and he led a charge—and they promoted him on the field."

She gave a nervous laugh. "Of course he wasn't really a common soldier."

"Of course not." The notary winked at Helmut. "Well, Napoleon said every soldier carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. Who knows what you'll do, young man!"

Helmut had sat staring stupidly at his empty glass. Now he looked up, considering them each in turn with a sort of dazed truculency.

"I'll do something big," he shouted, "or I won't come back."

They banged the table with fists.

"Bravo! Well spoken—like a true German!"

"I'll get my chance this time," he persisted.

The red, swollen-looking face in the glass scowled at him. If only he could get away from it—smash it! If only he could escape its tormenting unfamiliarity.

His mother leaned across to him. She laid her hard strong hand on his clenched one.

"Dear Helmut!"

He had never heard her speak like that before—with such tenderness—almost with reverence.

Herr Breithaupt gave the signal for departure:

"Well, we must be getting home. We've all got to get up early to-morrow to give our hero a farewell wave. Come on, Mariechen!"

They stood waiting one behind another to shake hands with him. The little girls bobbed to him, and their round eyes were full of awe. He did not have to shrink from them now. He could even treat them indifferently. He had become the elect—the chosen one among them.

"'*Das Vaterland mag ruhig sein*,'" he quoted.

When they had all gone the *Herr Amtschreiber* went back to his favorite place by the majolica stove. He put his hands against it absently, though it had not been lit for many months.

"Yes, now one knows why one has lived," he said. "Sometimes when I have been very tired I have asked myself what it was all for—whether it mattered. I had had so many hopes—and they'd all gone wrong. It seemed not worth while to try so hard. But now I see that it is because I and all of us have done our little piece of work faithfully—that we are strong enough to meet this onslaught. And you, too, Helmut! Your turn is coming now. It has been hard for you—but you did your best. It hasn't been in vain, Helmut."

Helmut did not answer. His mother had been gathering the dirty plates together. Now she looked up at him. There was a brooding smile in her pale eyes, a subdued exultation.

"It is going to be a great and wonderful time," she said quietly.

And suddenly he was sobered. He was afraid of her. He saw that she and her love for him were terrible.

He looked in as he passed the kitchen on the way to his bedroom. He wanted Anna. He had never once thought of her all the time he had been away, but now a strange desire to be with her possessed him. It was a hunger—a pain like homesickness. He had forgotten all she had told him about the fairies, but he did remember that she had understood him and played his games. Perhaps she would understand now what the others could not understand—what he hardly understood himself. Perhaps he would be able to tell her.

There was nothing splendid or proud or heroic about old Anna. She would take his heroism for granted. He wouldn't have to say big things to her to impress her. Whatever he did would be right. Even if he put his head down on her lap and cried his heart out she would not be ashamed of him.

He wanted the reassurance of her praise—the overflowing measure of her admiration.

But on the threshold of the little kitchen he stopped short. She knelt with her back toward him amid the débris of the feast, her arms encircling the frail hunched-up body of her son. She clung to him silently, desperately, and the boy's head hung over her shoulder like the head of a broken flower. She did not move. But Helmut could see the muscles of her strong bare arms stand out in the frantic force of her embrace.

Then suddenly, like an animal surprised she sprang up, facing him.

"Herr Helmut!"

"I—I came to say good-by," he stammered.

She seemed not to hear him. She tried to brush the lank, disordered hair out of her face. All the stoic patience was gone. There was something savage, insurgent in her bearing.

"Herr Helmut, they won't—they can't take him—can they?"

For a moment he did not understand. He had been thinking of himself. Then he threw an impatient glance at the poor imbecile face.

"No—of course they won't. He's too young. Besides, he's not—he's not ——"

"Not like the others." She nodded. "I'm glad, I'm glad!"

A dull anger stirred in his blood.

"You oughtn't to be. You ought to be ashamed. You ought to want to give a son to the Fatherland."

"But I don't, I don't! We—we suffer too much." She seemed to be struggling desperately to speak clearly, to make him understand. "Yes—we suffer too much, Herr Helmut. All our fine young people—they take them away from us—who have had to bear so much for them. And we don't know why—we don't know anything; and they shout a lot of big words at us, and then it's all blood and killing and maiming: all the fine young people killing each other—for the sake of we don't know what. *Ach*, Herr Helmut—I saw just now—you stabbed with your knife; and when you were a little boy you cried over the dead flowers ——"

"Be quiet!" he shouted at her. "War's different. War's splendid. One's got to fight for one's country!"

She seemed to brush him aside.

"But they won't take my poor boy. They won't make him do cruel, horrible things. Because he's weak and foolish he won't have to kill people—other women's sons; and I'm glad—I'm glad God made him as he did!"

"You're a silly woman, Anna; you don't understand."

She smiled at him—a strange smile, full of distraught wisdom. And all his love turned to hatred.

Without a word he left her, slamming the door behind him.

He lay in the narrow old bed against the wall, and suddenly the thought came to him that he might never sleep there again. Amid the glamour and pride of the last days the fact that in all probability he was

(Continued on Page 65)

Who Discovered RICORO?

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"'A common complaint,' he said. 'You're smoking too many heavy cigars again. Cut them out. Come see me tomorrow.'

"Next day, when I called, I found the doctor hiding behind a regular after-banquet cigar.

"'Ah Ha! Physician, cure thyself'—I laughed.

"'Nonsense, man!' he rejoined, 'I said no *heavy* cigars. This is light and mild, and you can smoke as many as you wish. Take one, it's a Ricoro!'

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(Continued from Page 82)

acclaiming his own death had not once touched his consciousness. All that had not seemed to matter. His personality had been swamped. So long as It persisted Helmut Felde's life or death had no significance.

Now, lying there in the darkness and silence, life became everything. The revolt against annihilation shook him like a storm. In measure as he seemed to be growing smaller and weaker and lonelier his passion for life grew. It became a frenzy—a megalomania which reduced the world and its claims on him to shadows.

"I can't, I can't!" he repeated under his breath over and over again. "I can't!"

He began to make wild plans—how he would run away—escape to America—to Switzerland. It was only two hours to the frontier. Or pretend to go mad—or injure himself so that they would have to give him something safe, out of the fighting. A ruthless logic drove out his fanatic enthusiasm.

"After all—what does it matter what happens if I'm killed? I shan't know; I shan't care."

He saw himself lying on the battlefield—alive, smashed out of recognition—like a dog that he had seen run over by a motor. He saw himself just after a high explosive had blown him into atoms. He felt his brain burst up into flames—the gradual extinction, the nothingness.

He had been shivering as if with cold. Now the sweat broke out over his rigid body. And it was not a dream, not a horrible freak of the imagination. It was a reality that might seize him to-morrow. No, not to-morrow. It was grotesque how the thought that he would be safe to-morrow—that he still had his breakfast and dinner to look forward to—soothed him. Already his claims on life were dwindling. But at the back of his mind was the hope that somehow he might escape.

A light shone under his door. He watched it, fascinated. It did not pass on, nor yet did it hesitate. It was the pause of someone quietly resolute. Then the door opened.

She had taken off her blouse and skirt, and the old red-flannel dressing gown inclosed her short stout figure. But she was not ridiculous—not even commonplace. The candle light encircled her face in soft halo, and behind the dull plainness of her features there were a force and strength that checked his involuntary exclamation. She came over to him.

"Not asleep, Helmut?"

"No, mother."

They looked at each other steadily. For a moment he had been on the verge of clinging to her, of choking his terror in her arms, of claiming he knew not what strength and pity from her motherhood. The impulse died under her eyes.

They, too, suffered terribly; but it was not his suffering.

"I have brought you something, Helmut." She took his hand in her hard, cold one. "It's my great-grandmother's iron wedding ring—from the days when our poor Fatherland bled under the heel of the tyrant. They knew how to suffer; we've got to learn from them."

"Yes, mother."

"Wear it, Helmut."

"Yes, mother."

He was like a child. He was not even frightened now. It was as though an inexorable destiny held him.

His mother slipped the iron ring on his little finger. He saw her mouth work in the effort to speak. He knew that she was trying to say something—something fundamental, from the very root of her life.

In a flash of inspiration he knew.

"Mother, if I don't do anything big—for the Fatherland—you'd rather I didn't come back?"

Suddenly her face was composed, at peace.

"Yes."

He nodded.

"All right."

For a minute longer she looked at him. Then she bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

"God bless you, Helmut."

She took up her candle and went out as quietly as she had come.

And in the first hours of a hot summer morning he marched out with his regiment. And the crowd marched with them and the women strewed flowers before them.

Their helmets were wreathed with flowers.

At the corner of the Karlstrasse, Helmut's people waited. They waved to him. His mother's face was almost beautiful. But he could not see old Anna anywhere.

XVI

HELMUT heard it for the first time from the loft of a frontier village inn. There were twenty of them lying on the bare boards, and to find room they had to arrange themselves in an exact circle with their feet toward the center.

It was pitch dark, save for the occasional spluttering flare of a match or the steady glow of a pipe. Then the veil thinned, and a dim spectral face peered through.

Veit Thomas did all the talking. When the others interrupted he overbore them with his slow heavy voice.

"They've betrayed us," he said. "They had promised; then they let the French through. They sold themselves! But they'll be sorry for it. Just wait! We're a slow people. I know what I'll do when I get among them!"

"And I!"

"No quarter, eh?"

"Not for a single man."

"And the women?"

A calm voice broke through the half-smothered sniggering:

"Germans don't make war on women."

Veit Thomas boomed angrily:

"No! But when they make war on us? And they do. Look here! A patrol of our men went ahead to reconnoiter a village. And the women shot at them from the windows—picked them off like game. Then they came out and gouged out the eyes of the wounded."

"Who told you that?"

"The *Feldwebel* told me. It's official. They want us to know, so that we can look after ourselves."

A low growl like that of a partially roused beast answered him.

"We'll do that all right! If they do things of that sort we'll know how to manage."

Helmut had taken no part in the talk. He lay with his head on his haversack, half dreaming, half waking. His thoughts wandered off into dreams and then suddenly his dreams would break off and tumble him back into reality. He was bitterly weary. Forty-eight hours in a cattle truck and a slogging ten hours' march had tried even his hardened young muscles. But he was not unhappy. Every time the cattle truck had come to a station women had poured onto the platform with flowers and good things to eat. When they had marched through a village the people had greeted them with tears and smiles of gratitude and pride. It had been music and glory and triumph all the way.

When he closed his eyes he saw his mother's face. Through the murmur of his companions' voices he heard the perpetual singing: "Germany—Germany before all."

No, war wasn't evil, not even terrible. It was splendid.

Abruptly he sat up. He did not quite know what had startled him. It had been nothing immediate, but it had struck at the very vitals of his consciousness. It was not so much a sound as a vibration, shaking the very foundations of his soul.

Even Veit Thomas was silent.

"Did you hear that?"

"Somebody must have fallen down upstairs."

"But there isn't an upstairs."

"Hark—there it is again!"

"A long way off."

Bump—bump—bump—bump.

Somebody spoke in a queer, choking whisper:

"The guns!"

Thereafter they sat silent, listening, staring into the darkness.

They came nearer to it; and gradually its character changed. It grew venomous—shrill. They began to associate it with innocent white puffs of cloud, with earth flung up as if by the spade of a giant; not yet with death.

"They're not aiming at us," Veit Thomas would say.

So their first fear died down. Because their own death was not immediate it ceased to be realizable. They grew accustomed and indifferent. They made jokes and gave nicknames to the various forms of destruction. That the next day might find them out did not matter. To-day had passed them by.

A week after that first initiation they knew that their time had come. No one had told them. They felt it in their nerves; they read it in the faces of their officers. The very guns chanted it to them. At each

How well acquainted are you with yourself?

A busy man has little chance, these days, to get acquainted with himself.

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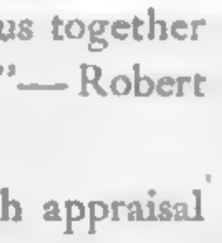

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June	4.17	Sept.	4.20	Dec.	4.23

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outbreak of their infernal chorus the men stole quick uneasy glances skyward. Their jokes failed. Only Veit Thomas shook his head obstinately.

"Well, they haven't got our range anyhow," he muttered.

At nightfall they made way for other troops, halting along the side of a sunken road while company after company of infantry with fixed bayonets poured past them through the twilight. Except for the dust-muffled thud of their feet they made no sound. There was no singing, no talking. The officers urged them forward with gestures. They were shadows hurrying into the unknown.

"They are going to the assault," Veit Thomas whispered. "We're the reserve, the eleventh wave. But it isn't likely they'll want us. The Belgians run like hares when they see our bayonets. Lüttich falls to-morrow; they say so."

"And the attack?" Helmut whispered back.

"Just before daybreak."

So it had come at last.

The light faded. Calmly and beautifully the night gathered over the earth. The men in the sunken road huddled closer to one another. For the beauty and quiet troubled them. They would have welcomed the outbreak of a tempest. They suffered dumbly because they could not drag the firmament down into their wretchedness. There had been at least splendor in their daylight hell. Now the minute and distant stars had a majesty that made the bursting shrapnel overhead no more than the destructiveness of an angry child.

At first they talked—spasmodically, in undertones; but as the hours wore on their voices faltered and died away. A man would begin a sentence and break off as a shell ripped the sky overhead, to listen. In the end they only listened. It was as though by listening they could escape; as though, if for a moment they relaxed their vigilance, the infernal thing would fall upon them and destroy them. Only in a lull their tense muscles relaxed and they stirred mutteringly.

A hand laid itself on Helmut's arm.

"We've made it all," a voice whispered in his ear; "and it's got loose—and we can't control it any more—and it'll destroy us—all of us."

Helmut nodded at the darkness. He did not know the voice, but it was young and eager and he would have been glad to answer. But he could not think. His whole being seemed to be concentrated on a stream of shells that went screeching past overhead like a flight of evil birds. When they had gone he drew his breath. He calculated it would be a minute before others came—a minute precious as life, sweet as relief from pain.

"It's queer, sitting here and waiting," the voice went on, "just waiting to kill or be killed. I'm glad our people don't know, aren't you? I've got a sister, and she worries. If she saw me now ——"

"That one was nearer; one felt the earth shake," Helmut muttered between his teeth.

"To-morrow—at daybreak," the voice whispered. "Isn't that what they said?"

"Yes, unless they break through at the first assault. And they're sure to; they can't fail."

Hitherto he had been hardly conscious of his companion's personality. It had been like the voice of an inner self. Now something touched him to self-forgetfulness.

"Are you frightened too?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. Yes—I am; but I don't know what of. It's not of dying. I keep on thinking—out there somewhere there's someone whom I'm going to kill—or who has got to kill me. And we've never seen each other. We don't know—and all the time we're getting nearer and nearer. And then suddenly it will be done. We can't help it; and that's what frightened me. We can't help it—we're driven." He paused and Helmut felt that the unknown face quivered. "I've never killed anything—not even a kitten. I couldn't. My sister says that once I've killed someone I shall never be the same again—that one can't do cruel things and go on minding. Do you think that's so, comrade?"

"One doesn't do cruel things," Helmut answered impatiently. "One fights for one's home—one's country. That's duty. Killing someone in fair fight isn't cruel—it's splendid; just as being killed oneself is the most splendid thing of all. My mother was proud when I went ——"

A sigh fluttered up through the darkness.

"Yes. My sister is good and beautiful. But she is a strange girl. She has thoughts of her own. She does not think like other people. They are angry with her in our village because of the things she says."

"Some women are like that," Helmut muttered. "They don't understand. They don't care about honor and glory. They don't see how splendid it is to be able to do fine manly things—to be able to kill your enemy. I had an old nurse like that. She didn't care a bit about our country. She only thought of her idiot son." He broke off abruptly. "It's getting light," he whispered. "Surely it can't be ——"

Dread overwhelmed him. Only a few minutes ago they had had the whole night before them. Now the night was gone. He tried not to believe it. But where there had been formless darkness there were now shapes—blurred, dimly moving. He could discern the outline of the figure huddled beside him.

"Comrade, my name is Hans—Hans Hildebrandt; my sister lives up there in Embach. If anything happened; if you write ——"

"Yes, yes!"

"Thank you." He gave a little shaky laugh. "Perhaps after all—I shan't kill anyone. I think if I didn't she would be glad to know."

He stopped, with a painful catch of the breath. For suddenly the bombardment had ceased. The silence stunned them. It was ominous—more threatening than all the tumult. Their hearts turned to water. It was as though they had been cast headlong into a frightful emptiness.

The hush lasted a full minute. Then came the mean, malicious rat-a-tat-tat-tat of machine guns.

"Now!" Veit Thomas whispered chokingly. "Now!"

They waited—stiff, motionless, with wide-open sightless eyes. Hours seemed to pass in that waiting. Then through the twilight men began to appear. They came singly—in couples—anyhow. Four of them carried something shapeless and inert between them. The procession went on and on—silent, ghostly, endless.

And those crouching against the embankment watched them with a dumb questioning.

"Where have you come from? What do you know now?"

They received no answer. The blank-faced shadows did not even look at them. They had a strange air of aloofness and indifference, as though that which they had seen separated them from the rest of mankind, as though nothing could ever really matter to them again.

The boy at Helmut's side spoke to him, but now he could not even listen. He tried vainly to steady himself—even to pray; but the very words jumbled themselves to grotesque meaninglessness. He tried to think of his people, of Germany, of all the glory which had seemed so much and which was now nothing. His soul dwindled in him. He was nothing but an animal, a body cowering in mortal terror.

Yet when a whistle sounded he got up. He did the impossible; and strangely enough he knew that he could not help doing it. He turned his face to the unknown, as those others had done before him. He drove his quivering, revolting body along the road at the double. He sent it scrambling up the embankment out into the open.

Von Steuban and an underofficer ran at their heels:

"Get on! Get on with you!"

It looked so innocent. The soft rose of sunrise hid the scarred earth in a celestial radiance. The little mounds scattered close together over the fields boded no evil. They were quiet and peaceful as long-forgotten graves. Not till Helmut had stumbled, cursing frantically, over one of them did he understand.

It was soft, boneless. It moved, it clung to him. He kicked himself free, and it gasped and dropped back. He had then a lightning vision of that first procession that had passed them in the dusk—of those strong, straight young bodies, of those stern faces turned toward their destiny—this.

But he felt neither pity nor horror, nor even fear. Suddenly he had become excited, glorified. He was happier than he had ever been. He had broken through a fog into the full splendor of life. This was the splendor of life—to meet death, to go out and meet death willingly, of one's own choice, in the prime of one's strength and manhood.

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 86)

But underneath the exaltation something was stirring, uncoiling itself, lifting a sinister listening head.

Men fell on either hand. They fell very quietly, with an awful simplicity. No one heeded them. The line closed up. Singing frenziedly they staggered on toward the wavering line of smoke fifty yards ahead. The air whistled with death, and it was like the music of a tarantella.

Helmut began to run. He trod on those who had gone before him. He was indifferent to them except that they made him angry. A rage was mounting in his blood — a wolfish hunger to come at last face to face with this invisible enemy; to hold him and stab him and crush him under foot.

They reached their first objective—an open trench evacuated by the defenders in the first assault. The ten waves had come thus far, and here they had broken. But they served faithfully—even now. Their twisted mangled bodies lay heaped one upon another; they filled the trench almost to the brink. The eleventh wave had only to run across.

Helmut's boot crashed into an upturned staring face.

"Germany — Germany — Germany — before all!"

He did not know whether he screamed or whispered it or whether it was only an echo in his own brain. At least he heard nothing else. It filled his senses. It was a sacred mantra—hypnotic, numbing every passion but the one.

The last few yards passed in a whirl of darkness. He stumbled over some wire entanglement and fell. By the time he caught up with his companions the end was almost in sight. Only here and there a machine gun sputtered up, like the last snarl of a mortally wounded animal. From somewhere out of sight came the click of steel, a stifled grunting and groaning.

A handful of unarmed men came toward Helmut. They seemed to have sprung out of the bowels of the earth. They came running and stumbling, their hands above their heads, their gray faces full of a piteous eagerness. But the red rage had mounted to Helmut's brain.

"No prisoners! No prisoners!"

And again he did not know—was it another's voice, or his own, or the thought in his brain?

It was then the boy next him lurched, coughed and rolled over.

Helmut screamed. He jumped the fallen body and ran straight for the man nearest him. He saw his look of almost comic horror.

It was amazing how easy it was—how sweet; like water to a parched throat. The savage force of the lunge drove right through, so that for an instant the man remained standing, gaping stupidly. Then he went down suddenly, dragging the rifle out of Helmut's hold. He lay there, spread-eagled, pinned to the earth like some horribly tortured insect, wriggling feebly. The eyes that met Helmut's were fixed forever in a puzzled angerless surprise.

Helmut saw that there were no prisoners.

Veit Thomas stumbled up to him.

"Well done, Felde! That was a fine stroke. Good thing you didn't want your bayonet for another, though. I've got my man too. My first."

He mopped himself with a red hand, reeling and swaggering like a drunken butcher.

XVII

HERR HEILIG stood silent for a minute, looking down on the prostrate soldier, with a rather wry expression about the mouth. The young man was asleep. Like his companions, he had not even bothered to remove his haversack, but had dropped where he stood on the dusty roadside and lay there motionless as a dead man. One hand clutching a rifle was flung out in a gesture of abandonment. His helmet had fallen back and showed the close-cropped flaxen hair, the young white forehead above the line of sunburn. The straight eyebrows and fair down on the gaunt cheeks shone golden in the sunlight. But even in sleep the mouth was too tight-pressed, unyouthful, hard. There was something marred and cruel in a face otherwise poignantly young and fine which caused the observer to mutter uncomfortably to himself and finally, as though he could bear the unconscious self-betrayal no more, to stir the sleeper with his foot.

"*Na—Helmutchen!*"

The soldier grumbled, and lifting himself on his elbow blinked up sullenly.

"What's the matter? Can't you leave me alone? Why, it's Herr Heilig! I'm sorry; I didn't see. One looks so different."

"That's true, my son. And no doubt one is different. For there's a lot more in a uniform than meets the eye."

He laughed, not very joyously, and squatted down at his companion's side, moving his arms gymnastically in an effort to restore the circulation.

"By the way, it's *Gefreiter* Heilig now, if you don't want to get into trouble. You didn't know I was a soldier, eh?"

"No."

"Well, nor did I. But now it looks as though I were. I'm one of the new draft. You must have been badly cut up there before Lüttich."

"Fifty per cent."

"Hm, they put up a big fight."

"They had to. They knew they'd get no quarter."

Heilig nodded. The pouchy, unhealthy eyes twinkled pleasantly.

"And quite right too! The cheek of them, standing up to us. Positively blasphemous. One can't be too severe on that kind of thing, my son. How do you like killing people, Helmut?"

The boy smiled superiorly.

"Oh, I don't know. The first one made me feel a bit queer. But I've got over that sort of silliness. One's only got to think of the things they've done. It's like killing vermin."

"Quite. You always were a bit of a fire eater. Do you remember that day in the *Gymnasium Hof* when you went for Kurt Köhler, head down? Looking back on the episode I can't help feeling you were a bit blasphemous yourself, defying authority and might like that. Well, you and Köhler are on the same side now. One grows wiser with the years—eh, Helmut?"

His companion shot him a dull look of suspicion.

"I don't know what you mean. Of course we're all on the same side. We're Germans. Those who aren't on our side are traitors."

Heilig nodded gravely.

"That's so. The moralists, my son, make a mistake by supposing that choice must necessarily lie between right and wrong. It is not always quite so easy as that—not for ordinary mortals like myself. There are such things as conflicting moralities, Helmut, conflicting duties; though perhaps you have never met them."

"I know my duty."

"Fortunate youth! Well, I've spent many a bad quarter of an hour trying to discover mine. And even now I'm not sure ——"

Helmut fidgeted irritably.

"I tell you—I don't understand all that talk. I don't want to. I want to rest. I don't suppose we've got another five minutes."

"And it's been a grueling march. Well, you're young, and you haven't got a certain little something the matter with your inside to add to the natural joys of a ten hours' promenade. You see, it's not entirely for my soldierly qualities that I have been remade a soldier. There are political Uriahs, my son, among this chosen people, and they all go to the firing line."

Helmut appeared not to have heard. Throughout he had been morosely inattentive. Now he broke out with his concealed obsession.

"It's the water," he stammered thickly. "We emptied our water bottles early, and since then we haven't been allowed to refill them. And we've passed rivers. They say we shan't get anything to drink till we get to the next village—that's ten miles away; and the dust—it makes one mad. They say they have poisoned everything."

His blue, red-rimmed eyes were turned on Heilig with a deadly smiling ferocity. "When we get there—we'll make them drink first; and if there's anything wrong, we'll wipe them off the earth—all of them!"

Heilig did not answer immediately. When he spoke at last his tone was detached and careless:

"Yes, thirst is damnable. It reduces one to an animal. And I'm no hero, God knows. A little while back it got too much for me. I felt if I didn't get something to drink I'd run amuck. So when we got to a stream I pretended I'd hurt my foot and fell out. While I was bathing it and no one was looking I had a drink. It was a good long drink, Helmut. Well, perhaps the devil doesn't want me yet—or the poison is a slow one."

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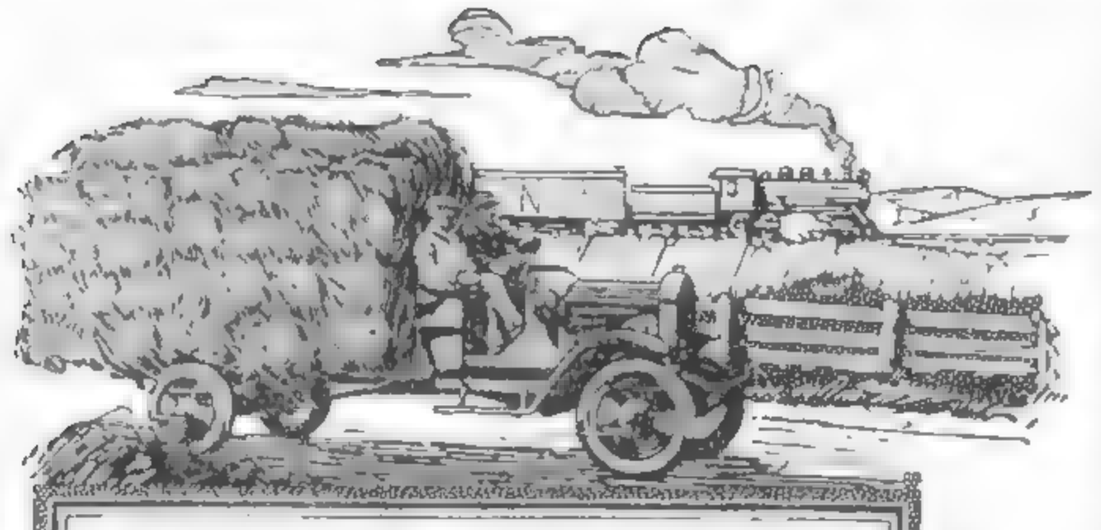

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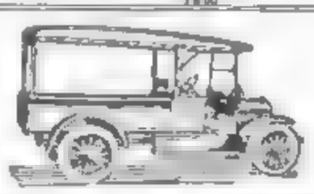

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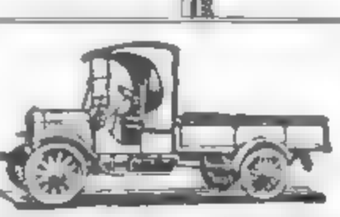

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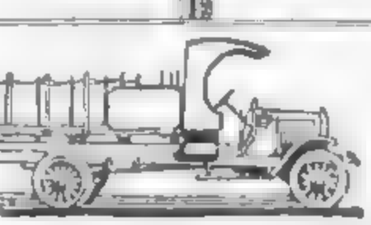

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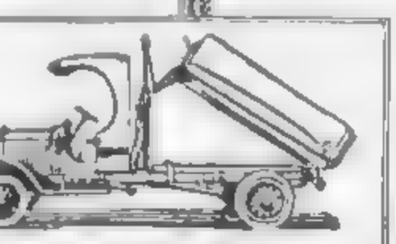

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He was silent, staring calmly in front of him. But the young man's hand had tightened on the stock of his rifle. Suddenly his face had grown red and swollen looking.

"I tell you—I don't know what you're trying to get at, Herr Heilig. I don't want to. I want to be left alone. Just because you were decent to me when I was a silly kid you don't need to make claims now. I remember, you weren't like the rest; they said you made fun of things—serious things. Now you disobey orders and try to make out that our leaders tell lies. You're the sort we've been warned against—the sort that'll believe anyone rather than their own people. And I won't listen; I want to be left alone!"

Heilig rose heavily to his feet.

"You're well within your rights, Helmut. I ought not to have disturbed you. But you were so absurdly like and unlike the little spitfire who butted my pet abomination in the tummy that I could not resist. It's always a mistake to revive the past. Some people have a disconcerting way of growing up. You have grown up—quite a lot. But perhaps one day you will grow young again." He clicked his heels together and bowed very solemnly, though with twinkling eyes. In his ill-fitting uniform he made a comic figure—more than ever scarecrowish. "In that event we may have another talk." He added gayly: "Provided always that I am not dying invisibly of prussic acid."

Helmut made a sullen threatening movement, but at that moment a whistle sounded. The inert bodies strewn along the wayside staggered to their feet and with a mocking affectation of terror *Gefreiter* Heilig shambled back to his company.

The days when men and women ran out to welcome them were gone. They were not defenders and heroes any more. They were the detested enemy. And it was strange how bitter the change tasted. It was a constant irritant, a poison fevering the blood, distorting the fancy. In the distance they would see figures toiling in the fields; when they came nearer, the fields were empty. Life fled before them as before the plague.

And they were childishly anxious to be cheered and welcomed—loved even. They took refuge from this incredible hatred in a jocose ferocity.

"Aha, they're frightened of us. Good! We will give them something to be frightened about."

Toward dusk at the end of that long, maddening day Helmut saw a child's face peering at them through the trees. It was a white mask of terror and contempt and curiosity. And suddenly Helmut lifted his rifle and took aim. He meant the threat in angry fun; he wanted to obliterate that absurd contempt in awe and terror. But the child did not move, and his finger tightened on the trigger.

A hand struck up the barrel of his rifle.

"Steady, comrade!"

He laughed stupidly, like a man waking from a dream, and went on.

The *Feldwebel* with five armed men at his heels battered at the door, and finally between them they kicked it into splinters. In the whole town not a light showed, not a soul moved. It might have been a place of the dead. But they knew that behind every door and shutter there were watching eyes and listening ears. That lurking, invisible hatred played evilly on their nerves. They were good Germans, honest and sober, adorned with all the galaxy of German virtues, defending their sacred soil victoriously from an outrageous wrong; and this treacherous people hid from them, shrank from them.

The *Feldwebel* muttered between his teeth:

"They've good reason to hide, I'll swear. They're up to some devilment. Wait; we'll hunt the rats out!"

They ran into the dark passage, Helmut at the underofficer's side. At the far end was another door, and that, too, they burst open with their shoulders. It had not been locked, but their nerves demanded action, violence. Somehow they had to assert themselves against that passive hostility.

The low, narrow kitchen was lit by a single candle. The flame threw a flickering brightness on the figure of a woman seated at the table. She was very old, so old that she seemed hardly human. Her body was bent double. Her hands lying inert and indifferent on the bare table were like the claws of a dead bird. But her eyes lived. They shone fierily from out of their sunken depths. They gave a fierce strength and meaning to the countless lines that fretted the shrunken face.

A girl stood close behind her—youth and age, beauty and decay in almost brutal juxtaposition. And there was a young man somewhere in the shadow. Neither of the three moved or spoke. They looked at the intruders with the same expression. It was a sort of blankness, a veil drawn over an inexpressible loathing.

The *Feldwebel* blustered:

"What do you mean by not opening the door? What do you mean by all this tomfoolery? Do you think we Germans are going to be kept waiting on the doorsteps like little dogs—by a dirty crew like you? You want teaching, my friends, and you'll have learned something by the time I've finished with you!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. Not a muscle of her face had moved.

"We don't understand your language, monsieur."

Nor did they understand hers. Even Helmut with his remnants from *Gymnasium* days could make nothing of the patois. But her tone needed no translation. It was an insult, the cut of a whip across their faces.

The *Feldwebel* moderated his tone. It was like the self-restraint of a bull who holds his ground for a minute before charging:

"Look here—I don't want any of that infernal chattering! You know what I mean well enough. You haven't been trained and paid as spies for nothing. We have been ten hours without food or rest or drink, and I warn you we're in no temper to be played with. If you treat us fairly you've nothing to be afraid of; but if you play us any tricks we'll have no mercy on man, woman or child. I'm here to quarter my men on you and see that they get food and rest without being poisoned or having their throats cut in their sleep, as has happened to some of our brave fellows." He strode across the room and filled a cup with water from the tap. "Now—to begin with—you drink that up, *Mütterchen*, and then we'll know where we are."

The man was not wholly ill-natured. Some of his rage had begun to evaporate. He held the cup out to the old woman with a bluff laugh. "Come on! It's all right to drink our healths in cold water. It brings bad luck, they say."

The old woman stared at him. Behind her mask a genuine puzzlement and uncertainty began to show. It was as though she felt herself to be dealing with an incomprehensible and incalculable lunatic. She shrank away from the proffered cup.

"No, no! I do not understand. What do you want?"

The *Feldwebel's* face darkened.

"Come, drink if you want to prove your good faith!"

"No. I tell you I do not understand."

"Ah! You don't like your own medicine, eh? But you shall drink it; we're running no risks here. If you've monkeyed with the wells ——"

The five men came up close behind him. The sight of water, the thought that it might be snatched from them even now, incensed them to the point of frenzy. Hardly knowing what he did or what he wanted, Helmut caught the young girl by the arm. She tore herself free, and at the same moment the young man came out of the shadow. The movement was enough. Helmut laughed. He seized the girl in his arms and kissed her.

"Leave my sister alone!"

"Drink! Drink, I tell you!"

There was no sound for an instant but that of their quick hot breathing. The girl and Helmut stared at each other. He had laughed. It had been an answer to a challenge, a good joke. But now he did not laugh any more. The girl wiped her cheek with the back of her hand. Her eyes narrowed. Then in an uncontrollable gust of loathing she spat at him.

"Ah, you vixen, you!"

He sprang at her. The young man slipped between, and they collided violently.

"Drink! Drink!"

The old woman, chattering in panic-stricken terror of what was coming, dashed the cup aside.

In the same instant Helmut and the brother closed. They fell back against the table. It overturned, flinging them into a darkness which was lit by a vivid flash.

(Continued on Page 93)

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It turns it back into a touring car again in less time than it takes to describe how it is done.

The McCord Manufacturing Company presents the Heath DUPLEX as a serious and valuable contribution to the wartime efficiency of America.

It is estimated that fully fifty per cent of the two million Ford owners make a makeshift use of their cars for delivery purposes by crowding the tonneau with goods of every description.

The Heath DUPLEX does away with this abuse.

It makes it possible for these million or more Ford owners to carry merchandise properly; and then instantly return the car to its passenger utility.

The McCord Manufacturing Company believes that fully one-half of all the Ford owners in America will want the Heath DUPLEX as soon as it is shown to them.

Therefore, the McCord Manufacturing Company believes that an enormous and immediate market awaits this device.

It is so simple, so practical, so useful, so moderate in cost and so valuable in service rendered, that the Ford owner who sees it for the first time is captivated.

The McCord Manufacturing Company wants, at once, substantial, responsible dealers and distributors in all parts of the country.

Established dealers will be given special consideration. Strongly financed companies organized by bankers and other business men to distribute the Heath DUPLEX, will be encouraged.

The market is so large, and the war-need for delivery so immediate, that instant action is imperative.

Individual firms or companies are urged, therefore, to write or wire their applications at once.

The McCord Manufacturing Company has been associated in a large way with the automobile industry from its inception.

It will require of its distributor and dealer organization the highest order of personal and financial integrity.

Applicants may deal direct with the factory, or, if necessity requires, will be personally visited by district representatives of the McCord Manufacturing Company.

What the Heath DUPLEX Is

The Heath DUPLEX consists of a patented folding delivery body, with carrying capacity 32 inches wide, 52½ inches long and 10 inches deep, and two side members of specially-shaped angle iron for the Ford chassis frame.

It requires no alteration of the Ford chassis. The forward part of the original touring body remains in place—the tonneau is made removable.

The Heath DUPLEX delivery body is permanently attached back of the front seat, and folds under the Ford tonneau.

When the Ford is to be used for delivery purposes, the touring tonneau is quickly removed and the folding Heath DUPLEX body opened out.

For passenger use, the delivery body is folded, the tonneau is easily slid into place over it, and firmly locked.

The change from passenger to delivery, or back again, can be made *in one minute*.

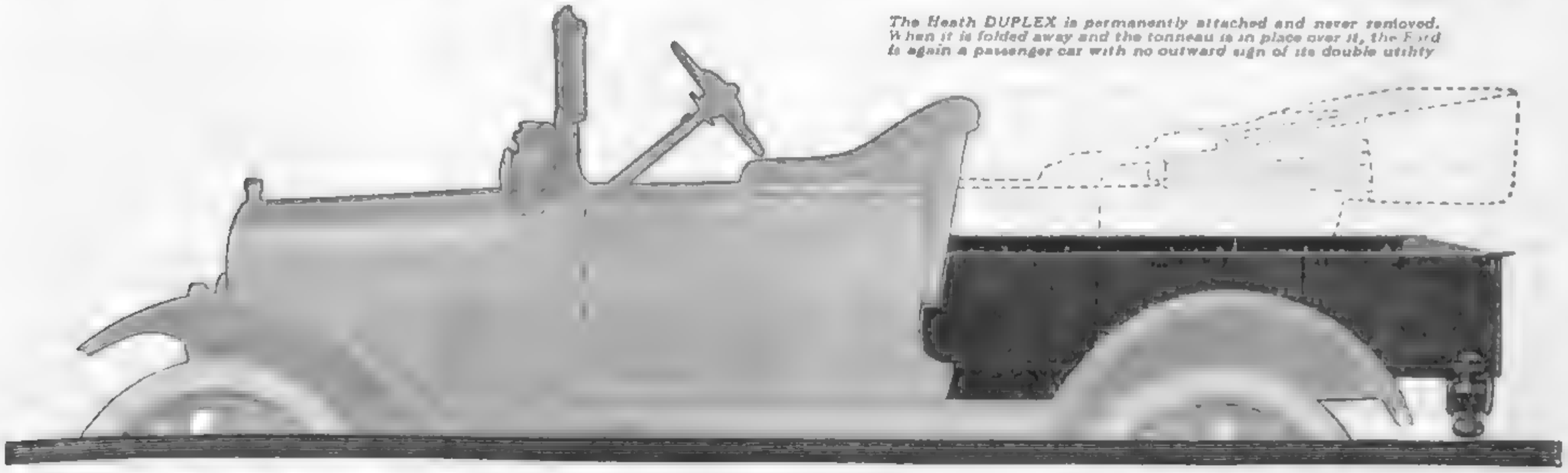
The Heath DUPLEX is fully guaranteed by the McCord Manufacturing Company.

The Heath DUPLEX comes securely packed, ready for installation. Complete instructions are furnished, and anyone handy with tools can do the work

Until the dealer organization is completed, the Heath DUPLEX can be bought direct from the manufacturers. Price—F. O. B. Detroit, $57.50.

McCord Manufacturing Company, Inc., Detroit, Mich.

The Heath DUPLEX is permanently attached and never removed. When it is folded away and the tonneau is in place over it, the Ford is again a passenger car with no outward sign of its double utility



Heath Duplex

PATENTED MAY 12 1903, DEC 19 1916

Now is the Time for Manufacturers to Lay By their Power Reserves

OUR country's resources must finally decide the issue for Democracy.

Our Allies have been able to borrow from each other and from us.

For US there is no one left to borrow from.

Somewhere there must be a reconstruction of resources and a renewal of capital, or eventually we shall have to fight with rocks and clubs.

Business and industry in this country *must* "carry on." *Manufacturers should begin to build up reserves of coal, spare machines, belting and raw materials now!*

The Government is asking coal users to be forehanded in placing orders. *It is asking you to conserve coal.*

There are more ways to save coal than merely under the boilers.

More coal is wasted through power losses in America's factories than is burned in America's homes.

Manufacturers consume nearly *fifty per cent* of all the power resources of America—coal, coke, wood, oil, gas, gasoline, water, and electricity however generated. The U. S. Census of Manufacturers brings out some significant relations between power consumed and capital kept busy turning over and over:

Census Year	Horsepower	Capital
1899	10,097,893	$ 9,813,834,000
1904	13,487,707	12,675,581,000
1909	18,675,376	18,428,270,000
1914	22,547,574	22,790,980,000

Here is a growing efficiency of very high order. The test of efficiency in any manufacturing business is—*How much capital can it keep at work with a given unit of power.* In 1899 one horsepower could keep busy only $900 of capital—while in 1914 the same unit of power kept more than $1000 of capital turning over. This is an *increase of nearly 12 per cent* in the efficient use of power—cutting out power wastes. The big problem of the manufacturing world today is to *cut out waste in power transmission.*

Much has been accomplished, as the above figures show—but this is hardly more than a start, in the face of what remains to be done.

Power losses—*production losses*—are caused by inefficient forms of power transmission; by unscientific belting; and by the use of inferior grades of belting material.

For this reason many factories today are buying all belting on a service basis and are stocking reserves.

Not every type of belting can be sold on a service basis. It has taken from twenty to thirty-five years to prove to some manufacturers that there is even *one* belting which can be bought that way.

But these men are now buying Leviathan-Anaconda belting on just that basis.

Leviathan-Anaconda is sold direct to the user especially for the position on which it is to be used.

It is sold after a survey of that position by one of our men. It is subject to periodical inspection. It is treated with the consideration to which its importance entitles it.

The most forward looking manufacturers now know that it is a mistake to buy belting as material—so many feet at so much per foot.

The way they buy Leviathan-Anaconda now is on the basis of length of life, number of pieces of finished product turned out; or in the case of conveyor belting, tons of material carried.

You know the type of manufacturer who says that this is not the time to change over. *This is decidedly the time for change to efficiency.*

More industries every day both here and "over there" are calling for our belting service. They go so far as to scrap inefficient belts, though not half worn out, and find that it pays them.

These men know now what it means to buy belting on a service economic basis.

The quickest way to get Leviathan-Anaconda Service working for you is to write or wire our nearest district office.

We will send a man to your plant at once. He will advise as to the proper type and size belt for any position.

Our service begins upon your receipt of a sale of Leviathan-Anaconda—no matter when it is to be used—and is continuous thereafter.

LEVIATHAN *and* ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

LEVIATHAN-ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO PITTSBURGH ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE

Birmingham, England Paris, France Bulle, Switzerland Kristiania, Norway Johannesburg, South Africa Petrograd, Russia Havana, Cuba

MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto

HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

LEVIATHAN-ANACONDA BELTING — ELEVATING TRANSMITTING CONVEYING

(Continued from Page 90)

The hands at Helmut's throat let go their hold. A body lurched against him, sighed and went down limply.

Someone shouted: "They've murdered me! It's a trap, a trap!"

The room seemed suddenly to fill with men. The pitchy darkness writhed with them.

They could not escape from each other. They fought one another, gasping and groaning in an anguish of terror.

"Treachery! Treachery!"

Helmut had made a rush for the door. But he could not find it. His frantic hands slid over an interminable surface.

"They've shut us in! They'll murder us like rats!"

Another shot was fired. Suddenly they found the door. It was wide open. They burst out into the passage, banging against the walls, falling over each other, shouting insanely.

"Treachery! Treachery!"

The light had been set to the powder cask. The whole night was lit by the explosion. In answer men came pouring out of the houses, out of the side streets. They seemed to spring out of the very earth, rushing hither and thither like a swarm of ants whose hill has been suddenly crushed in. In the market place two streams coming from different directions collided and fell upon one another with a howl of panic.

The first few isolated shots had become a steady fusillade.

How long the pandemonium lasted no one knew. But suddenly a new power, a deliberate purpose took control. There was order then—order of a kind.

Helmut did not know whom he followed, whom he obeyed. But there was no choice. He ran in and out of the houses. He had a blurred vision of himself chasing flying shadows along corridors, up steep narrow stairs into black garrets; of stabbing—stabbing sometimes into air, sometimes into soft spongy things that squealed and whimpered.

Like a terrier hunting rats in a big barn.

His arms ached. He laughed and shouted in a hysterical lust of slaughter.

There was light enough now. One could see what one was doing. The town blazed from end to end. The red flames leaped up into the night sky with the joy of spirits released from hell. The streets were a flood of fire on which floated little black specks of men.

And still Helmut ran on and on, staggering, reeling, his foam-flecked mouth open in a shout that was nothing but a strangled grunting.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRINCE CHARMING, Ph. D.

(Continued from Page 15)

She was not without her suspicion of eyebrow pencil, but she left on the whole a pleasing effect of blue tailored suit and boyish little Eton collar.

"You see, you guessed right," she explained, laughing at his astonished survey. "The very next morning I got a job, and I've worked ever since."

Her voice and her manner had been modified to about the same degree as her clothes. Her accent was still rather stagy, but it had that studied smooth roundness peculiar to the rising young actress. Had he been meeting her then for the first time Chadwick would have been rather perplexed to guess her origin.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked for want of something better to say.

Her eyebrows lifted, surprised; and at last came a touch of her earlier manner.

"I supposed you knew. I was sure you had seen my pictures. I made a big hit in the Follies last year. Didn't you see me?"

She still retained that calm self-assurance that on the earlier occasion had almost made Chadwick feel that it was he and not she who had been befriended. He felt rather guilty and incompetent for not having seen the Follies.

"I'm afraid I didn't," he replied apologetically, and then inspiration came: "It was very hard to get seats."

The girl casually absorbed the compliment which was implied.

"It was the best company they ever had," she said simply.

"It isn't so good this year," she added, not in conceit but in cold appraisal. "They haven't really got any what you'd call stars except Grace Haley and Malcolm France and myself. Are you going to see the show to-night?"

"I certainly am!" exclaimed Chadwick. "On the one condition that you will have supper with me afterward and tell me how it all happened."

The girl smiled in the quizzical way that reminded him startlingly of their first encounter.

"You're always wanting to know how it all happened."

Nevertheless they did meet for supper, but Chadwick after seeing her work was quite overcome. Even after her explanation of her progress he had not realized until he had gone to the theater that he was to sup with an exceedingly popular person.

"If you were any better last year than you are this," he began right away, "I am sorry indeed that I missed it."

The girl pursed her lips, disregarding the compliment.

"This is all right in its way," she replied; "but wait until you see me in a real part!"

Exactly as she had been on that first evening, she was completely absorbed in nothing but her own case and assumed that her hearer was too—which in this case he was.

"There's nothing in this for me," she explained thoughtfully. "I'm getting two-fifty a week and next year they've offered me three hundred; but what's three hundred?"

Chadwick gasped as he thought of that day of the park bench and the pistol. The girl seemed to have forgotten it completely, but his nature compelled him again to play the rôle of the fatherly counselor.

"But wouldn't it be wiser just now," he suggested cautiously, "to stay on where you are doing so well? You have plenty of time. It's well sometimes to be safe."

The girl looked at him almost in contempt.

"Safe!" she exclaimed. "Of course it is safe! But where does it ever get you—that stuff? Playing safe? If I had played safe I would still be in burleycue. If you take a chance you can't any more than lose out, can you?"

Chadwick looked at the table cloth. She had hit him harder than she had any idea, and for the very first time he began to realize what had really impressed him about the girl on that earlier evening. For fifteen years, with a university education and all the impetus of a cultured life, he had been too weak to become an artist. In four years, with hardly a speaking knowledge of the English language, this girl had really become one. For that she was an artist not merely in her own eyes, that evening at the Illinois Theater had fully convinced him. In her soubrette part, playing the rôle of a comic-opera French maid, she had absolutely amazed him. He could not believe that she was even the girl with whom he had talked that evening. A dozen French lines interspersed in the songs and horseplay of a typical Follies show had been delivered with an accent to which even after a residence in Paris he himself had never aspired, and he spoke of it now.

"Will you tell me," he asked, "where you learned to speak French?"

"French? Me?" she asked, puzzled, and then she realized to what he referred. "Oh, that! You heard all the French I know to-night. I couldn't ask for a glass of water without it was in those lines."

"But," insisted Chadwick, "that accent was real."

"It ought to be," replied the girl. "I learned it from a Frenchman."

Her face became really puzzled. It seemed to her so childishly simple.

"The part called for it, and so if I wanted the part I had to get it up, didn't I? I had never turned handsprings before, but you saw me do it to-night."

Chadwick shook his head, baffled.

"Do you mind telling me how old you are?"

The girl hesitated.

"Twenty-four. Why?"

"I was wondering," replied Chadwick, "whether it would be possible to learn to turn handsprings at thirty-nine."

The girl was only half listening, as usual absorbed in her thoughts.

"I don't see why not," she replied absently.

Then, realizing what she had said, she flushed a little and hung her head, but

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looking up she saw Chadwick gazing at her intently. For a long minute she returned his look in puzzled directness, then impishly dipping her finger into a finger bowl she snapped the fine drops of water into his face.

"You're a comical chap," she remarked; and not all the learning of three universities had taught him that that was one way of saying that she was beginning to wonder whether she loved him.

Chadwick returned to New York in the morning, but that second meeting did not pass out of his mind; nor did he miss now the girl's pictures when they appeared in the papers he read. The Montague period of her career had ended with chorus-girl days and she now used her own name, Mary Farrell. Chadwick found his heart quickening suspiciously when with greater and greater frequency he saw that name, first in the papers and then on the billboards; but he made no attempt to renew the acquaintance, no effort to see its owner except from the other side of the footlights.

Why he did not was not hard to explain, for their relations had changed, and in that change he had played no part. He had looked for the girl eagerly on the park bench in those days when she had been little more than a waif, but now she was almost famous; she was an established artist, with the rights and privileges of such; and with that wistful respect with which he regarded any achievement in art Chadwick actually found himself afraid to presume. Across the table at the Congress Hotel he had not felt so, but retrospect and her growing fame unconsciously changed his perspective.

For Mary Farrell did continue to shape her career with that same bland success which seemed to crown her every abrupt resolution. The next year found her, as she had planned, in a leading part; and two years later she was a real celebrity. Less than ever was it possible for Chadwick to seek her out after that. In his diffident, unself-confident life she would probably still have remained one of the unfinished stories had it not been that a certain film director who had high ideals for his pictures was told one day by the editor of an art review that Chadwick knew more about Italian costume than any other man in New York.

For this reason, protesting and rather amazed at the invitation, Chadwick went to the studios to criticize the settings for a film version of La Tosca. He was watching the mob of extras, rather amused but rather appalled, when a low drawling voice said behind him:

"Odd way to earn a living, isn't it, Mr. Chadwick?"

Chadwick turned and saw Mary Farrell. She was smiling in friendly fashion, but rather ironically; and if he had been amazed at the change in her looks before, he was little less than bewildered now. He saw a girl in a rough tweed suit, with a nonchalant pose and a face with the calm, almost absent-minded expression of a woman of carelessly confident position. She might have just come from some house party in the country, for, like an Englishwoman, she had that elusive appearance of being well dressed but yet of having deliberately set out to make herself look untidy.

"If I may use your own question," she said, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm—I'm here," replied Chadwick, still overcome, "to give some suggestions about La Tosca."

"That's nice," replied Mary Farrell; "because I am Tosca."

Late in the afternoon they left the studio together and Chadwick hesitated at the door of her car.

"I was wondering," he suggested, his diffidence still in possession, "whether you would care to have tea somewhere."

Mary Farrell laughed.

"You always approach me with offers of food. Do I still look as hungry as that? Next you will ask me how it all happened."

"That's just what I wanted to ask," confessed Chadwick, but she cut him short.

"My dear man, jump right in! There's nothing I love to talk about better."

The "somewhere" they went for tea proved eventually to be her own apartment, where Mary Farrell made Chadwick sit down in an immense and glorious chair, though she herself insisted on standing in front of the fireplace, where, as she probably knew, she made a most effective picture. The rôle of the hostess amused her as much as it suited her.

"Chadwick," she broke out at last, quite in the manner of an imperious duchess, "why didn't you come to see me—or write?"

"I don't know," he answered evasively. "The last time I saw you you were so—so magnificent."

Her face sobered suddenly.

"Was I as bad as that?"

Then she added, quite as if she were talking about another person: "But I couldn't have been expected to know any better, could I?"

She talked, as she always had done, almost to herself and without even looking at Chadwick, but after a long, long pause she turned to him quickly: "I suppose you know I am going to marry you, some day."

Chadwick started and she held up her hand.

"Oh, not just yet. Don't be frightened. I have several things to do first, but I thought I'd tell you before you escaped me again."

A sudden thought struck her and she added almost in alarm: "By any chance, you haven't married anyone else?"

Chadwick shook his head.

"No; I have not married anyone else."

The tone in which he said it drove all but a trace of the flippancy from her voice.

"Yes, give me a year or two more and then you can probably have me if you try hard enough."

She paused and her eyes twinkled merrily, quite as they had done that first day.

"I thought it would be rather nice that night in Chicago. No," she corrected; "the first time I saw you I suppose I had the idea."

She paused in that thoughtful way that she had, and gazed at him estimatingly.

"You didn't suppose that I didn't know you were watching me there on the bench, did you?"

Without waiting for a reply she rushed from the room and came back with a shiny object.

"Do you remember this?" she asked him.

Chadwick was standing now, and he took the little revolver which she held in her hand. He looked at it thoughtfully, then cautiously held it up to the light.

"Is it loaded?"

Mary Farrell looked at him with that mischievous twinkle which was peculiarly hers.

"No," she replied; "and it never was."

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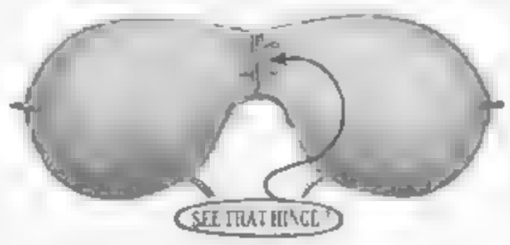

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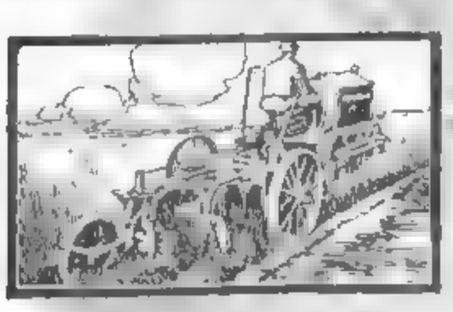
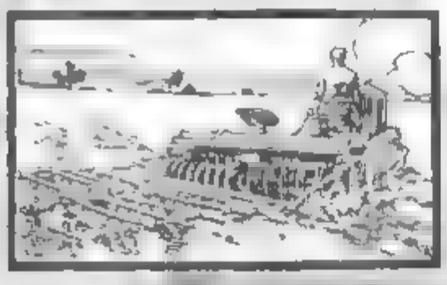
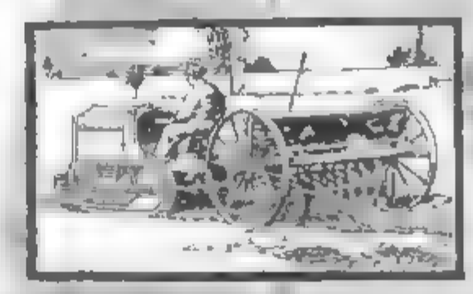


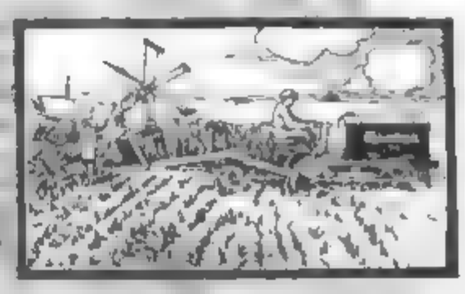
PREPARES THE SOIL

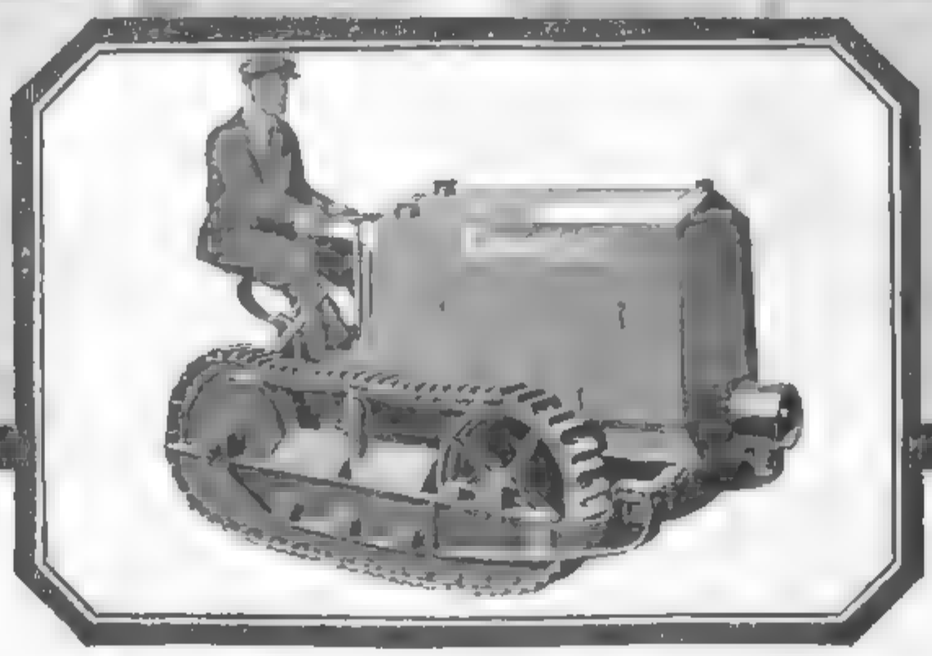


PLANTS THE CROPS



REAPS THE HARVEST





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Cleveland Tractor

The Cleveland Tractor plows 3½ miles an hour—eight to ten acres a day—which is equal to the work of *three* good men with *three* 3-horse teams.

It travels on its own endless tracks which it lays down and picks up as it goes along.

It operates easily over gullies, ruts and uneven ground of all kinds. Because of its 600 square inches of traction surface it goes over sand, gumbo, mud and slippery clay without packing the soil, without sinking, miring or floundering.

The Cleveland weighs less than 3200 pounds and is so small that it can be readily driven under and among small fruit trees.

It steers by the power of its own engine and will turn in a twelve foot circle.

It requires less space to house than a single horse.

The Cleveland Tractor was designed by Rollin H. White, the well known motor truck engineer—and is manufactured under his supervision.

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GASSED

(Continued from Page 9)

These masks have proved of the greatest value and have saved any number of horses' lives. The cavalry are not provided with them, as it is not anticipated that they will be near enough to be affected by gas-cloud attacks, and when the cavalry are mounted and in action it is unlikely that they will meet even poison-gas shells in large numbers. Added to this is the fact that a horse can stand more gas than a man without being distressed.

The casualties in the June attack were lower than in any one previously. Indeed, it was a satisfactory feature of the whole gas business that despite the increasing deadliness of the German clouds the losses they caused became less and less. Of course the proportion of severe cases in those gassed became greater, for with such strong clouds it had become a case of hit or miss. Either a man was protected completely or he was caught out badly; and this spoke well for the protection supplied, for otherwise there would have been a much bigger proportion of light cases.

Of the minor effects of these boche gas clouds, that on vegetation is the most marked and gives a good idea of the strength of the gas. For miles in the track of the cloud all green stuff is burned up or wilted. Grass is turned yellow, the leaves of trees go brown and fall off, and the garden crops are entirely destroyed. I have seen root crops in the fields and garden crops of onions, beans and lettuce quite destroyed. But curiously enough, farther back, in places where this still happens to the garden crops, the cereals and the hedges seem to escape serious injury.

Of course over a wide area all metal work is thickly tarnished, and this might be a danger in the case of telephone instruments and other delicate appliances, except that the exposed parts are always kept slightly oiled and then cleaned thoroughly after the attack. The same thing is done with rifles and machine guns and their ammunition, and with the clinometers, fuses and breech mechanism of guns and trench mortars. Since this war started very little difficulty has occurred through corrosion, but the chief thing is to clean off the grease and recoil all metal parts exposed to the gas immediately after the attack is finished, otherwise the greasy surface seems to hold the gas or the acid it engenders, and allows it to eat in at its leisure.

During the attacks of 1916 the alarm arrangements worked very well, and the Strombos Horns in particular justified their use. Even above the noise of machine-gun fire and the bursting of shells their shrill, unmistakable note could be heard for long distances, giving warning to all troops on the flanks and in the rear. There were very few instances where they were not let off in time and the sentries posted over them apparently knew their jobs better, for instance, than one man who was questioned on the subject. This particular sentry was asked by a noncommissioned officer going the rounds in the trenches what he would do in the event of a gas attack being made. "Oh," replied the bright boy, "that's easy. If any gas comes over it blows the horn and I call the platoon sergeant and tell him about it."

A much more conscientious sentry over a Strombos Horn had been told to be particularly on the lookout for a gas attack, as one was expected at any time. The officer on duty, going round about midnight, heard a suspiciously regular sound coming from one of the fire bays, and thinking that one of the sentries was indulging in a stolen forty winks he cautiously rounded the traverse. Here he found the sentry lying on the top of the parapet staring into the darkness and going sniff, sniff, sniff with his nose.

Being asked more forcibly than politely what was the matter with him the man replied: "I'm sniffing for gas."

Sniff, sniff, sniff.

"Can you smell any?"

"No, sir; but I want to smell it if it does come, as I'm a gas sentry and the leftenant told me always to keep smelling for gas."

Sniff, sniff, sniff.

The job of seeing that the air cylinders of the Strombos Horns are kept at their full pressure is intrusted to the divisional gas non-commissioned officers, who go round periodically with pressure gauges and test them out. If they fall below a certain pressure they are replaced at once by fresh ones from the divisional store. Some Australians going up the line one night were carrying a number of such cylinders for replacement, when one of them got turned on accidentally and they didn't seem able to stop it.

A passing officer hearing the hissing noise called out: "What have you got there?"

"Air bottles," was the answer.

"What for?" persisted the officer.

A pause, and then out of the darkness: "Oh, hell! To put the wind up the boche, of course."

This story will probably be appreciated more by Britishers than Americans, though I think the latter in many cases already know the significance of the expressions "getting the wind up" and "putting the wind up." They refer of course to what official reports or newspaper men would style as "reduction of morale."

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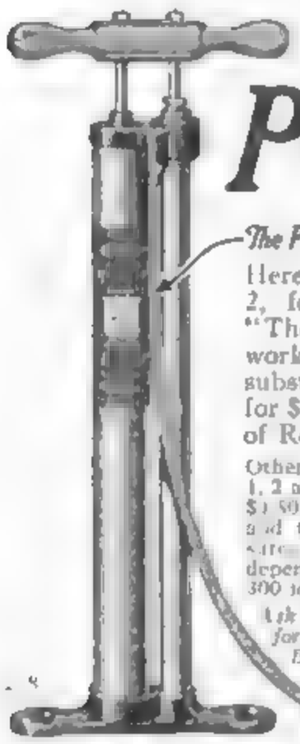

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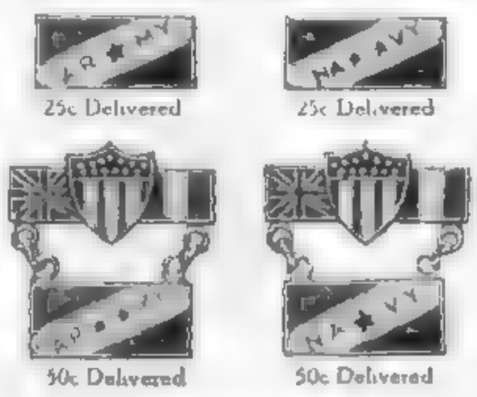

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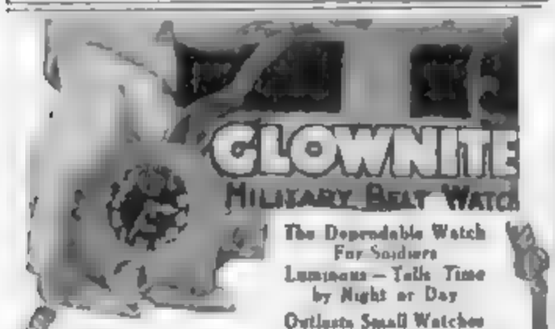

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The last German gas cloud to be discharged against the British Front was in August, 1916. In every way it was the greatest test to which our men had been put. It was the strongest cloud attack the Germans had made—not only were the individual waves of only ten minutes' duration but the boche had more cylinders in his line than usual. According to his own admissions the bottles were put in at the rate of three every two yards and in some places two per yard. Added to this he had brought up the proportion of phosgene to the maximum that can be used. The circumstances, too, were very unfavorable to us. It must be remembered that the Battle of the Somme was in full swing, and that for once in its war history the Ypres salient, where the gas attack took place, was a "quiet" sector where divisions used up in the battle went to "rest" and reorganize. The result was that the divisions attacked were composed very largely of fresh drafts. They had lost very heavily in officers and most of the company noncommissioned gas officers had been knocked out. Their gas training was therefore not at the high standard that it had attained previous to the battle.

Added to this, a relief was going on in the trenches. This, by the way, was the second time that our fellows were caught by a gas attack during a relief. Whether it was that the boche intelligence was particularly good or whether it was simply that his luck was in is not certain, but it meant that our trenches, both the front line and the communication trenches, had just twice the number of men in them that they would have had normally. And every man, both incoming and outgoing, was carrying his complete "Christmas Tree" rig—rifle, ammunition, full pack, haversack, greatcoat, gas masks, and all the rest of it; in some places hardly able to squeeze through the trenches in his bulky marching equipment.

Care of Delayed Cases

Into this congestion the boche let off his gas on the eighth of August about ten o'clock P. M. It says worlds for the steadiness of our fellows that the total casualties from the three waves he sent over remained at the same low ebb that they had reached in the June attack. Of course but for the adverse circumstances they would undoubtedly have been still lower. It is interesting to note that the position on which the attack was made—namely, the line between Bellewarde Lake and the Yser Canal—included much of the line over which the first attack of all had been made a year and a half previously.

The intensity of the cloud can be realized from the fact that helmets had to be worn at a division headquarters nine miles from the point of discharge, and the gas was perceptible, though not so dangerous, many miles beyond this point.

The most distinctive feature of the whole affair was the number of men who suffered from the delayed action of the phosgene and collapsed several hours after the attack, especially if they had taken any exercise or eaten a heavy meal in between. The latter is not very likely, though it does occur, for a man even slightly gassed with phosgene feels very depressed—"fed up" and not particularly inclined for a hearty meal. But the getting of the exercise is only too easy, what with the necessary work in the trenches and the possible walk back to the aid post or the march back to rest billets in the event of a relief. It was men who had done this kind of thing who suffered most.

After the attack we received official orders that no man suffering from the effects of the gas should be allowed to walk to the dressing station, and that if possible after a gas attack troops in the front trenches should be relieved of all fatigue and carrying work for twenty-four hours. It was also ordered that during the passage of the gas all movement should be reduced to a minimum and there should be as little talking as possible. These were very wise orders, for there had been too many officers and noncommissioned officers gassed through moving up and down to control the positions of their men and from shouting orders through their helmets. A certain amount of talking is necessary, of course, but too much of it makes a man breathe more deeply and may be just the added strain sufficient to affect his heart and cause his collapse.

The Cigarette Test

Of course after a gas attack there are always a certain number of malingerers—"Skrimshankers," as we call them—who affect to be gassed in order to get away from the line for a bit. These are generally spotted easily enough by the doctor men. One medical officer I knew, harassed by the number of slightly "gassed" cases who would have to be evacuated, and suspicious about the genuine character of some of them, handed round cigarettes. All those who accepted and smoked their cigarettes were kept back. Later examination showed that he was right in every case.

A similar instance that I heard of, this time in a practice attack in a camp in England, concerned a very poor specimen who pretended to be badly gassed. He was taken to the orderly room on a stretcher; but unfortunately for him the medical corps sergeant recognized him as a man who had fallen out during a march a short time before, and knew all about him.

Meantime the man was feigning unconsciousness, but the sergeant winked at the medical officer and said: "It's a pity that order about sick leave prevents men from going home in a case like this unless they live in London. What this poor fellow needs is a couple of weeks in his own home."

The corpse thereupon sat up and said, "That's all right, sir. I live in Bow. When can I go?"

As in all the previous attacks an analysis of the casualties showed that where the helmets had been kept in good condition and had been used properly and in time they had given perfect protection. The casualties were all due to preventable causes—some of them lamentable, others humorous had it not been for their tragedy.

Many men were gassed through taking off their helmets too soon. It is really up to the officers and noncommissioned officers who have attended a course at a gas school to decide when the atmosphere is safe, and it is not nearly so risky to do this as it sounds. All that is necessary is to let a little air in from the outside by cautiously opening up the face piece of the mask—or the skirt of the helmet in the case of the old gas bag—and sniffing cautiously. Of course if it is not done cautiously and there happens to be a lot of gas about, the rash man suffers.

A number of men were gassed through going into unprotected dugouts before they had been ventilated or through wandering into pockets of the gas after the attack. They should have been on the lookout for these patches, as the gas notoriously keeps close to the ground at night, and sheltered places are bound to remain unhealthy for much longer periods than the open. It is curious that by some vagary of the wind the cloud farther back hopped over some houses that were used as billets and affected neither the inhabitants nor the unprotected animals on the ground, whereas some fowls that were roosting in the trees and on the tops of the houses were killed.

(Concluded on Page 101)

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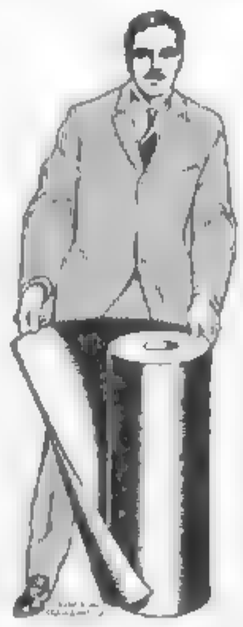

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(Concluded from Page 98

One instance that shows how carelessness spells casualty in gas warfare was that of a working party of thirty or forty men who were busy on railway work a mile or two behind the line. They had taken off their coats and gas helmets and placed them on some trucks, but when the alarm was given and a rush was made for the helmets the trucks were found to have gone.

One thing that was done after the August attack was definitely and finally to withdraw the Vermorel sprayers for use for clearing the gas out of the trenches and dugouts. These instruments, brought up for the work of spraying fruit trees and vineyards, had done some first-class fighting of the German gas, right in the front line, as long as the gas was chlorine. But with the introduction of large quantities of phosgene the work of the sprayers was gone. They could not touch the phosgene, and consequently Tommy's dependence on them was a snare and made things more dangerous for him than if they had not been used at all. For a dugout might be sprayed and thought, therefore, to be quite healthy to sleep in and yet contain as much phosgene as would at any rate cause minor and delayed effects.

Mrs. Ayrton's Fan

To clear out the gas recourse was had to ventilation by means of fires and by specially constructed canvas fans.

These fans were the invention of an English lady named Ayrton—the widow of the physicist of that name—and were originally intended by her for fanning back the gas cloud to the German trenches. Of course they were quite incapable of doing any such thing, but during trials with them it was found that they were quite good, after an attack, for fanning the gas out of the trenches or creating such a draft of air into a dugout or cellar as to force out the impure air from the interior.

These anti-gas fans, or flapper fans as they were called, are made of canvas supported by braces of cane and attached to a hickory handle about two feet long. The blade of the fan, which looks like an immense fly swat, is hinged in two places and measures about fifteen inches square. When the fan is brought down on the ground it bends over on the back hinge and produces a sharp puff of air, in just the same way that the sudden shutting of an open book does.

By working the fans in series, one man behind another, it is possible to keep a current of air going which will ventilate a room or clear out a trench in remarkably quick time. In clearing out a trench the fan is brought back over the shoulder, and this helps to "shovel" the contaminated air out of the trench after it has been brought off the ground by the lower stroke, which is more like a smart slap.

These fans are kept as trench stores, which means that they are handed over on relief to the incoming unit taking over the line of trenches. They have proved very useful, especially in skillful hands, their chief value being that, unlike the sprayers, they do not distinguish between different kinds of gases and they will deal as unceremoniously with tear gas and phosgene as they do with chlorine.

The Divisional Gas Officer

By the time of the last gas-cloud attack the organization of the British Army for defense against gas had been brought to a pretty high state of efficiency. A special branch of the gas service had been detailed for the purpose and special gas officers were appointed to the staffs of the various formations, from army down to division.

The position of divisional gas officer is no sinecure. Besides having the job of screwing up the gas discipline of his division and having a general oversight of all gas-defense training and supplies, he is responsible to the divisional commander for the preparedness of the line to meet a German gas attack. He is the "intelligence" officer of his general as regards all things pertaining to gas and has to be a walking dictionary on the subject. He has to be a great part of his time in the front trenches and it is up to him to see that all enemy blind shells, and so on, are examined and brought in if they seem to be anything new. As he must deal direct with the battalion commanders he must know them and the senior officers of each regiment personally, so as to smooth the way in getting things done. Then if a gas attack or bombardment is made he must get there quick, so as to find out all about it from personal experience.

Altogether he is a very important and busy person, and to those acquainted with his work the following incident will appeal. I happened to overhear part of a conversation between two Cockney Tommies on the road:

"What's this 'ere divisional gas officer, Bill?"

"Why, he's the bloke what goes round and blows up these observation balloons."

The divisional gas officer has a number of specially trained noncommissioned officers to help him, and each company of infantry and battery of artillery has at least one noncommissioned officer. It is the first and most important job of these noncommissioned officers to help the commander in everything pertaining to defense against German gas. He assists at drills and inspections, helps in the arrangement and fitting up of alarms, in the taking of wind readings and the protection of the shelters and dugouts. In his charge are placed the gas fans and the sampling apparatus. A good company gas noncommissioned officer is a real joy and can polish up the gas discipline of the company tremendously, as well as take a lot of responsibility off the overworked company commander's shoulders. A bad noncommissioned gas officer, on the other hand, can be the direct and indirect cause of the loss of many lives when the gas attack does come.

Russian Gas Victims

This ended the British experience of German gas-cloud attacks, for though the 35th and 36th Pioneers made three subsequent visits to the Western Front it was each time to gas the French. The last cloud attack of all was made near Nieuport, at that time in the French lines, on April 23, 1917.

Since then the only cloud attacks have been made against the Russians and the Italians.

Probably the chief reason that has caused the boche to hold back with his cloud attacks has been his conclusion that they were unprofitable against well-disciplined, highly trained and thoroughly protected troops. With a limited amount of gas available he naturally chose the method that would give him the best results. For the cloud attack his cheapest target was the Russians, who were incompletely equipped with gas masks of a modern kind and who for a long time were badly disciplined in anti-gas measures. Against such troops the gas cloud is just the thing, and the Germans have estimated that ten to fifteen per cent of all troops exposed to a successful gas cloud would become casualties. This was probably true on the Russian Front, but was certainly not true in the West.

Then the gas cloud has almost reached its apparent limit of development. There is a limit to the number of gases that can be used from cylinders, and there is a limit to the number of cylinders that can be discharged at one time. Besides this the gas cloud is largely dependent on infantry labor for carrying and installation, and it is mighty difficult to bring off a complete surprise owing to the time it takes to prepare an attack.

On top of all this the whole procedure is wrong as regards efficiency, for it puts up the highest concentration of gas where the boche does not want it—just in front of his own trenches instead of in ours.

For all these reasons the boche during the past year has specialized on the development of his gas shells. Of course he may come back with the cloud again, and we do not relax our vigilance or it certainly would reappear. But unless he discovers something new in the cloud line, and if we keep up a high standard of training, he will not do much damage, though for that matter the same thing is true about gas shells and trench mortar bombs.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Major Auld.

"Philosopher" 15c Actual Size
"Broker," 10c Actual Size
"Director" 3 for 25c Actual Size
"Founder," 10c Actual Size
"Benefactor" 2 for 25c Actual Size

A health hint for smokers —try it

If you find that *fried* potatoes "disagree" with your digestion you keep on eating potatoes—*but you have them cooked some other way.*

It is just as important to avoid the wrong type of *cigars* as to avoid the wrong type of food.

In every corner of this country men who used to smoke heavy, oily cigars find that they feel better and enjoy their smoking more after switching to Girards. Thousands of such men wouldn't think of smoking anything except the Girard today, because they know it never affects nerves, heart or digestion.

How to prove what we say

Smoke Girards *exclusively* for two weeks. Stick to your usual number of cigars per day—smoke neither more nor less. If you are an average smoker this test will convince you that the Girard Cigar *takes the danger out of smoking*—without taking any of the *pleasure* out of it.

Real Havana ***10c and up***

In order to be sure of always having a *Girard* at hand during this trial, get a box of 25 or 50 of your dealer. Any cigar dealer in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them fresh from us. Get started today.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 **Philadelphia**

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

MORE MONEY

What would you do with it?

Miss Stella Williams
Tenn.
$100.00 a week

IF you were earning $100.00 a week instead of—$35.00?—what would you do with the difference?

If you could add even $10.00 a week to your present pay, could you spend it—pleasantly, profitably?

Think it over. It will be worth while. For if you want more money, *you can have it!*

Mr. E. Mahaffey
Penna.
$400.00 a month

Mrs. Hester Cunningham
Mich.
$15.00 a week *extra*

Mr. George Hunter
Maine
$100.00 a month *extra*

What Others Have Done

MISS WILLIAMS wanted a college education. She has had it. We have paid her $100.00 a week—week after week—for her summer vacations.

MR. MAHAFFEY likes journalism. Our plan is providing his course. We have offered him more than $900.00 for two months' work this summer. He'll make it too.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM, a busy housekeeper, wanted to buy some needful little "extras." She has them—and more than $500.00 profits (for Liberty Bonds) *saved in addition.*

MR. HUNTER writes: "An automobile and extra good vacations for mine." We have paid for them, in return for only an hour a day of his spare time.

What You Can Do Too

Age is no barrier in our work. Whatever your age we will pay you well.

The Curtis publications are in greater demand than ever before. We offer our representatives a regular salary, and every order means a liberal commission in addition!

Orders come quickly, as our prices are still very low, and hundreds of our "veterans" are now engaged in war work, leaving a greater opportunity for *you*.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all details of our offer. No obligation. We *know* you'll like it.

Just Clip the Coupon TODAY

The Curtis Publishing Company
378 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Please tell me all about your money-making plan. I want more money and I have some spare time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Footnotes on the War

War Economy

A GOOD many people are still puzzled by the question of war economy. For example, an intelligent and patriotic woman remarked the other day: "I took an old hat to my milliner to be retrimmed and told her I shouldn't buy a hat this year." She replied: "What do you think will become of us?" Another said: "I am keeping two maids this summer instead of three. I feel guilty in using the labor of two persons to feed my husband and myself and dust our furniture; but one maid couldn't keep the house going, and if we shut it up and went to a hotel our expenses would be about as high. Mrs. —— is more patriotic. She is doing her own housework. But her husband and son don't like it. They complain that she's always too tired to do anything except get the dishes washed and go to bed. Her husband says he hasn't a wife now, but merely a cook. She used to make herself useful in a good many ways outside the house; but she can't do that now."

It is not a simple problem. No set of general rules will apply. Every household must work it out according to its own circumstances. But here are two general rules—the first applying to every household whose income is above the bread line of bare subsistence; the second applying to every household, regardless of its income:

First, spend less than you spent last year. If you do not you are slacking. Decide for yourself where to cut; but cut somewhere.

Second, do your economizing on your own budget—not on your neighbor's budget. Figure what you can save—not what somebody else can or should save according to your way of looking at it. It is no trouble for the thousand-dollar income to point out how much the ten-thousand-dollar income might save, or for the ten-thousand-dollar income to arrange economies for the fifty-thousand-dollar income. Do not indulge in bogus economy. Study your own case.

The New Spenders

A BRITISH economist calculates that the amount paid in wages in Great Britain in 1917 was somewhere from two to two and a half billion dollars greater than in 1913. That increase in wages would amount to about a quarter of the total estimated national income in 1913. Wages have not only risen tremendously but have flown in new directions—to women and to workers formerly getting the mere bread-line pay of unskilled hands. A great many British families now find themselves in receipt of incomes such as they hardly dreamed of before the war. True, cost of living, as indicated by the Board of Trade index number of food prices, and so on, has risen a hundred and five per cent; but it is said the average workingman's expenditures on actual necessaries of life have not increased in any such proportion. He has been taught more economical use of foodstuffs and retrenchment in some other ways.

Meanwhile, an important section of the middle class, upon whom income taxes fall or whose incomes have not increased commensurately with rising cost of living or who more immediately feel the obligation to economize in order to buy bonds, find themselves with a decidedly smaller spendable surplus.

The statement of a British merchant that one standard trade activity in England now consists of buying pianos from the middle class and selling them to workingmen points to an actual condition. Discretion over such a considerable part of the national income never before shifted in so short time from the hands of one class to the hands of another.

Considering that part of income as to which a man can really choose how he will spend it—after fulfilling his legal obligation to pay taxes and his moral obligation to buy bonds—the working class has gained ground and a section of the middle class has lost ground.

Like causes are producing like effects here. The old distinction of working class, or "proletariat," and middle class is getting so indistinct all along the border that even a professional social surveyor would be puzzled to find it. In this important respect there has probably been more solid revolution in England than in Russia.

C'est La Guerre!

I USED to have a fine back yard; in fact, it was the drawing card that clinched the real-estater's deal and somehow sort of made me feel an honest, downright sense of pity for those who live down in the city. I planted flowers here and there. I reveled in the evening air, watered the grass, enjoyed my smokes—felt sorry for the city blokes; but all this pleasure ended when Br'er Hoover sloganed "Keep a Hen!"

The hen was soon established there within a woven-wire lair. She knew what she was put there for and tuned her lay to win the war. An annex soon I had to fix to make room for her brood of chicks, who scratched for worms in morning dew where once my cherished pansies grew. But still I kept a little patch where Biddy's chickies couldn't scratch; and even this small plot looked big, till Roosevelt shouted "Keep a Pig!"

I did. A squealing, grunting porker—as ordered by the great New Yorker—was soon ensconced in my back yard, a living, breathing mound of lard! The pig grew up to be a hog; transformed my garden to a bog; outgrew his pen; upset his trough; and caught an early morning cough. Wallowed and rooted the whole night through—did everything hogs like to do; but still I let out not a peep when someone bleated "Keep a Sheep!"

Accordingly, between the hen and hog I built a little pen, and soon a tiny, fleecy lamb lived in the shadow of the ham. Gone were the dreams of a garden fair; gone were my smokes in the evening air. But who would not do this, and more, to help our nation win the war? A patriot should never weep at loss of his back yard or sleep; but still I don't exactly dote on Hoover's latest—"Keep a Goat!"

So Nanny's come to join the flock and sort of oversee my stock. She butts and baas like all her ilk, but does her bit in creamy milk. If raising hens and hogs and lambs for future eggs and chops and hams is the hardest work I've got to do to help the old Red, White and Blue provide each day three great big square meals for our Sammees over there, they can make a Noah's Ark of me—I'll keep the whole menagerie! —*Joseph Charles Northup.*

Scrambled Railroad Eggs

DIRECTOR McADOO is rapidly welding the railroads into a national unit—as E. H. Harriman, the late J. P. Morgan and other railroad men of brains and vision would have done long ago if they had been permitted.

The process involves an extensive destruction of the individuality of each road. Every road is required to handle traffic of the sort and in the manner the director judges best for railroad service as a whole, regardless of the effect upon its individual revenues. Off-the-line offices for attracting business to a particular road are abolished. Freight and passenger solicitors are dismissed. Salaries and expenses of a large category of officers who were not directly engaged in operating but in various ways served the competitive individualistic interests of the road can no longer be charged to cost of operation. Large inroads are made upon the distinctive goodwill asset that leading lines have spent much time and money to create. The personal organization is disintegrating. The railroads, in short, are rapidly getting scrambled. Presently there will not be so many individual eggs, but an omelet.

All this is useful and necessary from the point of view of total railroad efficiency; but it is prejudging the whole case of private versus public ownership and management. Twenty-one months after the war the old-time individuality of the roads will have become so impaired that to reestablish the status of 1916 will be difficult or impossible.

Moreover, there are advantages in unification that the public will not wish to relinquish; and the American experiment of individual ownership and management with public control of rates and practices was by no means such a success that railroad-security holders and the discriminating portion of the public will particularly hanker for its return.

Oil Tests

Their relation to Correct Lubrication

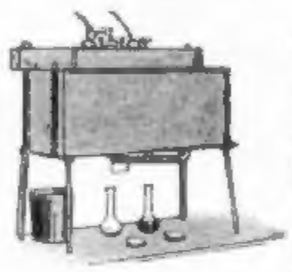
This important 8-minute talk is based on the 50 years' world-wide experience of the Vacuum Oil Company

SEVERAL years ago a prominent engineer invented a machine to determine the comparative efficiency of lubricating oils. But one day it was found that crude kerosene oil, by this machine's test, was the best lubricant.

That ridiculous result will indicate the difficulties which science has always met in trying to judge an oil's efficiency by anything but the practical tests of *service*.

Nevertheless, *during manufacture*, certain scientific tests are essential. For example: Each batch of Gargoyle Mobiloils is put through at least 35 separate and distinct tests. These tests are *not* aimed to get at the *lubricating efficiency* of the oil. That can only be determined by the test of *service*. The scientific laboratory tests simply make sure that the oil is running uniform. Below we outline briefly a few of the tests used for this purpose.

VISCOSITY TEST



Viscosity is simply the technical name for what is popularly called "body."

But this fact must be borne in mind: Two oils which will show the same viscosity at one temperature will often decidedly differ in viscosity at higher or lower temperatures.

The viscosity of Gargoyle Lubricants is tested at three different temperatures—104°—140° and 210° F.

In this test the oil is put into a tube surrounded by water or steam which is kept at the test temperature. When the oil reaches the predetermined temperature, a plug in the bottom of the tube is removed. This opens a small standardized tube. The oil is then allowed to flow out of this opening into a glass receptacle of known capacity.

The time in seconds required by the oil to fill the container beneath, up to the standard graduation mark, is the measure of the oil's viscosity.

Gargoyle Lubricants all go through the viscosity test, but the viscosity test alone cannot determine the efficiency of an oil. Gargoyle Lubricants possess individual characteristics as lubricants.

GRAVITY TEST

In this test a weighted bulb with a graduated spindle (hydrometer) is dropped into a tube of oil. The hydrometer floats. But its bottom sinks to a certain depth—depending on the oil's gravity. The gravity is determined by the depth to which the hydrometer sinks, as shown by the markings on the spindle with the oil at 60° F.

This test is simply used to determine whether or not uniform weight per gallon is being maintained. It is constantly used in manufacturing Gargoyle Lubricants.

FLASH AND FIRE TESTS

The flash test is the lowest temperature at which the vapor from an oil will ignite but not continue to burn. If the flash test is too low, the oil will evaporate from the cylinder walls and bearings when the normal engine heat develops. This would leave the friction surfaces without lubrication.

Gargoyle Lubricants always undergo this flash test.

The fire test is made with the apparatus used in the flash test. The fire test is the temperature at which the ignited vapor from an oil will continue to burn.

This is another check used in manufacturing Gargoyle Lubricants to insure uniformity.

But it should be remembered that the flash and fire tests alone cannot determine an oil's lubricating efficiency.

IMPURITY AND WATER TEST

Crude oil comes from the ground. It is liable to contain traces of salt, mud, sand, water and other foreign substances held in suspension.

The crude oil which is subjected to this test is mixed half and half with gasoline and poured into a graduated glass sedimentation jar. The jar is then put into a centrifuge and whirled.

During the whirling process the bottom of the jar is thrown outward. The water and foreign substances are forced into the small, graduated end of the jar. The organic foreign substances form a layer between the water and the oil, the sand sinking to the bottom.

The graduated scale indicates the percentage of water and of foreign substances in the sample under examination.

THE foregoing are, of course, but a few of the 35 separate and distinct tests which are used in the manufacture of Gargoyle Mobiloils. To describe *all* of these tests in this space would be impossible.

But we have tried to make plain the great difference in efficiency which may exist between oils which *look* alike, *feel* alike and *test* alike. To cope with this puzzling condition, the Vacuum Oil Company has for years maintained thoroughly equipped laboratories and engineering departments in many parts of the world.

In recommending a Gargoyle Lubricant for a given purpose, we first analyze the operating conditions to be met, then specify the lubricant which is known from practical experience to meet the conditions most efficiently.

With Gargoyle Mobiloils this situation is met by a Chart of Recommendations which is shown in part on this page. The oils specified for the various cars on this Chart are determined annually by a careful engineering analysis of each model and make of car.

The recommendations are based on 50 years of practical experience in lubrication. The formulæ and methods used in manufacturing these oils are based on almost numberless practical tests.

You may safely feel that the oil specified for your car in this Chart will insure—Greater power. Less friction. Less carbon. Lower consumption of gasoline. Less consumption of lubricating oil. Longer life of your car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches: Detroit, Boston, Kansas City, Kan., New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Des Moines

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

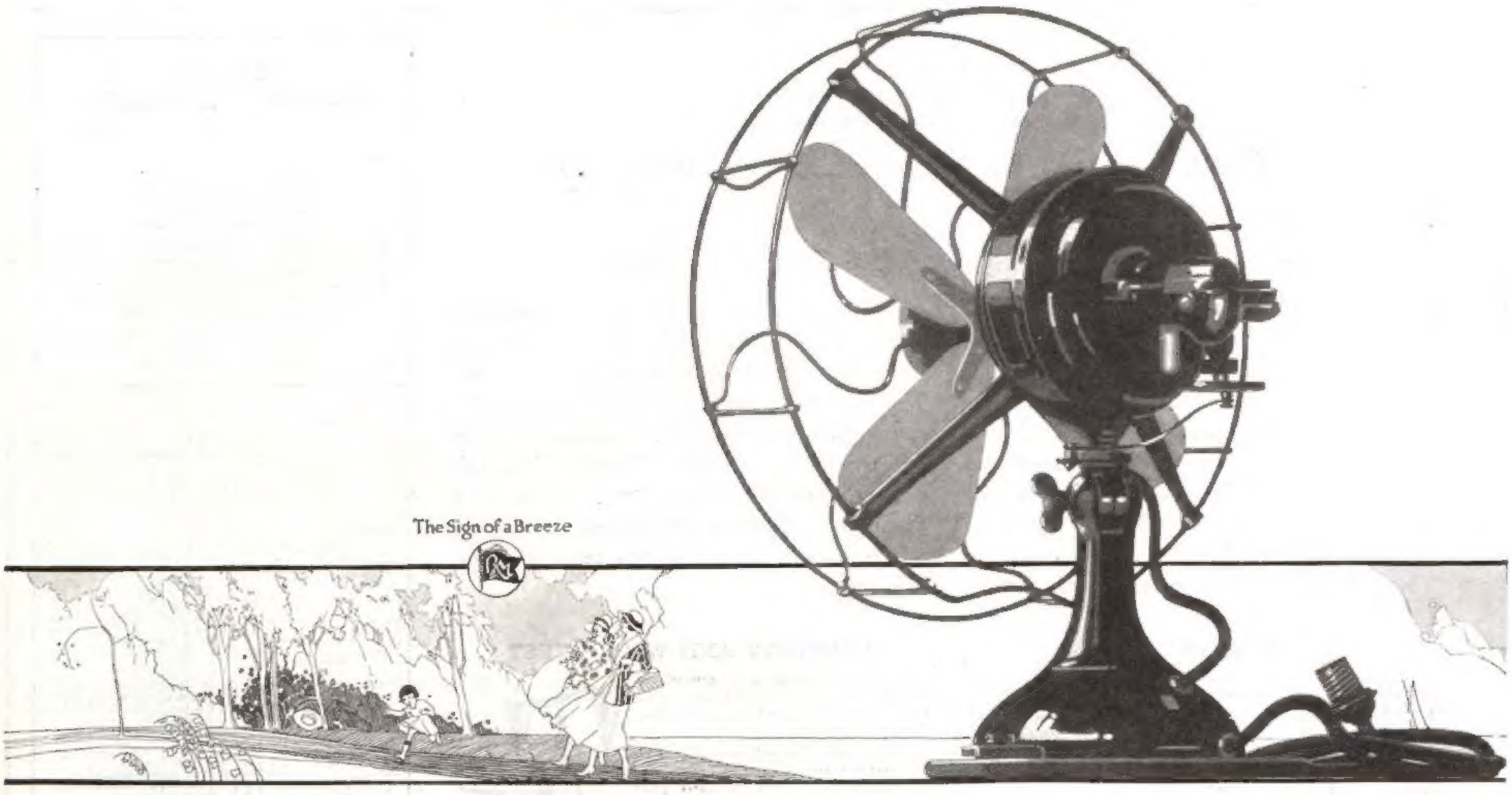
In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1918		1917		1916		1915		1914	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc								
Abbott-Detroit			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-38&6-39)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
"(6-39B)(Tractor)	A	Arc								
" (6-39B)(Cont'l)	Arc	Arc								
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (Mod. C)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (2 & 3½ ton)	A	A								
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E		
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Federal	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. S-X)	A	A	A	A						
" (Special)	Arc	Arc								
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hal-Twelve			A	A	A	A				
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hudson					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King							A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (Cont'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Mod. 44)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Lippard-Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. M)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (Mod. MW)			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Madison	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (6-36)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (6-38-39)			A	Arc						
" (6-40)	A	Arc								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Pathfinder			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A	Arc	Arc		
Renault (French)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Riker	A	E	E	E						
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (3½ ton)			A	Arc						
Simplex			A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc	Arc								
" (3½ ton)	A	Arc								
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles:—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception—For ***winter lubrication*** of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.



The Sign of a Breeze

A Fan is as Good as its Motor

A fan is a motor with blades that throw the air. Most fan breezes feel alike. You can't judge a fan by the "feel" of its breeze —you must look behind the breeze and the blades—*the motor*.

The motor's the thing—by it alone can you gauge the quality and performance of the fan you buy. A fan is as good as its motor.

So, look back of the fan.

Every Robbins & Myers Fan is guaranteed as to excellence of workmanship, materials and motor performance. These are the three vitals of motor durability—the qualities that make your fan a hot-weather friend through years of steady service—the values that bring you your full money's worth.

Whether for ceiling, desk or wall; whether oscillating, non-oscillating or ventilating; for home, office or factory; for operation on direct or alternating current; there is the very style and size of fan in the Robbins & Myers line.

First glance tells you if it is a Robbins & Myers Fan—the famous R & M flag is on the guard itself, heralding the motor quality and reputation back of it.

Robbins & Myers Motors for general power purposes are made in all sizes from 1-40 to 30 horsepower. They are also used by the makers of the better electrically-driven devices as a built-in part of their product, a feature which insures absolute reliability of operation.

A Robbins & Myers Motor, whether on fan or other equipment, or alone, is of itself a guarantee of excellence and dependability.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-one Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in all Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

"The Big Four"

WHEN you think about roofings the name *Barrett* comes first to your mind. This is because Barrett roofings are known the world over *for quality, durability, and economy.*

Our Everlastic System of Roofings, or "The Big Four," as we call them, is described below. It offers a kind of roofing for every type of steep-roofed building in America. This covers everything from residences, farm-buildings, and factories, down to the smallest of temporary structures.

The Everlastic line includes shingles and roll roofings, plain or in colors. All you need do is to go to any first-class dealer, ask him to show you the Everlastic line, and you will find exactly what you want.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is our most popular line and thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable, and very low in price. It is also easy to lay, no skilled labor being required. Nails and cement are included in each roll.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

This is the most beautiful and durable roll roofing made. It is manufactured of the same materials as Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing but has a beautiful surface of real crushed slate, either red or green. The slate not only makes a very handsome roof but one that is fire-resisting and very durable.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

This is the newest thing in roofing, being *four shingles in one.* When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of your very best buildings. Being four shingles in one, they save a great deal of time in laying and require fewer nails. Red or green slate surface.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

These are made of the same material as the Slate-Surfaced Roofing (red or green) mentioned above but come in individual shingles. The finished roof is far more beautiful than one of ordinary shingles, and in addition, Tylike Shingles are fire-proof and cost less per year of service.

BOOKLET FREE Write for booklet describing these roofings and also telling about other Barrett Specialties that you constantly need. Address nearest office.

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